

The Western Home Monthly

JUNE 1914

WINNIPEG, CANADA.



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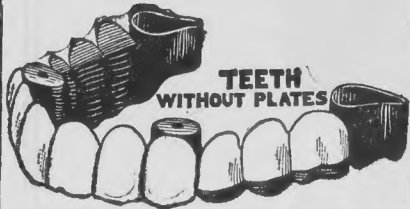
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The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XV.

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The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

Remittances of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills.

We Always Stop the Paper at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

When You Renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with Our Readers

Pleasant summer days suggesting new thoughts and pleasant ideas are now with us and many of our subscribers will doubtless have under consideration a few weeks of holiday. Even from the Western Prairie, with its many attractions and climatic advantages, it is sometimes profitable to make a short change for recreation and relaxation. It has occurred to us that many of our subscribers could easily arrange the financial end of this holiday without drawing on any private resources by doing a little subscription work for us during the month of June. The work itself will be found extremely pleasant and we venture to say that the popularity of The Western Home Monthly will make it also surprisingly easy. It needs but one or two outings among one's friends and immediate acquaintances to accomplish considerable with this proposition of ours.

Write us the moment you read this page for particulars and we feel sure that we can interest you. In this magazine you have a publication that has for fifteen years enjoyed a first place in the regard of the Western people and that has been endorsed to an unequalled extent by their enthusiastic support.

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Our Canadian summer is all too short so we have to crowd a lot of summer ideas, articles and stories in the next three or four issues. The summer months call for seasonable literature and illustration and our readers will find that we shall live up to our promises. The July issue, which as usual will be a Special Exhibition number, comes next and we guarantee it to attain the usual standard of excellence.

That Rogers A. A. Cutlery Set is just the success we anticipated it would be. Evidently getting eight subscriptions does not seem to worry our readers very much, as some of them, so they tell us, have qualified for the premium in a few hours. If this premium appeals to you—and surely it does, as extra cutlery is always mighty useful—why not start right away and interest your neighbors in The Western Home Monthly. We will gladly supply you with sample copies to assist you in the work.

Don't forget that the address tag on your paper tells when your subscription expires. Perhaps yours has nearly run out; better look and see.

Letters, in which the writers are more than a little kind to us, still reach us by every mail. Incidentally we might remark that every letter is read and carefully digested and any useful hints promptly taken advantage of. Some-time or other when time hangs heavily on your hands, let us have your opinions. We would really like to know what they are.

Collingwood East, B.C.

Dear Sir—I have had the great pleasure of reading some of your copies of The Western Home Monthly and would just like to say it is a splendid paper. Please find enclosed \$1.00 for one year's subscription to your valuable magazine. I think it one of the best papers published.

Miss E. L. Alcock.

Ladywood, Man.

Dear Sir—It is only four months since I sent in a trial subscription to your valuable paper, and I must frankly confess that I will not be without your journal in the future, even if it were double the price. Your paper has interesting articles for both young and old, and considering the premiums given, the journal is sent almost free. As my subscription is going to expire next month, I am sending in \$1.00 and wish to make use of your special spring offer. Wishing the journal every success, I remain,

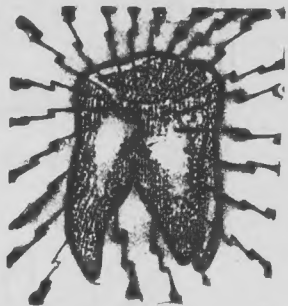
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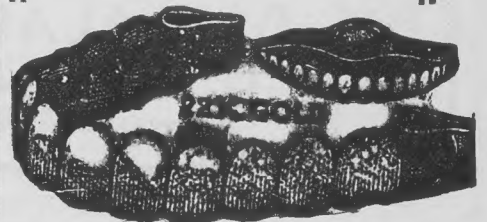
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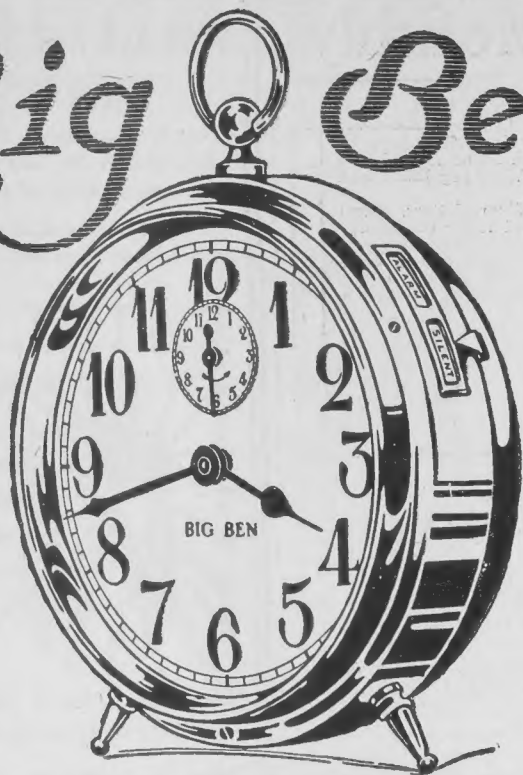
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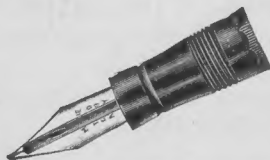
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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Organization

One reason why cities are more attractive places to live in than the country is that social intercourse, communication, buying and selling are better organized. The problem of the country, socially and economically, is to get organization. Each community must learn to take itself in hand. Hampden County, Massachusetts, was doing a business of \$4,000,000 a year. Each farmer was attending to his own buying and selling. Naturally there was little time left for the study of farm methods. In 1913 a County Improvement League was organized. A manager, a general secretary, and two experts—one in agriculture and one in horticulture—were appointed. Co-operative exchanges were organized to buy fertilizers, lime, barrels and all other necessities. The experts made over 650 visits the first year. The result was most gratifying—so gratifying that further organization was insisted upon. The social, economic, moral and educational interests are all now considered. The fight is not merely for better farming, but for better homes, better men and better women. In other words, community life is being fully organized. This very thing is possible in every rural municipality. In Western Canada the municipal council is the only public body that has any jurisdiction. Its influence is very narrow—as it does not concern itself with economic, social and educational problems. It has been suggested by some that all the activities of the municipality could be directed by a central executive body, which might act through committees and under the guidance of expert advisers. There is much to be said in favor of this. If it is a good thing to have councils to oversee bridge building, road making and the like, surely it would be equally profitable to have councils responsible for education, moral and social improvement, trade and commerce. We have taken from the past a system of organization which was no doubt in its day well suited to the problems which it had to face, but which is wholly inadequate to our own times and our own peculiar conditions.

The Only Way Out

The following words from the pen of ex-President Eliot of Harvard are well worth consideration, both by employers and members of the trades unions:

"Is it not perfectly plain that in our country the trades unionists are not really happy as a matter of fact? To my thinking they never will be so long as they get no satisfaction in their daily work. It is the grudging spirit in which they work which prevents them from getting any content out of their work for a livelihood.

"All well read, thinking people believe that the progress of civilization depends on universal, steady, productive labor; the unions seem to believe that the less one works the better.

"Although profit-sharing is not applicable in all industries, I see in sound methods of profit-sharing one mode of escape from the deplorable effects of trades union teachings; for just profit-sharing will present to employers and employed alike precisely the

same motive for faithful, generous co-operative industry and for successful productivity. No profit-sharing method will work which does not turn out to be in the long run profitable alike to employers and employed, to owner and wage-earner, to capital and labor."

The more one considers it, the more apparent does it become that the only way to prevent strikes, lock-outs and all similar evils, is to replace antagonism by co-operation through a wise system of profit-sharing.

Government by Experts

Much is being said these days in the party press about representative government and about direct government by the people through the initiative and referendum. There is a principle of good government that is necessary under either system. It is the principle of guidance by expert authority. Under the system of representative government it is a common thing to see at the head of a department a man who has no practical fitness for his calling. This is true both in federal and provincial affairs. Usually the Solicitor-General or the Attorney-General is a lawyer, but he may be a very ignorant one. In the other departments there is practically no special knowledge of his duties demanded from the minister in charge. The Minister of Militia may have carried a rifle and may have been head of a country regiment—"gall" does the rest. The Minister of the Interior may have lived in the interior, and that may be his only qualification. The Minister of Finance may know nothing beyond the rudiments of banking. And so it is in local affairs. The Minister of Education may have nothing but a few half-digested opinions on the education of a people. Anybody can easily be an authority on education. So, too, the Minister of Agriculture may know nothing of his subject other than the few facts he has gleaned in taking care of a quarter section. Let any person take our ministers, provincial and federal, and let him judge them by their knowledge of the work pertaining to their departments. The one word that will come to his mind is incapacity. It is true of all governments under the representative system. Nor would this be so bad if those in authority trusted to experts in their own field. Unfortunately politicians as a class are not burdened with modesty. Their ambition is to lead, and lead they will even if they are hopelessly in error.

Under the system of referendum, things might be equally bad, although not likely, for there would be much general discussion before a policy was adopted. Where a minister is in charge of a department there is no such discussion. He simply says what is to be, and his followers throw up their hats and cry: "Bravo, Genius! Heaven-born inspiration."

What would seem reasonable would be this, that a Minister of Militia should decide upon a policy only after the most careful consultation with those who know; that a Minister of Finance should be in close touch with those who have made a life study

of economic problems; that a Minister of Education should consult rather than dictate to those who have given their lives to education; that a Minister of Agriculture should have his theories approved by the state authorities on agriculture before advancing them as the basis of legislation. There are in Canada and in the various provinces recognized experts in every department of service. No legislation should be advanced that had not first of all been fully and openly discussed and pronounced upon by these experts. It is very comforting to a man in authority to feel that he is making history. He may be making a botch of things and his egotism may prevent him from seeing the truth. Government by the wisest is none too good. Under any system we should demand it.

Decoration Day

It is very evident that the spirit of militarism is not weakening in our midst, if the great display witnessed in Winnipeg on Sunday, May 10th—Decoration Day—is any criterion. An occasion like this calls forth the best in our citizens and what should never be allowed to fade from memory. Winnipeg's example is worth emulating. We delight to honor those who died in defence of the flag, and we bow in grateful acknowledgment to those veterans still with us, who bring their wreaths annually to the graves of their departed comrades. To all those who, in war or peace, have sacrificed life, we cheerfully and openly acknowledge our indebtedness. To those who are preparing by drill and otherwise to defend their homes and Empire, should occasion require, we also owe our gratitude. We hear comments occasionally that our system is accompanied with too many frills, such as military dress display, and that the young men of our land could be seen to better advantage and in their simple manliness without such embellishments as the head-gear now in usage. That, however, is a matter of taste, and as long as human nature is constituted as it is, there will be many for whom dress display will have its attractions and fascination. One thing to be commended in our citizen soldier is that with all training and flourishing he is still left a certain initiative, which will not fail him in the hour of danger.

The Harvest

What is well begun is half done. The grain is in the ground, and by the time this reaches our readers the fields will be green with waving blades of growing grain. Upon two things will the harvest depend—the faithful work of men and the bounty of an over-ruling Providence. It is true in agriculture especially that faith and work must be conjoined. If any man should be reverent and dignified it should be the tiller of the soil, for he is continually aware of his dependence upon God and equally aware of the fact that he is a co-worker with Him. Agriculture, rightly pursued, develops the best in man's nature. May the work of the year mean much not only in material things, but in development of character for all engaged in agriculture.



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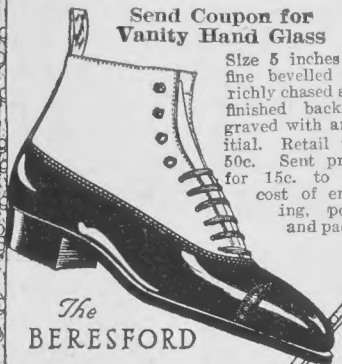
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The Canadian Forest Rangers

H. Mortimer Batten.

WHO are the Canadian Forest Rangers? Probably not one man in fifty could tell you, though the duties of this body of men are as multitudinous and almost of as great an importance to the Dominion of Canada as those of the Royal North West Mounted Police. The Forest Rangers are the forest police of Canada, or, as they are so often called, the canoe police—guardians of the great national game reserves and the muskeg forests of the north; the fire-fighters of the Canadian wilderness, and the representatives of law and order in this vast region over which they are placed to watch.

The duties of the Canadian forest ranger are many and arduous. In the first place he is the recognized game warden of the district he has been elected to patrol. He is there to see that the game laws are not violated; to watch that Johnnie Indian does not take beaver pelts out of season or set his moose snares in the shadowy run-way; or if he is stationed on the international boundary it is his duty to

going?—Why do they not alight here, for surely there is no scene of greater loveliness than this?

Why? Because they too feel the call of the north, as you yourself are feeling it—the desire to wander away through that chaos of fairy islands—to follow the sun on and on in search of something—you know not what. Only the loons know where they are going. Soon they will drop like meteors from the sky, letting off one crazy peal of laughter after another, and strike the still waters of some hidden away little lake with a force that will fill the air around them with sparkling jewels and iridescent waves of spray. Then the old Indian, who saw them there last year, will point to them with a grave smile, happy in the knowledge that winter is gone.

Hark! What is that? Not the laughter of a Whisky Jack this time but a sound of human laughter. Round the shadowy headland of the lake comes a great birchbark canoe, the water falling back from its prow with



Camping in Strathcona Park, Alta.

round up and corral any fish poachers that visit the Canadian waters in their powerful motor boats. Secondly he is there to fight forest fires—or rather to gather and command all available hands to beat down this awful fiend of the wilderness, dreaded by man and beast alike. Each year thousands of miles of forests are destroyed and hundreds of wild creatures perish miserably in the maw of the forest fire; it is the work of the rangers to keep these fires in hand whenever possible, and this is one of the most trying and dangerous of all their duties. Thirdly the ranger is placed in the forest to undertake whatsoever duties befall him to the benefit of mankind.

Usually the rangers work in pairs, for it is unwise and unsafe for men to venture singly into the forest. They are told off to patrol a certain region, perhaps several days' journey from the nearest white habitation. It is the spring of the year. The mighty lakes, dotted with their countless islands, the sweeping uplands of spruce and cedar touched here and there with the lighter green of birch and poplar, form one continuous panorama which, for vastness and delicate coloring, would be hard to surpass anywhere in the world. The air is clear as crystal, and there is a stirring and awaking on every hand after the long silence of winter. From the dead tamarac near sounds the mournful song of a grouse bird, while away down the lake echoes the cackling laughter of a Whisky Jack. The wild geese are going north, and day and night their trumpeting sounds in the heavens. The loons are going north too—those strangely elongated black specks, singly or in pairs, drifting across the sky. Where are they

a continuous ripple. In the waist of it are bundled two bulging packsacks: camping gear, rifles, and all the other impedimenta of the man of the woods. In the prow kneels a bronze-faced woodsman, the brim of his hat pulled down over his eyes to keep off the glare of the water; in the stern kneels a second canoeist—a fair-haired strip of a youth, fresh from Toronto University, but a capable woodsman nevertheless. He is hatless in spite of the fierce glare of the sun.

What a picture! Both men are dressed in khaki, while around their necks each wears a bandanna of crimson. There is a reason for this startling attire, though probably neither of them are aware of it.* The man in the prow is shod in moccasins; his companion wears high lace shoe-packs, reaching to the knees. They each manipulate a paddle, plying it with clockwork regularity and with a speed that sends their heavily laden craft ricocheting over the surface. How their arms would ache after a minute or so of such toil were they not used to it, but they have kept it up since daybreak, and will keep it up for hours yet, till the twilight shadows settle upon the forest. See, they are past already, but let us follow them into the woods.

These men are the forest rangers. How clean and smart they are, but wait—wait till you see them on their return, three months from to-day! They are just going back to their beat after a few days spent in the settlement to procure fresh stores and to

*The red bandanna is worn by woodsmen so that they are not likely to be mistaken for game—a very great danger as they force their way through the thickets.

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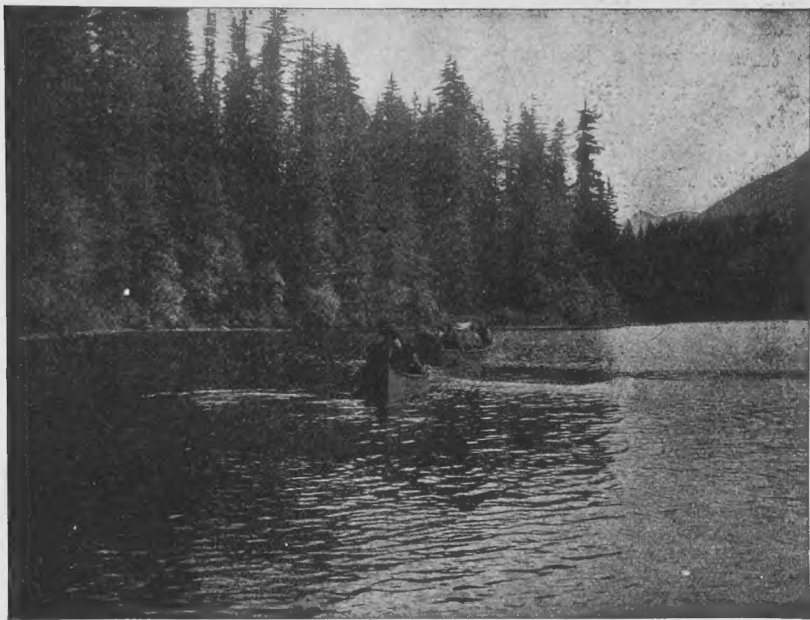
convince themselves that they are not dead and buried after all. They have been in the bush all winter—pulled out just before the breaking up of the ice, and were by no means sorry to get in. But the glare and glamor of the city did not appeal to them for long, and instructions from headquarters came by way of a relief after a week of it. Now they are off once more to patrol the woods, but this is the eventful season, the season of forest fires, thunder storms and flies.

By no means is the journey one continuous joy ride over breeze-swept lakes and through scenes of unbroken loveliness. True that each headland reveals a scene more startling than the last, but the rangers have been too long in the woods to pay much heed to scenery. Their one thought for the present is to "get there," and presently the chain of lakes is left behind, and they find themselves negotiating a narrow creek with a stiff current against them. The water is high, for snow still remains on the hill tops, and their progress becomes slower and slower, till presently they reach the foot of a rapid, boiling and tumultuous. Then comes the one dread of the trail, "the long portage."

The men beach their canoe, dragging it high and dry. One of them takes up his pack and his rifle, lifts the canoe bodily on to his shoulders as though it were a giant sunhat, and

Excellent canoe man the ranger must be or he would lose much time on the trail—and sooner or later the day would inevitably come when he would lose his life also in one or another of the boiling rapids. Not necessarily by drowning would this occur, but if the woodsman loses his canoe and all his outfit when far from Indian camp or white settlement, he is apt to perish miserably ere, by raft or on foot, he can reach a place of succor.

Having gained their destination the chief duty of the forest rangers at this time of the year is to look out for fires—and incidentally to take care that they themselves are not eaten bodily by the flies, which are now a nightmare. The blackflies are perhaps the worst, for they crawl under one's clothing—into the ears and nostrils, and actually draw blood when they bite. But there are intervals when the blackfly population seems asleep, and they do not bite after dusk, but should they cease their activities for a moment one becomes aware of countless millions of mosquitoes, the humming of which sounds in one's ears like the humming of a swarm of bees. Only those who have gained experience can imagine how bad these pests are in the forests during the spring of the year, and unless one can find an open place at the lake margin, wind-swept of flies, there is no evading them.



The Forested Shores of Buttes Lake.

walks off into the bush. The other shoulders the remainder of the outfit—a load that would make the eyes of even a camel water with self-pity—and staggers off at his companion's heels.

There is a rough trail following the course of the creek, which is here so rapid that no canoe man could negotiate it, and along this trail the men make their way. In places it is so overgrown that they simply have to force an opening through it, and each time this happens millions of mosquitoes are shaken from the branches and begin to make merry over the feast. The longer the portage the more ferocious they become, till finally the men are forced to lay down their loads, wipe the perspiration from their faces, and take a breather.

But the long portage is usually rewarded. It may lead over the divide and into the next valley—or at any rate you can rest assured that the rangers have chosen the easiest way to their goal. Next day the current is with them instead of against them, and it is then that their excellent canoe-manship saves many an hour on the trail. The first rapid terminates with a waterfall, that must be portaged, but the second and third are passable. Who that has never felt it can imagine the thrills of that headlong plunge down the rapids?—here a lightning stroke of the paddle or the pole diverting calamity as the canoe rides nose on towards a boulder; the boulder sweeps by within arm's length—both men are pulling for dear life to straighten the craft as she rises and falls in the very centre of the race. The danger is past; each heaves a sigh of relief as with a final bound the canoe shoots forward on still water.

There are, however, one or two precautions which the rangers are careful to take; first never to leave a candle burning in the tent, and second to keep the tent closed and creep in under the flap. Of course a smudge fire can be made to smoke them out, but the smoke is almost as bad as the flies. It is far better not to let them in, and before retiring to go round with a match and singe the wings of all those that can be seen on the underside of the tent.

The forest ranger is usually a past master in making his camp comfortable when he has reached the central cache. Possibly the men have brought with them a prospector's folding stove with which to do their cooking, but more generally this is done by reflecting the heat of their tiny wood fire on to the article to be cooked. Splendid cakes can be made by the use of a reflector, and when eaten hot with fresh meat or pickerel just taken from the lake the forest ranger is not likely to envy his city friends their meal.

His bed he makes by securing a number of light cedar stakes between two logs, so that only the logs come in contact with the ground, while the weight of the sleeper is supported on the laths; and this primitive spring mattress he covers with soft brushwood, the scent of which pervades one's very dreams. Given two Hudson Bay blankets, a life in the open air from dawn to sunset, and sufficient (if not too much) exercise, the ranger is not likely to suffer from insomnia.

Sometimes it happens that for days the men are almost idle, then follows a spell as eventful as it is strenuous. For weeks past no rain has fallen, and there has been little dew at night time. So dry is the muskeg that it crumbles

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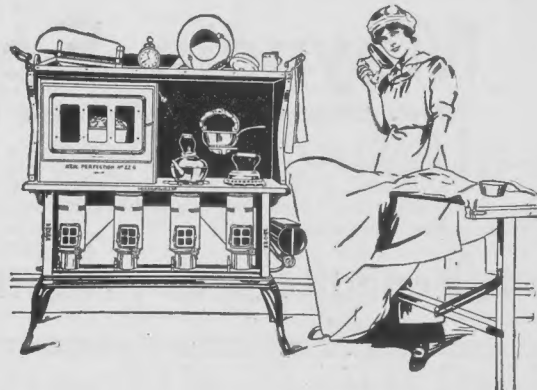
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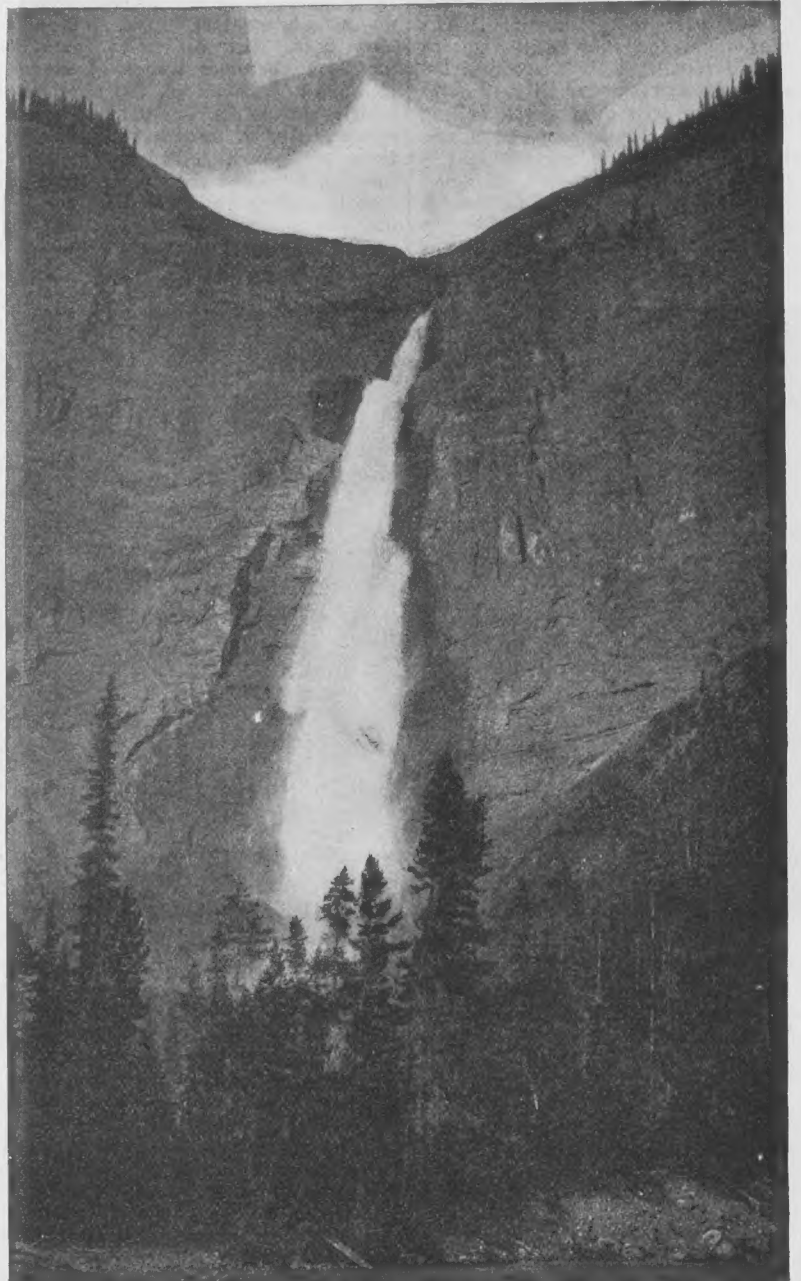
Agents: W. Lloyd Lock & Co., Winnipeg

in dust under one's feet, while the underbush crackles and snaps like match-wood as one forces a way through it. In the meantime the rangers have warned every woodsman they have seen to take care not to set the woods burning, for it is one of their duties to report carelessness in this direction, and if the case be a serious one the malefactor is fined. They have paid special visits to the adjacent Indian camps, urging the red men to take every precaution in preventing fire; and it is due to the influence of the rangers that the Indians to-day are so deeply interested in the proper preservation of the forest.

But there are many ways in which forest fire can be brought about other than through the carelessness of man. A fallen tree may rest upon another tree in such a manner that, as they move in the wind, the friction between

But the district the rangers have to patrol is so vast that in a bad season the fires almost inevitably get the better of them. A smouldering earth fire reaches the edge of a lake where, fanned by the breeze, it at once rises into the timber. When this happens, the sooner the rangers appear the better, for if the fire once gets a proper hold no human power can stay it. The rangers at once set to work by making a breach in the timber, after which, when possible, back fires are lighted, and the main conflagration coaxed and guided towards some headland, beyond which it cannot spread. Fortunately a forest fire always dies down with the fall of darkness, and the rangers are often on the go day and night.

No toil can be more trying than that of fighting a forest fire. The fumes from burning cedar are most stringent, causing partial blindness, and often



A great B.C. Waterfall plunging into space 1,000 to 2,000 feet.

them finally causes a spark. Again a flash of lightning may set the forest burning, and as the dry season goes on little fires may be seen burning in every direction, and only waiting for a wind to get them on the move.

Usually the fire starts deep down in the bush. A spark settled upon the ground, and instantly the dry peat takes it up. At first there is a mere black speck, no larger than a pea; at the end of ten minutes it is the size of half a crown, and during the days that follow it spreads with silent treachery under the trees all round. The forest rangers see the smoke as they patrol the country, and at once enter the bush to investigate.

These slow earth fires are not always easily extinguished. For more than a foot down the earth may be red hot, and if one treads upon it footgear is speedily ruined. Sometimes the fire will creep under ground for a considerable distance, making no trace of its presence on the surface, and when this happens it must be dug out, as no amount of quenching will extinguish it.

affecting the throat to such an extent that speech becomes impossible. Moreover the fumes and the heat cause one's clothing to drop to pieces, and after a day or two of this sort of work a man presents a most abject picture.

However industrious the rangers may be their efforts are likely to prove futile should the weather be against them. In the north the wind gets up with tremendous suddenness, and trees begin to crash to the ground in all directions.* It is then that the smouldering fires leap into activity. Fire joins fire, and across the face of the country one raging inferno races another.

When this happens there is nothing for it but for the rangers to look out for themselves. The smoke becomes denser and denser, till finally it is as dark as night. Were it not for their thorough knowledge of the woods the rangers would stand but a poor chance of escape. Terrified bands of deer dash

*Can anyone explain why it is that the trees begin to fall a minute or so before the wind reaches them?

by them; giant moose plunge antler deep into the lake within a few yards of their canoe.

I will describe one or two of my own experiences in the hope of interesting the reader. In the summer of 1911—probably the worst season for forest fires Canada has ever known—I was stationed in the forests of Northern Ontario, and towards the end of June practically the whole country was burning. For a fortnight or so it was almost impossible to get beyond the chain of lakes in which we were stationed, and finally we decided to remain where we were. On one occasion we were in the very midst of a firebelt, and were much surprised to see a number of partridges come over the tree tops, and strike the water like cannon balls. Giant moose and their little calves, white-tailed deer, bears, squirrels and woodhens sought refuge side by side in the water.

Later we discovered several "wallows" in which bears and other creatures had buried themselves till the fire passed, and for weeks we were constantly coming across creatures that had perished in the flames—on one occasion a mother bear and her two cubs. Scores of cubs, too young to fend for themselves, were left motherless in the forest.

Early one morning a huge detached cloud of fire, several acres in extent, passed over our heads, and settled upon the forest about a mile distant, starting a new firebelt. On another occasion a fire actually passed over our heads through the tree tops while we were portaging from one lake to another.

After a great outbreak of this sort it is the duty of the forest ranger to send in particulars to head quarters, with an estimate of the firebelt, but after a season of big fires this can only be done very approximately. The firebelt in which we found ourselves in the summer of 1911 was, for instance, about sixty miles in width and probably several hundred miles in length, extending from the practically unknown regions of the North-West Territory. Who can

estimate such a loss?—while across the country, north and south, were other firebelts, small and great.

The great holocaust which, if I remember rightly, occurred on the 11th of July, caused such a hurricane that it was impossible to take to the lakes by canoe without a very grave danger of capsizing, and many men who might have escaped lost their lives in this manner.

The awful desolation and silence of a fire-scourged forest is depressing in the extreme, and though all insect life is now destroyed, one is always glad to reach green surroundings once more. Famine breaks out among the wild creatures that have escaped after the passing of a great holocaust, the bears, perhaps, suffering most, as so many of the females are hampered with little cubs and cannot travel great distances. On the opposite sides of the lakes from which the fires have approached green patches of bush are sometimes left, though a bad fire will jump a lake over a mile in width. In these patches of green the wild creatures congregate, the bears rooting up every log in their search for such insect life as may dwell below. They become a great nuisance to the camper also, congregating round his tent at night time in search of any scraps that may have been thrown aside. The woodsman is compelled to keep a sharp watch on his stores, and the bears will even follow his canoe along the lake margin, as though reluctant to lose sight of the good things he is taking with him.

When the rangers are stationed in the woods for long periods it is usual for them to make a central cache in which to secrete the main bulk of their supplies. In summer time a cool cave makes as good a cache as any, though the entrance must be thoroughly well barricaded to keep out bears, wolves, and other woodland prowlers. In the winter it is perhaps best to cache one's food in the branches of a tree, so that it is not necessary to dig for it. Where there are wolverines and fishers, however, no cache can be made strong enough to keep them out, as these two woodland thieves are wonderfully strong and determined. A wolverine will gnaw through timber as thick as a man's thigh, and having gained the interior of the cache will proceed to dig out the contents, burying such as he cannot devour. The best way is to cache one's stores in a tree and attach sled bells to the branches, the tinkling of which frightens the wolverine as he begins to climb.

The life of the forest ranger in winter is lonely beyond description. The eternal silence, the utter abandonment of his surroundings, the sameness of the landscape would in time become unbearable were he not busily employed. But his duties as guardian of the forests are sufficient to keep him constantly on the move, as the staff is considerably reduced for the winter months—or rather, many extra hands are taken on during the fire season. Undergraduates from Toronto and Montreal plunge into the woods to earn a wage during their vacation, and heartily wish themselves out of it ere the fly season is passed—yet they will do the same next spring. The call of the woods is a strong call, and having once tasted the joyous freedom of the forest the bonds and conventions of city life become somewhat trying.

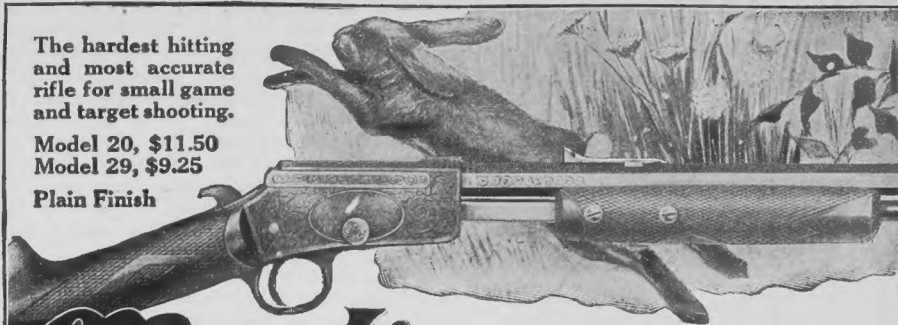
Unquestionably the forest ranger who is stationed in a partly settled region has a better time of it than the man far out in the woods, as there is more to keep him going. One day he hears that fresh moose meat is being sold in a certain settlement within his range, though it is the month of July. It is his duty to discover by whom and where that moose was killed, and to bring the malefactor before justice.

A laughable incident occurred not long ago when a young ranger, who possessed rather a high idea of his own importance, went to the hut of an old trapper who was suspected of taking beaver pelts out of season. The old man, though doubtless he was guilty, objected to the young fellow's obtrusion, and the matter ended by the ranger being roped securely to a chair, and set adrift down the creek towards

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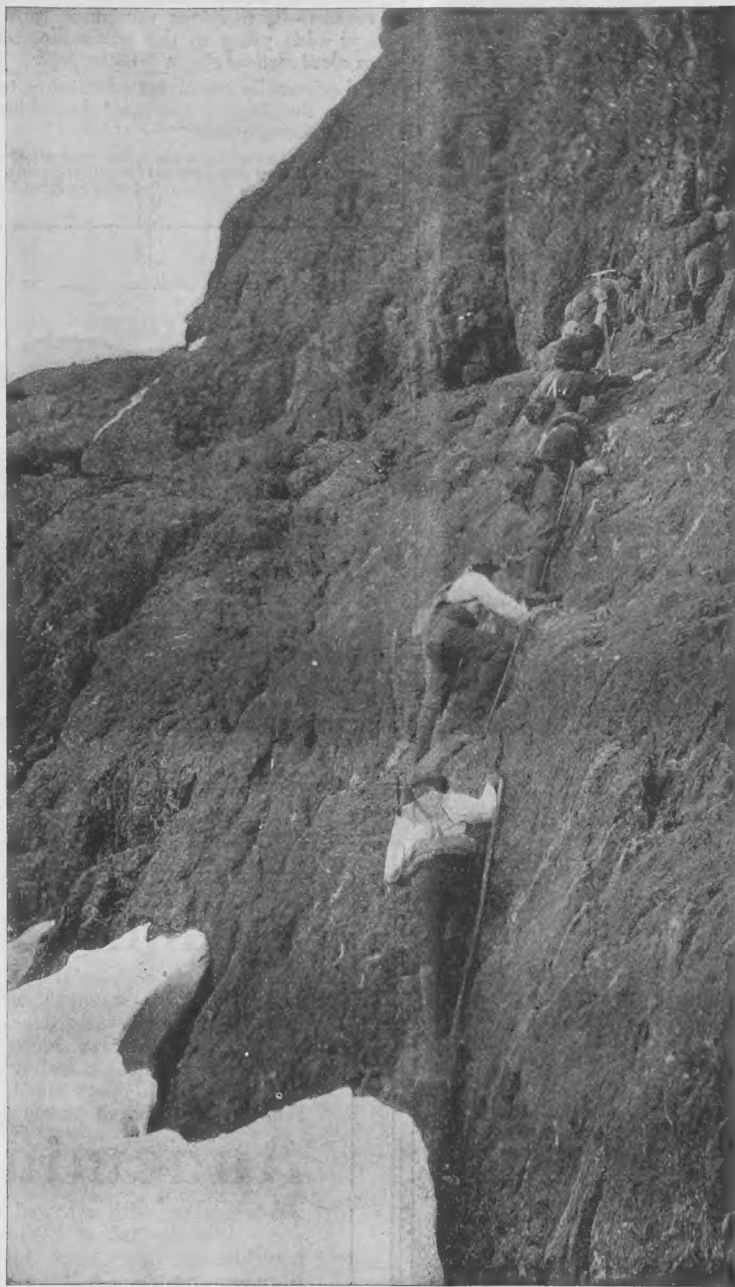
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his home. He was rescued by the men of a lumber camp some miles down the river, but when he returned with a posse to arrest the old trapper, it was discovered that the bird had flown—nor were any serious measures taken to re-capture him.

It was perhaps as well for the rangers that the matter did not reach the public courts, as the regular staff are as fine and generous a body of men as one would meet anywhere. The rugged life they lead, the constant watchfulness and alertness that is required of them, and above all their arduous training in the art of woodcraft, go towards the making of that hardy independence of character that at all times stamps the true woodsman among his fellow creatures.



Members of the Alpine Club climbing in the Rockies.

Few men have such opportunities of observing the habits of the wild creatures as the forest rangers. Deer, moose, porcupines, bears and many other wild animals are seen almost daily, while the hunting cry of the timber wolves is almost as familiar to the ranger as the sound of his partner's voice. In winter he regularly finds the skulls and backbones of deer that have been run down by the wolves, as the marks in the snow around bear adequate testimony. At night time, as he toils down the waterway on his long snowshoes, he may hear the pat-pat of moving paws and an occasional low growl in the underbush quite near. The wolves are following him, but he knows that it is merely curiosity that prompts them, for the gleam of the moonlight on the barrel of his rifle is more than any wolf is likely to face. And when the moon drops out of sight a myriad colored lights flash out across the heavens, and the man of the woods is brought to realize his littleness—to feel himself a mere atom of creation wandering across the face of the vastness.

Then there are the hot summer days when the moose are seeking shelter from the flies by standing antler deep

in the lake. At almost every grassy bay one sees them feeding at the lake margin, heads under water as they root among the lily pads. One day a giant is approached from the rear, and ere the great brute is aware that he is being stalked the man in the prow of the canoe deals him a sounding smack across the buttocks with the flat of the paddle. A cloud of spray, a terrified snort, and the moose with antlers thrown back is crashing through the trees like some great engine of the forest.

Should a man become lost in the woods the forest rangers are often called upon to search for him, and having found him, to convey him safely back to civilization. It often happens that woodsmen become lost in the

dense smoke that shuts out the light for days on end after a forest fire. The rangers, by their superior woodsmanship, manage to retain their landmarks, and to be of assistance to those who have become bewildered by the succession of unfavorable conditions.

Not always is the task allotted the ranger a pleasant one, however. On one occasion two rangers, immediately upon their arrival at the settlement, received news that a millionaire from New York and his two guides had lost their lives while trying to negotiate a certain rapid, and forthwith the rangers were despatched to find the bodies. This task proved to be one of the most dangerous they had ever encountered, and twice the canoe was capsized in an attempt to make fast after one of the bodies had been located. In the end the men were compelled to give it up owing to stores giving out, and after a headlong rush across country they tumbled aboard a timber truck on a southward bound train—ragged, weary, and in a half-starved condition.

Elbert Hubbard: The man who rises is seldom ready to attribute any of his success to pure luck.

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Coastwise in B. C. Waters

By Bonnycastle Dale

Photographs by the Author and Fleming, Victoria



WE were coastwise bound on the "Grumet," a big round-the-world freighter, a seventeen thousand tonner, a triumph of modern ship-building from that old Mother-of-Nations—Britain. Where there was room there stood some time-saving machine for loading and unloading, she was as full of hatches as a bee-hive of cells and she was loaded with what the Jacky called "Miss-a-lane-uss." Pickles from London suburbs, firebricks from Manchester, preserved fruits from southern ports, dried fruits from eastern shores, weird confections and rice from Japan, dried "duck," strange nuts, huge oranges—as big as cocoanuts—distorted fish, edible birds' nests from China and what not from way ports.

We made Seattle at eight bells—whatever that is—Fritz said it was surely a call for dinner—every bell is a dinner bell to the ever-hungry lad—and we went down from the bridge, just in time to see as neat a little scrap as we ever gazed on. Our crew was composed of Lascars, Philipinos, and—as the Mate said "plain devils." They had decided among themselves to go ashore and have a whale of a time, as they had not had any shore leave since the mudhook came aboard at Yokohama. The Mate had decided otherwise. No sooner were the lines fast at Seattle than the polyglot crew got ready to take that ungranted short leave.

"I've got my little 'coca-bola,' sir, my little Yellow-Man Persuader," said the First Mate as he passed down the companion way.

"And I've got a little six-jolter here," laughed the Second Mate.

"And I'm a regular walking arsenal," said the Captain as he showed me a couple of big old-time Colts shoved into either pea jacket pocket. As I took a look at the great tanned ham-like hands of him I pitied those dark-eyed little mutineers below.

"What's this?" cried the Mate. "It's

shore you want—down below with you—you almond-eyed son-of-a-gun." A kick punctuated every word.

"Crew below—every man jack of you," cried the Captain.

"Look out you mummies," yelled the Second Mate as he leaped into the fray. It was now a regular seething mass below us—we stood on the edge of the upper hatchway—little yellow fists, big red fists struck and waved madly.

"Murder—Look out, Captain," howled Fritz beside me—as a lithe Lascar drew a long curved knife and threw his hand back to make a stab at the Captain's back. I could just see a leaping black figure pass my eyes and a sailor flew through the air from above us and struck with both feet on the shoulders of the yellow-skinned renegade—Lascar and knife and sailor went down in one swift rush—then, and only then—the

Captain drew those two big blue Colts and sent a rattling volley over the mutineers' heads. Instantly reversing and clutching them by the barrels he sailed in and the Orientals went down like ripe stalks before the reaper. Thirty minutes later the yellow skins were wheeling rice and boxes and bales as if nothing had happened.

"Blast their withered skins, a thousand dollars fine a head for every one that lands, nice fine to put on the owner's books, eh!" puffed the Captain.

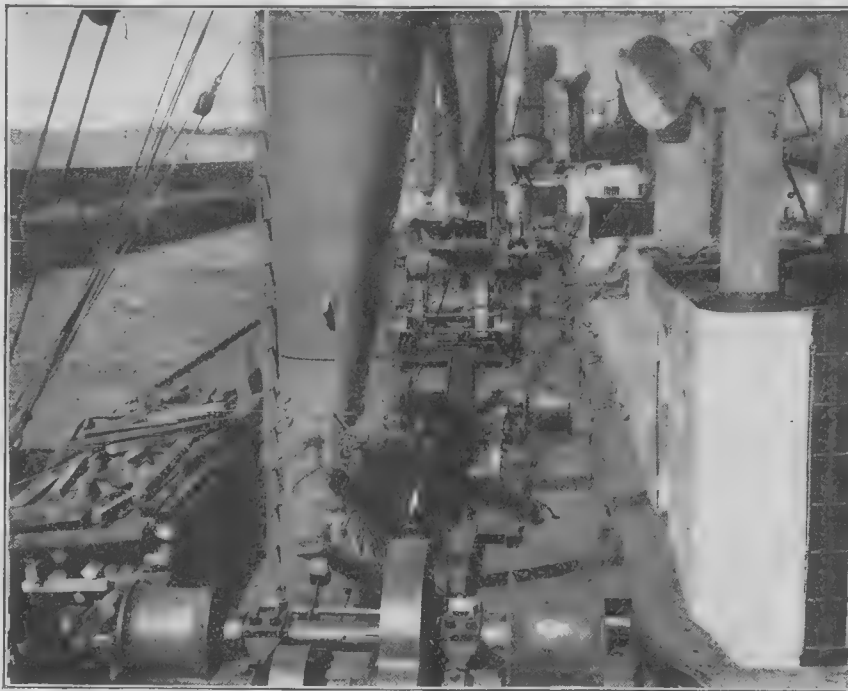
"I was going to leap on that squinting devil's shoulders if the Jackie hadn't," said Fritz—and I admitted I was just feeling like it myself a wee bit.

A sharp watch and all were safely aboard when the lines were cast off after dark—but we lost two before we were clear of the harbor—two sullen splashes told of the escape—some swift strange calls on the whistle and we saw a couple of police boats—little gasoline powered craft—come sweeping out, their bright head-lights searching the scene—and both of the Chinese that tried the water route were handed over to us a few days later at the port of Victoria.

We left the "Grumet" at this place and transferred aboard the palatial "Prince George"—what a transformation—from the dark freighter's machinery-crowded ways to the magnificent along-decks promenade of this most modern passenger ship. The tide was running swiftly around Wreck Island, but beyond tipping us over a bit it did not bother us—there was a good bit of a sea too but she rode it like a duck.

"Sell, oh! sell the 'Terra Nova' (our own little steam puffer) and buy this good steady boat, sir," laughed Fritz. Truly we had suffered on the wee unstable craft, but she had never quite drowned us, which was something to say if you could see her cut up didoes. "I'll bet a landlubber a pound of fog that he cannot tell whether we are going out or coming in the 'tide-rips'—I can't myself—when we run that little 'Turn Over,'" continued the lad.

All that day we passed the fir crowded islands of the Gulf of Georgia, past the



Time-saving machine for loading and unloading.

Even if Your Crops Escape the Hail

the feeling of security and freedom from worry which a Canada Hail Insurance Policy will give you all summer, is well worth the small premium. If you are "hailed out"

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Guaranteed by the London Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Canada

will pay your loss promptly and in full. Our fair adjustments and quick settlements are known and appreciated throughout the country.

Equally sure and satisfactory is the protection against fire which has been afforded for over half a century by

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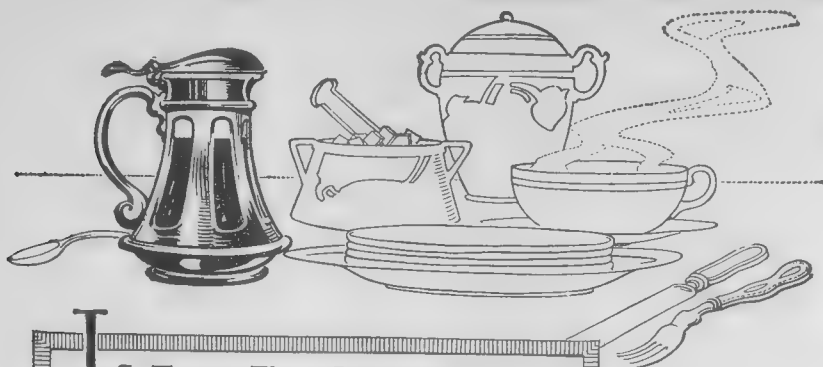
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Is Fruit Too Dear? Yes!

Then Use More Of

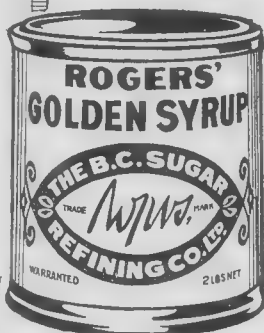
ROGERS' GOLDEN SYRUP

Keep a generous jug of Rogers' Golden Syrup on the table. It's simply delicious with bread, hot biscuits or crackers, and is the one best "trimming" for griddle cakes.

You'll never get tired of its full, rich flavor, because Rogers' is a pure Sugar Cane Syrup, wholesome, nourishing and delicious.

Rogers' Golden Syrup is just as good for making gingerbread, puddings, cakes and candy as it is for table use. Put up in sealed tins of 2, 5 and 10 pounds net. Get it at your grocers.

For sale
by all
grocers.



Leper station—poor doomed wretches—past the busy towns of Nanaimo, Ladysmith and in for coal at Union Bay—off an anchored tug, mind you, as some wrinkle with another railroad prevented us using the dock and our coal had been mislaid at Victoria. Now we round Cape Lazo and soon are at the "Meeting of the Waters"—where the tides that circle Vancouver Island leap abreast of each other—then into the terrible pass. On the left is Campbells River, noted the world over for its magnificent salmon fishing—but ahead is Seymour narrows—an almost impossible passage at full tide "in." Now we were timing to make it during the "slack water"—between tides—but it is very difficult to strike this auspicious time and we were a bit late and met the roaring flood on the "run in." We entered between the great cliffs of the Island (Vancouver) and the swiftly rising banks of Valdes, ahead, was a river of foam and boiling eddies and roaring open tide rips. The confusion in that narrow passage was something terrific—how many knots an hour that tide was running I dare not guess, and part of my work on the coast consisted of "taking the tide." We drove in against it on an even keel and met the side current—I should think the sides of this rushing flood were

came aboard in tons and swept a few loose things about helter skelter. It took us three hours to cross the worst part of the Sound and we were thrown about like a cork in the mighty seas—but the "Prince" is a good craft and we landed safe and sound at the brand new city of Prince Rupert our namesake—very new, very mossy, very rocky, everything well built, prices high, times good, property selling as if these were the only lots in the only town upon earth.

We entered into our work with glee, examining the products of the fisheries, going out on the gasoline propelled Fraser River fishing boats and catching many kinds of cod, huge halibut, skate and sole flatfish, myriad salmon. Dodging inquisitive "blackfish"—a whale about twenty-five feet long, they were in pairs love-making—for this spring month is the breeding season—and they have a most unpleasant way of suddenly coming up right near your fishing boat and exhausting their vitiated air and your nerves at one and the same time—none dared to come near us as I had my camera; leave it at home and they would be rubbing barnacles off on our gunwales all the day long—such is life!

Here is the land for the follower of



Cod Fish of the Northern Pacific ocean—five varieties.

three feet higher than the middle—and we bowed to its power—over and over and over she leaned slowly and gracefully until nervous women screamed and the men took a bit tighter hold of good graspable things—my heart got tired of being away down there in the dark and tried to creep up into my throat. Now the "Prince" is righting himself like a lord—now he strikes the other current and tips slowly but surely over and over and over the other way—more squeals and I shut my mouth firmly and swallow hard—Fritz has a grasp the rail of the observation deck guaranteed never to come loose—right ahead is the Rock, a ledge in the boiling mass on which several things that man has built went to speedy destruction—we edge over for the awful looking whirlpool on the right shore and creep past that rock slowly but surely—we throb and spin and tip—ever that awful slow tip—tip-tip over and finally, after an hour's work emerge into swift steadily flowing water and pass strange villages of the Coast Indians with the totems—huge carved and painted poles—standing in front of the house, like some distorted grove of insane petrified monsters, weird beyond imagination. Then we enter Queen Charlotte Sound—this wide stretch of water is protected (!) by the distant shores of Japan only—so look out for squalls—we got them, a nice big southwestern swell, waves three hundred feet across and fifteen feet high.

"Will we buy this 'good steady boat'?" asked Fritz as we entered a fearful looking sea that drove everybody to shelter—I think the spray of that noble roller washed the very tip of our "airless" with its spray—anyhow the wave

rod and gun, net or trawl. Here Nature is prolific—and so is the United States fisherman. He knows a good thing when he sees it and he fishes all along our coasts—you know we have a three-mile line that marks our water boundaries, well! the poor U. S. fisherman evidently thinks this is a rule laid down to guide and help him as he always seems to fish inside this line. Never mind, Mr. U. S. Fisherman—there are two nice little armed fishery cruisers just built in England creeping around the dreaded Cape—that cape of storms, Cape Horn—headed right your way and the things they promise to do to you fish pirates is something awful to contemplate. A few days more, a few dozen more good pictures of scaled and furred and feathered ones and we catch the good old "Prince Rupert" and toss and roll southward once more.

Mrs. Listen Well—"Don't you think Miss Thumpford is playing that nocturne through too fast?"

Mr. A. Boardman—"Too fast. Good heavens, madame. She can't play it through too fast to suit me."

Reporter (to laborer run down by street car)—"Do you expect to get damages from the company?"

Mike—"Expect 'em? I've got 'em!"

'And when they call up from the office, dear, and ask what's the matter with you, shall I say indigestion?"

"Indigestion! Nobody has indigestion now. Do you want to disgrace me? Tell 'em it's complicated ptomaine!"—
"Cleveland Plain Dealer."

The Best of all Remedies for Children.

From Mr. H. EVERED, Norway House, Picton, Nova Scotia:—
"I am writing to you in praise of your Gripe Water as a tonic. My little girl who is now 12 months old has thrived on it wonderfully. We have given it to her almost since she was born. WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER has proved the best of all remedies we have tried. We would not be without it. Trusting that our experience will decide others to test this most valuable medicine, I am, yours faithfully, H. EVERED, Gardener to Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner of Canada."

WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER

Quickly relieves the pain and distress caused by the numerous familiar ailments of childhood.

INVALUABLE DURING TEETHING.

For three generations it has nourished and strengthened infant vitality. It contains no preparation of Morphia, Opium or other harmful drug, and has behind it a long record of Medical Approval.

Of any Druggists. Be sure it's WOODWARD'S.



CLARK'S PORK & BEANS



The value of BEANS as a strength producing food needs no demonstration. Their preparation in appetizing form is, however, a matter entailing considerable labour in the ordinary kitchen.

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest beans combined with delicate sauces, made from the purest

ingredients, in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances.

THEY ARE COOKED READY—SIMPLY WARM
UP THE CAN BEFORE OPENING

W. Clark Montreal

Blackwood's Raspberry Vinegar

Something Delicious

To be obtained of all Grocers

Manufacturers of Blackwood's Celebrated Soft Drinks

The Blackwoods Limited

Winnipeg

The Same is a Thief and Robber

By John Cleveland

THE Gillings had been Friends for quite two hundred years. The family represented Quakerism in the absolute. Their pedigree was without one stain, no Gilling having ever been known to marry out of the sect. In the whole Society there was no family of purer descent. Two centuries of rigid discipline, self-restraint, and godly life had evolved something as near perfection as fallen humanity can hope to reach.

Two members of the family, Richenda and Gulielma, were maiden ladies of mature age. Although they were not twins, they resembled each other so closely that their intimate friends were often puzzled to know which was which. They dressed exactly alike, and only their blood relations could appreciate any difference in their voices. Richenda was the elder by a year. She had a tiny mole on her left temple by which a close observer could identify her; but when she wore the deep Friend's bonnet, you did not get the benefit of even that clue.

I can well remember their coming

into the meeting-house together—no one ever saw them apart—and rustling down upon the air-cushions, which were always placed ready for them on a certain bench. Once seated, the frost of silence held them fast, their rich silk dresses gave forth no more rustlings till the meeting broke up. Which was Richenda and which was Gulielma? On First Day no one could be certain of their identity, which was as completely lost as if they had been veiled nuns. When the long ordeal was over, the sexes co-mingled on the smooth turf of the burial ground. Here you might go up to one of the sisters, and say, with outstretched hand, "How art thou?" The dear Friend would understand why you paused. "Gulielma," she would say kindly to relieve you from embarrassment, if it happened to be she.

"I am very well, thank thee. How art thou?"

"Oh, that's Gulielma," you would say to yourself. "I shall know next time." But you didn't.

Both ladies were flaxen-haired, and

had a row of little natural curls along the forehead, and both had eyes of the palest blue. Their voices were cooing, caressing, not capable of a shrill or harsh note. If you were ill or in trouble, they would come to see you, and show themselves so full of sympathy that you would feel better at once. If they undertook to read to you, you would be lulled to sleep in less than five minutes.

Richenda and Gulielma Gilling lived in a substantial old red-brick house at Plaistow, which was a very different place forty years ago from what it is now. They drew a large income from Government securities, and gave quite half of it away in charity. The moiety they retained for their own use was sufficient to maintain them in refined luxury, as you would have found out had you been fortunate enough to be invited to tea at Pennington Lodge. Their well-tended hot-house furnished them with rare fruit, and their beehives provided honey of the best.

Into the quietest and simplest lives stirring events will sometimes intrude. These kindly, sweet-souled women had lived for more than fifty years, with only one terrible memory to trouble them. They were soon to have yet another dreadful experience, but of a very different character. Richenda and Gulielma were incapable of cherishing animosity, against any living creature. They had not one enemy in the whole

world. Some of the frivolous young people of Plaistow called the sisters the two dormice, or the grey doves, and referred to Pennington Lodge as "the dove-cote;" but there was not a trace of malice in these nicknames. Not even the coarsest minded inhabitant of Plaistow would have dreamed of offering rudeness to the sisters.

I have such sincere respect and affection for these dear ladies that I hardly like to say what their terrible experience was; it seems like offering them an affront even to refer to it in passing. But they have both been laid to rest these many years; they have no surviving relatives, and indeed, the incident, which they would have willingly died rather than mention, was not creditable to them in any way, so no one can be charmed or embarrassed by the disclosure. I used to notice that when by any chance the town of Lewes was mentioned at the Gillings' table, a curious effect was produced. A faint, a very faint tinge of pink would suffuse both the smooth, kindly faces. The sisters would fold their hands, and the pale blue eyes would be cast down. They would not regain their normal composure for quite thirty seconds. Why this phenomena? What could bring a blush to their faces? What could have happened at the sleepy town of Lewes to make them ashamed? I did not discover the truth till long after they had entered into rest, leaving behind them a sweet and fragrant memory.

Richenda and Gulielma were born in Sussex, and resided at their father's farm, situated midway between Lewes and Brighton. They would in all human probability have remained there until the death of old Josiah Gilling, which sad event occurred in the year 1856, had it not been for this incident—a horrid landmark in their lives—which made the neighborhood of the whole southern seaboard distasteful to them. They therefore migrated to Plaistow in Essex, and sought amid fresh scenes to efface the frightful recollection.

It was the period of railroad construction. The old era was passing away, the new England was coming into being. The somnolent southern counties were invaded by an army of rude and stalwart navvies from Lancashire and Yorkshire.

The Friends of the south had hitherto had a monopoly of the archaic form of speech, or "the plain language," as they called it. They were therefore shocked beyond measure to hear these fierce sons of toil "swear in the plain language," as they phrased it. Their fondest prejudices were outraged; brutal threats uttered in Quaker language seemed sacrilegious.

One summer evening Richenda and Gulielma walked along the high-road towards their home. They had taken tea with Martha Barrington, a recorded minister, who was well stricken in years, and in need of cheerful companionship. Her residence was not very far from Lewes. They walked briskly along the old coach road, their serene faces warmed by the sunset light. They were in a calm and happy mood, fearing no evil, for who would be cruel enough to harm such dove-like creatures? A turn of the road brought them face to face with two gigantic navvies—men of vast strength, wearing enormous boots, and smoking short, blackened clay pipes. The men's native ruffianism was tempered with a primitive species of humour, of the strictly practical kind. They would not wantonly abuse their great strength by gratuitous assaults upon the weak; but given occasion, they would fight with the savagery of the old-time Picts, and they were capable of indulging their sense of humour without fear of consequences. They regarded the Quaker ladies with ferocious amusement, and stretching out their mighty arms, barred the way.

"Thou wilt please let us pass on our way," said Richenda, with icy composure, to the man in front of her.

"Wilt thou kindly stand aside?" cooed Gulielma.

These mild, appealing words only seemed to increase the unholy joy of the navvies, who began cutting uncouth capers in the dusty road. An evil thought entered the head of the elder man. "Say, laad," he said, didst ever kiss a Quaker?"

"Noa; I dare thee to do it," replied his companion.

There's peace in every puff!

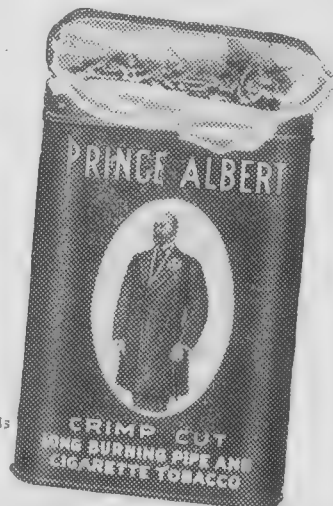
You can smoke a pipe if you pack it with Prince Albert. No matter how tender your tongue may be P. A. can't bite, because the bite's cut out by a patented process that makes you jimmy pipe joy'us, sunrise to sunset!

PRINCE ALBERT

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Get happy, man! Get yours! Do you realize that at last you can smoke a pipe as long and as hard as you want without a tongue tingle? That's via P. A.—tobacco that's a revelation to pipe and cigarette smokers.

Prince Albert is the largest selling brand of pipe smoking tobacco in the United States. Prince Albert is manufactured only by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company at its factories in Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A., and is imported from the United States by Canada dealers.



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Buy Prince Albert everywhere in the toppy red, full 2-oz. tin. You'll find it in every nook and corner of the civilized world as well as just across the street! Get that?

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
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First, learn how to wash it, and what to wash it with. PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO is more than a mere cleanser, because it is made from Palm and Olive oils. These are used by scalp specialists everywhere in treating hair that is in bad condition.

Their combination, in PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO, makes a splendid, rich lather that does not leave the hair dry, brittle, faded and unruly, but soft, tractable and glossy.

It cleanses thoroughly, without robbing the scalp of the natural oil necessary to its health. Rinses out easily and perfectly. Price 50 cents a bottle.

Palmolive Shampoo

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Combines, in most scientific form, palm and olive oils. The great natural beautifiers for over three thousand years.

Cleanses the skin thoroughly, without irritation or roughening.

Lathers freely in any water. Always hard. Never wastes. Price 15 cents a cake.

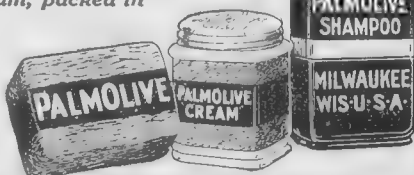
THREEFOLD SAMPLE OFFER—Liberal cake of Palmolive, bottle of Shampoo and tube of Cream, packed in neat sample package, all mailed on receipt of five two-cent stamps.

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Palmolive Cream

Protects the skin from the ravages of wind and dust. Adds to comfort after the use of Palmolive Soap. A necessary addition to every woman's toilet. Price 50 cents.



HORROCKSES' FLANNELETTES

(made by the manufacturers of the celebrated Longcloths, Twills and Sheetings)

ARE MADE FROM CAREFULLY SELECTED COTTON.

The nap is short and close.

No injurious chemicals are used.

Quality, designs and colorings are unequalled.

If purchasers of this useful material for Underwear all the year round would buy THE BEST ENGLISH MAKE they would appreciate the comfort and durability which inferior qualities of Flannelette do not possess.

See the name "HORROCKSES" on the selvedge every two yards.

ANNUAL Sale upwards of TEN MILLION yards.

Awarded the Certificate of the Incorporated Institute of Hygiene.

For information as to the nearest Store where procurable apply to Agent

JOHN E. RITCHIE

417 King's Hall Chambers
St. Catherine Street West - MONTREAL.

Richenda and Gulielma stood hand in hand, and with pale faces regarded their tormentors. The horror of the situation had bereft them of the power of speech.

Each man put his pipe in his pocket and wiped his mouth with the back of his horny hand. Richenda and Gulielma closed their eyes and prayed. The next moment they were rudely seized, and kissed heartily on the lips at least thrice.

Then the ruffians released them, and uttering shouts of laughter, which might have been heard a mile down the road, went on their way. It would require a far more eloquent pen than mine to describe the effect of this outrage upon the moral consciousness of the sisters. Modesty was affronted beyond the power of words to express. The holy of holies had been profaned. They went steadily on their homeward way, under the burden of ineffaceable shame. No words were spoken. When they reached their apartment, they looked at each other, blushed painfully, and burst into tears. Never till the day of their death did either sister ever allude even in the most distant manner to the outrage.

Henry Probyn was a pupil at the Friends' boarding school at Croydon. He was in his twelfth year. He had come home to Plaistow for the summer vacation. The place afforded him but few opportunities of relaxation. His parents were strict Friends; they gave the boy the biographies of George Fox and William Penn to read, and for outdoor recreation urged him to enlarge his knowledge of the sciences of botany and entomology.

at half-past three. The boy was big for his age, with a round, good-humoured face, and small, quizzical grey eyes.

The sisters were inexperienced in the habits and instincts of boys, and they were a little at a loss to know what to do with Henry when he stood before them, smiling and confident. They brought out the old picture-books, sacred relics of their childhood, which their father had made for them more than fifty years ago. Then Richenda produced her beautifully arranged collection of sea shells, and Gulielma exhibited her case of geological specimens. For these things Henry showed but moderate admiration, and when the exhibition was over, he abruptly asked permission to inspect the garden.

"Certainly thou mayest go into the garden, Henry," said Richenda cheerfully. "Thou wilt not get into mischief, I am sure, and when thou hearest a bell sound, thou must come into tea."

"I promise not to be late, Richenda Gilling," said the boy, with a sly look, and clattered along the passage in his thick boots.

Henry Probyn had the large flower and kitchen gardens all to himself; but instead of studying botany, he found his amusement in the torment of spiders. It was his reprehensible practice to take one of these insects from its own web, and pop it into the web of another spider of about the same size. The strife that ensued brought joy to his unregenerate heart. This nefarious occupation had one advantage—it kept him quiet, and the time passed pleasantly



Alpine club members resting and lunching.

Henry suffered the abomination of desolation. His proud spirit found congenial amusement in the stealthy breaking of the neighbours' windows, and making himself sick with surreptitiously smoking pieces of cane. Quakerism did not appeal to Henry Probyn. He had suffered punishment more than once for damaging the eyes and noses of his schoolfellows. A dark and disgraceful future was confidently predicted for him by William Stackpole, the principal of Croydon School. As a member of the Society of Friends, Henry Probyn was sadly out of place. He was militant and mischievous. Soon after attaining legal manhood, he resigned his membership, and is now, I believe, a prosperous stockbroker, and the retired Colonel of a Volunteer regiment.

Now the sisters Gilling never met anyone without studying how they could do them a benefit or a kindness. They had noticed Henry at meeting on First Day morning, and though he bore himself in a seemly manner during the service, they fancied he had a rather forlorn look. When they reached home, Richenda said: "Didst thou see Henry Probyn at meeting, Gulielma? I believe his vacation is drawing to a close; would it not be kind to invite him here for an afternoon? It might be an agreeable change for the boy."

"It is thoughtful of thee to suggest it, Richenda," said her sister; "I believe it will give the boy pleasure to pay us a visit."

So an invitation was written, which resulted in Henry Probyn's appearance at Pennington Lodge one afternoon

enough till the bell summoned him to the house. When he came to the table, his face wore a look of cherubic innocence, and his hands were moderately clean.

The sisters regarded him with approval, and each decided in her own mind to present him with a florin on his departure.

"How hast thou amused thyself, Henry?" asked Gulielma.

"I have been watching the spiders, Gulielma Gilling," he replied.

"I do not like spiders," said Gulielma, "but I should be sorry to see them harmed."

"I am pleased to find that thou takest an interest in such things," said Richenda. "The industry and ingenuity of spiders are indeed wonderful, and no doubt they fulfil a useful purpose in the scheme of creation. Thou wilt please sit here, Henry."

The sisters never forgot that meal as long as they lived. They had never seen a schoolboy eat before; the spectacle was a revelation to them. They had provided bountifully; ham, tongue, preserves, cake and fruit were there in rich abundance. The fare at Croydon School was plentiful but plain, and the fare at Henry's home was far from luxurious. He had never before sat down to such a table as this, and it might be a long time before he had such another opportunity, so he gave free rein to his carnal appetite.

The sisters had satisfied their own modest requirements in a little more than ten minutes. They now sat watching the heroic performance of Henry

Probyn, silent and fascinated. Astonishment soon gave place to alarm. The capacity of that small vessel must surely be strained to breaking point. Still Henry continued to gorge with the voracity of a famished wolf.

A solid hour had passed. Henry's hostesses still sat watching him. They were now rather pale, and their folded hands rested on the snowy cloth. They were generous to a fault, and their hospitality knew no bounds. But when at length Henry leaned back in his chair, perspiring and exhausted, and acknowledged regretfully that he could eat no more, Richenda felt it laid upon her as a matter of duty to utter a reproof.

She joined the tips of her fingers, and looking timidly at the victim of repletion, said gently: "Of course, thou knowest we are pleased to see thee enjoy thyself, Henry, but dost thou not think that thou hast rather indulged?"

Henry's conscience, and his waistcoat too, told him that he had; a slow, greasy smile stole over his face, and he nodded his head. He was not a pretty sight, and the sisters, who were the essence of refinement, could not repress a feeling of repulsion, of which they felt ashamed.

"At what hour did Mary Probyn tell thee to return home, Henry?" asked Gulielma.

"Before nine, Gulielma Gilling," Henry replied, not without hope that supper would be provided at about eight.

"We will try to make the time pass pleasantly till the hour comes for thee to leave," said Richenda. "I have a book containing specimens of pressed seaweed, which are very beautiful, and which I am sure thou wilt like to see."

She rose from her seat with the intention of ringing for the maid to clear the table, when an unexpected and terrifying apparition caused her to start back hurriedly. The dining-room opened upon the lawn. The French windows were thrown wide open, the evening being warm. In the doorway stood a rough, gipsy-looking man in a brown velvet jacket and a fur cap in a mangy condition. In his hand he carried a sack.

"What dost thou want?" demanded Richenda in a firm voice. "How didst thou get in? Thou shouldst have rung at the side door."

The sisters were secretly terrified. The situation of Pennington Lodge was lonely and the evening was closing in.

The man advanced into the room. "I come over the wall," he said hoarsely, "and wot I want is these, and some more after that," and he began collecting the silver spoons, sugar-bowl and cream-jug, and putting them into the sack. "You sit still, you young varmint," he said savagely to Henry, who had made a sudden movement, and producing a cudgel from his pocket, he shook it at the boy.

Henry put his hands in his pockets, leered up impudently into the thief's face, and winked, winked flagrantly.

Gulielma saw what passed, and with difficulty refrained from bursting into tears. She was grievously disappointed in Henry.

"Dost thou know how very wicked it is to steal?" said Richenda. "If thou art in want, we will willingly give thee help."

"I know you would," grinned the man, "but I happen to want more than you would be likely to give me."

"Thy way of life will assuredly lead to sorrow and misery," Richenda continued; "the day of reckoning will overtake thee."

"Not it. My pony and barrer is at the turn of the road in charge of a boy. I'll 'ave a good start of the traps. Now then, I'll trouble you for your tickers and purses. Quick; I don't like to be kep' waitin'," and a flourish of the cudgel gave emphasis to the demand.

The watches were only silver, but fond memories were attached to them, and the sisters placed them in the man's dirty hand with sighs of regret. The long silken purses held gold and silver, but they were given up without a pang.

The man's greedy eyes ranged over the room. "There's money in that there desk," he said. "Is there or ain't there? I'm told as Quakers don't know how to lie."

"The desk contains money," said Richenda with dignity.

"Open it, then, and 'and over."

Richenda unlocked the desk, and with

an unmoved countenance saw the man take out gold and notes to a considerable amount.

"Wot I like about you is, you don't give no trouble," he said. "Blest if I ain't sorry to clean you hout; but I reckon you've got blunt put by in the bank. If my own circumstances wasn't so desperate, you see—well, that's where it is. My service to you, you hold dears."

After a long and keen look at the sisters, he went on with savage humor, "Well, if I'd 'ad a glass or two, I should think I was seein' double. A case of twins, ain't it?"

Richenda started away from him in horror. Her thoughts went back to the dusty road near her old home.

"Oh, I wouldn't 'urt you. When I'm treated fair, I'm a real gentleman. Now I want some grub. You seem to have made a clean board 'ere. Got a 'am or a cold jint in the cupboard, to eat on the way 'ome?"

"I'll show thee where the larder is," said Henry, jumping up; "I peeped in

this afternoon, and saw a beautiful pie. This way."

The sisters turned reproachful eyes on Henry, who however, took no notice of them.

The man touched his fur cap to the ladies, and followed Henry out of the room.

The sisters sat down side by side, and clasped hands. They did not shed tears, but they looked very sad and dejected. "I'm so disappointed in Henry Probyn," said Richenda; "he has taken the part of the robber against us."

"And we have tried to be kind to the boy," said Gulielma sadly. "How can we tell John and Mary Probyn of his ill behaviour?"

Their further conversation was interrupted by the sounds of furious knocking, and a muffled voice raised in violent anger.

The next moment Henry Probyn burst into the room.

"I have locked him in the larder," he said joyfully, standing on one leg, and

bringing his other foot down with a crash. "I have sent out the servant, Eliza Dunning, to bring help."

Then he jumped upon a chair, and uttered a loud hurrah.

"Come, Richenda and Gulielma Gilling, and help to pile furniture against the door. He's kicking with his thick boots, but the door is strong. Do not be frightened, I will stay with you."

Richenda took hold of one of Henry's hands, and Gulielma seized the other. "We have been unjust to thee, Henry Probyn," they said; "thou must forgive us. Thou art a brave boy."

Then they went to the kitchen, and by their united efforts a heavy table and other articles of furniture were dragged against the larder door. Meanwhile the kicking continued, and blood-curdling threats came in an unceasing stream from the imprisoned robber. But the house was old and strongly built, and the door was iron-sheeted. There was no hope of escape.



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"How didst thou do it, Henry?" asked Richenda.

"We went into the larder together," said Henry, "and I showed him the pie upon the top shelf. While he was reaching up for it, I ran out and locked and bolted the door."

"Thou showedst great bravery and presence of mind, Henry," said Gulielma, "but oh, Richenda, Richenda, we shall be called upon to give evidence against this poor creature, who will surely be sentenced to transportation."

"And a very good thing, too," said Henry Probyn.

"Henry! Henry!" cried Richenda in gentle remonstrance.

The sisters would have opened the door and permitted the ruffian to escape, had not the arrival of a constable and half a dozen bricklayers rendered such an act of clemency impossible. The man, spitting out curses, was taken from the larder duly handcuffed and carried off to prison.

When Henry Probyn went home that evening, he carried a couple of half-sovereigns in his waistcoat-pocket, about which he did not think it necessary to inform his parents. And every few months, as long as he remained at school, letters used to come to him, containing remittances. I have every reason to believe that if Henry Probyn had elected to remain a member of the Society of Friends, he would have inherited the wealth of Richenda and Gilling. As it was, he contrived to make his own fortune, which was perhaps better for him. There came no more stirring incidents into the lives of the sisters. They lived on to a green old age, serene and happy, and loved by all who knew them. Death was not so cruel as to separate them. One June night they fell asleep, and awoke together in the greater Brightness. White-souled children of Charity and Love, Peace be with you!

Insect Mimics

By W. R. Gilbert

IN the eyes of the naturalist the world is a vast arena and every creature a gladiator engaged in a fierce combat with a myriad of enemies—a combat in which mercy is unknown, in which thumbs are relentlessly turned down; and in which treachery and cunning are qualities as virtuous as courage and strength. Not merely in the instinctive hatred of one animal for another is this combat rooted but chiefly in the lust of life, in the desire to escape starvation.



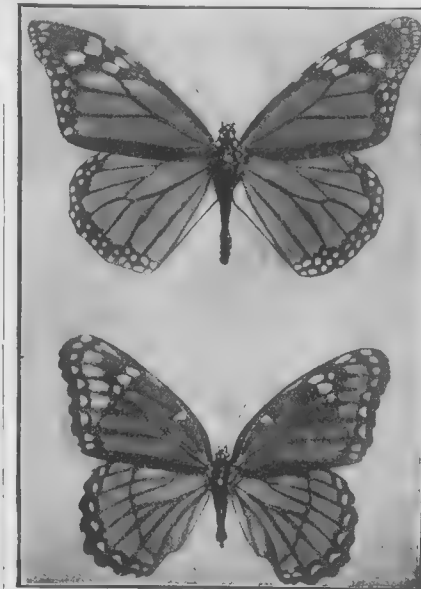
Walking Leaf of India.

Lack of food means weakness to an animal; and weakness means death. Every hour, every minute, every second, this bloody battle is waged—Darwin called this incessant warfare "natural selection," or "the struggle for existence" terms that have taken their place in the vocabulary of everyday life. Although the weapons and the tactics employed in this struggle are much the same among both the higher and the lower animals

by Nature, designed to render its wearer invisible to his foe, and sometimes to his prey.

We have been told that one method whereby the weak are enabled to escape the strong, and the cowards to elude the brave, consists in a protective simulation of surrounding objects. For the same reason that a woodsman has clad himself in green since the days of Robin Hood, many insects have adopted liveries that harmonize closely with the flowers and the trees upon which they habitually repose. So exact is the protective resemblance that even the professional collector is often deceived.

Instances of this form of concealment are well-nigh innumerable. The Catocala moth, a widely distributed genus, is conspicuous enough in flight, but once it rests on a tree trunk, flattened against the bark, with its well defined dark hind wings drawn beneath the mottled grey fore wings it defies discovery. So accurately has Nature painted and



Alike in looks but not in taste.

spotted the forewings to imitate the effect of rough bark that the most vigilant enemy of the moth must pass it by. Often the adaptation is so refined that these moths are tinted to resemble one tree more closely than another, because that particular kind of tree is usually selected for feeding or for rest.

A certain South American beetle is found on one kind of tree only, and it is so marvellously well assimilated to the bark that it can be discovered only when it stirs. The numerous species of the tiger beetle all vary in color to suit their surroundings, some having the sandy color of the sea shore, where they are found; some simulating the green, wet, slimy stones on which they crawl.

A moth usually rests with his fore wings outspread over the prominent pattern of his hind wings. In any other



Hickory Horned Devil.

the most striking feature of the Darwinian theory is to be found in the insect world. In that world we find that both the hunter and the hunted have unconsciously contrived almost incredibly subtle artifices for outwitting each other and that each insect is given a disguise

posture he would inevitably meet a swift death.

A butterfly on the contrary rests usually with his wings uplifted and pressed together. Otherwise the gaudy upper surface would be as conspicuous as the black ink on this paper—a signal



Walking sticks, often pruned in mistake.

for attack by relentless and voracious foes. In order to hide himself, the butterfly has, therefore, lavished all the resources of his imitative art on the under surface of his wings.

By far the most wonderful instance of this kind is afforded by the East In-



Hawk moth-caterpillar—same color as leaves
Moth, color of bark.

dian Kallima butterfly, the blue upper surface of which is richly and ostentatiously adorned with a stripe of orange, but the upper surface of which bears a truly staggering likeness to a leaf when the wings are drawn together. Here we



Indian Kallima. Four species shown.

have an insect that apes not merely the approximate shape and color of a dead leaf, but also the midrib with the delicate veining, the sharp point and the short stem common to many tropical leaves. It might be supposed that this

imitation of an ordinary object is sufficiently minute to protect the Kallima from its enemies.

Self preservation apparently demands touches even more exquisite, for the resemblance has been so craftily carried out that not merely is a dead leaf simulated, but in the lighter colored varieties, or dead, shrivelled leaf flecked with parasitic growths, stained and spotted to give the appearance of holes eaten by caterpillars.

Is it any wonder that a keen-eyed and trained naturalist has often been unable to find the Kallima when it might refuge from his net in a bush of dead leaves. How absolutely impenetrable is this disguise may be gathered from the

circumstance that Kallima butterflies so successfully elude their enemies, that they are among the most common in India and Ceylon. Hardly two specimens are exactly alike—the colors vary within as wide limits as the hues of decaying leaves.

Additional examples of the incredible fidelity with which insects have adapted themselves to their environment could be given almost without number.

There are "walking sticks" that conform perfectly to a spray of twigs with all the polished nodes, and must actually be touched before one can be persuaded that they are living things; spiders that deceive their prey with piti-

ful ease by their fatal resemblance to a knot on a tree branch

Immunity from attack would be only temporarily attained if insects were not able to adapt themselves to those chromatic changes in their surroundings caused by the seasons. Verdant leaves are, after all, an accompaniment of Spring and Summer alone, and a creature dressed in green would be infallibly betrayed by its glaring contrast with the russet hues of Fall. But Nature's disguise conceals its wearers even in these due straits.

The caterpillar of the Privete Hawk moth, has the wonderful power of modifying its coloration to suit its environment. When complete growth has been

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attained, they creep from their summer abode of green foliage to the dark ground—because their green patched livery would be fatally inappropriate when this migration occurs, we find them just before their descent assuming a jacket of brown that harmonizes admirably with their new tenement; while some other caterpillars discard their modest dress of brown for one of green, when the background against which they are seen is one of leaves.

The caterpillars of the large Emerald moth afford the most striking phenomenon, they being sometimes brown and sometimes green, depending upon the surroundings in which they live.

Not every insect is a fac-simile of a leaf, or a twig or a piece of bark. Every meadow in summer swarms with a winged host blatantly heralding its existence by color that must seem cordial invitations to its enemies. Why is it that they are not attacked? Because these gaily decorated denizens of the air are horribly distasteful to insect epicures, and frequently endowed with the most nauseous qualities. They find their salvation in advertising themselves, boldly and flamboyantly. Their colors are danger signals not to be disregarded. The Magpie moth caterpillar is gaudily spotted with orange and black—a little experimental tasting has taught every bird, lizard or frog to avoid the creature that wears these colors. And thus red and black lady birds, yellow striped hornet wasps, and a host of insects preserve themselves by brazenly proclaiming their offensive tastes or odors or dangerous stings to all the inimical world.

Other insects that would prove delicious morsels to greedy foes have not been slow to profit by the immunity that

is granted by a warning garb. They have actually mimicked obnoxious species protected by garish hues in order to escape death themselves, and this with such amazing accuracy that not only is the enemy completely tricked, but even the collector. In the jungles of the Amazon species of butterflies are found that mimic species Heliconidae. These are all as distinct as horses and cows, and yet the one species is a photographically exact counterfeit of the other. The Heliconidae possesses an atrocious odor and are vile to the taste. So free are they from attack that they flap lazily along, perfectly secure in their sickening attributes. The mimickers so cleverly copy the markings, form of wings, and heavy flight, that spiders drop them from their webs, and small monkeys reject them, despite their palatability.

Many a defenceless insect resorts to the expedient of terrifying its enemies by its likeness to a dangerous animal, or by suddenly assuming a horrible aspect. The principle is about the same as that of frightening a child by grimacing at it. Like this gentle parental method of correction it fails as often as it succeeds. The most successful terror inspiring masker is probably the "hickory horned devil," a perfectly harmless caterpillar of the Royal Persimmon moth of the Southern States but so fiercely threatening in appearance that it enjoys an unenviable reputation for deadliness.

If all insects were permitted to live the world would be devastated by them. It happens however that their enemies likewise multiply in geometrical ratio, so that a proper balance is maintained.

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The ocean theatre has come at last. What will probably be known in ocean theatrical circles as the "Cunard first night" will be a memorable event on the maiden voyage of the Aquitania.

The stage has been erected in the first-class lounge, and is so constructed as to be suitable not only for concerts but for dramatic pieces of the light drawing-room or curtain-raiser type. Scenery is provided, and there is a green room and special dressing rooms for the artistes.

Two other surprises on this Cunarder are an art gallery and what may fairly be called a museum. The official descriptions which the Cunard Company is about to distribute to the world state that the ocean traveller may stroll through the art or Long Gallery as it will be termed, and study at his leisure its beautiful pictures and objets d'art. "Museums, picture-galleries, historic castles and other buildings in the United Kingdom and Europe have opened their doors, and their treasures have yielded inspiration for the adornment of this mighty ship." A representative was assured by a Cunard official who had just returned from an exploration of the Aquitania at Clydebank that this description is no exaggeration. Many of the features are copied from the famous Long Gallery at Knowle, Lord Sackville's seat at Sevenoaks, Kent, and there is a touch of Christopher Wren and the Kensington Orangery about the whole construction.

For the first time an Atlantic liner is to have precious exhibits of china, lace-work, old prints of historic interest and all manner of objets d'art which will adorn the Long gallery. Part of the history of English shipping will be writ large on the walls. Particularly appropriate will be the old prints of English seaports in the early part of the eighteenth century, such as Liverpool, the birthplace of transatlantic steam navigation; Deptford, where the "goodlie shippes" of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were built; Greenwich, with its Royal Hospital for Seamen; Plymouth, one of whose indissoluble links with the new world is the Mayflower; Bristol, the home of Sebastian Cabot and of William Penn's father.

The more personal side of eighteenth century history will be represented by

the admirable series of engraved portraits, such as that of Prince William Henry, third son of George III, who visited New York in 1781-82; that of Nelson, and those of Handel, Samuel Foote, David Garrick, John Kemble, and Edmund Kean.

There is a quaint old barber's shop on board reminiscent of Beau Nash and the gay Georgian days of Puffs and powders. The outside of the shop is an exact model of an old English hairdresser's, but this pleasing illusion will be shattered when the traveller enters and sees all the modern paraphernalia of the hairdresser's art.

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The Real Reason of Western Optimism

by John Humphrey Kenyon.

Of course, it is a complex one, made up of a great many reasons, more or less understood, more or less taken for granted. Yet it is simple enough to those of us who have been on the spot for a number of years, with our eyes and ears open. The real reason is to be found everywhere in this great West. You may not be able to define it at the time you believe it; you may not even see it with your mental eye at the moment you feel the truth of it; but the fact is ever present in your daily consciousness, and you cannot disbelieve it. The whole big West is optimistic because it cannot help it. That is the fact that stares us in the face. It is the chief thing that both surprises and delights the man from the East when he comes here to spy out the land.

Now, why on earth are we so optimistic? There must be a reason, and this must be made up of many obscure, perhaps, but still pregnant reasons, all of which are worth while bringing to the surface. But time and space both forbid the attempt to name all the things that make us convinced that the West of Canada has a future out of all proportion to its place in past history. Proud as we are of what we have accomplished, building upon the basis of the grand

work of the brave pioneers who preceded us, we have no illusions regarding the progress we have achieved. For we know it is merely a beginning of a task that we shall have to leave to our children and to their children, and then it will not be completed, since what we have started to do out here is such a gigantic construction that all of our short-sighted conceptions fall far short of the reality that only posterity itself can estimate. Indeed, we have all become history-makers by laying the foundations of a western empire that cannot be duplicated on earth. This much gives us just cause for pride. We are doing our best to create the very conditions upon which a solid and permanent prosperity will finally have to rest. And we are doing this, more or less unconsciously, because we do it while we go about our daily work, trying to make a living or a competence. In fact, we cannot help doing it, for in a large degree, every man, woman and child who comes to the West from the East, or from the North or South, is a worthy follower of those tireless heroes who gave us new frontiers of civilization. We came out here imbued with the same spirit of adventure, sustained by the same hope, animated with the same resolve. Our eyes were filled

with the golden light of the magnificent western sun, ere we left our homes in the old land, just as truly as this was the case with the fearless pioneers.

Granted, then, that we were optimistic when we started for the West from the East, North or South, why is it we are still so hopeful of the future that no stagnation in business can compel our silence, no stringency in the money market can make us feel despondent? Because we know such an abnormal state of things cannot last. It is only a temporary phase of a prosperity that is speeding too rapidly. It is just a chance to look our good fortune over and tabulate its items of value. It is a mighty good opportunity to shake hands with ourselves for coming out here so soon. It is the time we need to find our souls, perhaps, and to link them up with the great forces of life that are generally unrecognized by men in their race for wealth or fame. At any rate, we are all sure that there will be no slump in values, inasmuch as these have as a foundation the richest land on earth, just beginning to be tilled for the benefit of the world. And as long as we are of this faith, there can come no panic, no cessation of business, nothing, in fact, except perhaps some timely conservation of resources that will add to our country's wealth.

Let us briefly allude to a few reasons why the West of Canada is so consistently optimistic, for we are not visionaries, but practical men of affairs, and we can hold our own in argument with any people.

Here we are in the midst of riches incalculable. The area of the three prairie provinces is 479,162,438 acres. This is

enough land to feed the world. Only about six per cent of it was cultivated last year, and still the crop was worth over \$250,000,000. Mind you, this result is obviously only a beginning.

Commerce is conditioned by the power of land to maintain population, and cities and towns can only grow to the limit of the crop resources. Imagine, if you can, what the future cities of our West will be, when we are really using all of our land. Last year we grew enough wheat on the prairie to keep a steady river of a thousand bushels per minute flowing continuously night and day to the head of the lakes for three and a half months, and if we add the oats and barley to the wheat, the great river of food would run at the same rate of speed for another four months. Can you conceive it? Put it another way. The value of our grain crop last year would be more than enough to build any of our great transcontinental railroads, and then fully equip it. What will the value of our season's crop be when fifty per cent of our rich acreage is utilized? The sum staggers comprehension. It is still, however, only one half of what Western Canada can earn by means of its farms. Then, a lot more, infinitely more, can be made by digging its untold treasures of silver and gold and copper and iron and coal and oil. And we haven't yet started upon this task. Besides mining, we have other ways of adding to the vast wealth of the western country, all of which will come into use, one by one, as soon as we have time to devote to them. Is it any wonder that the enterprising Americans and Englishmen are swarming into the country, bringing with them hundreds of millions

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of money, and skilled hands and stout hearts and appreciative minds? You may look all over the world, and you will not find such a tremendous and concerted attempt to outvie the glories of the past as you can see here. It is wonderful, wonderful!

Now our optimism is well grounded, isn't it? We know what is going on, and we are infected with the very spirit of progress that is drawing the best hands and hearts and minds from their far-off birthplaces to help us in the greatest task that history will ever record. Talk about romance! There is nothing equal to this nation-building of our present day in all the tales of the masters. For it beggars description; words are inadequate to paint the picture of the scene; imagination itself cannot rise high enough to see anything but a dim outline of our glorious destiny. Our best dreams are but vague hints of the wonderful possibilities that await our West. For the reality dwarfs even our most fanciful hopes pertaining to it, even as the truth is always infinitely larger than our belief.

What has made the West will continue to make it supreme. The past is something of a criterion for judgment, but it fails as a perfect measuring-rod when we apply it to our future. For we are better off than our forefathers were. We have all they did as a basis from which to grow, and, in addition, we possess the very substance of their dreams, for which they seemed to pray in vain. The new cities and towns that are being established all over our land by the hundred every year are bound to be filled with our sons and daughters who will build better than we did, because they will have the light of our experience, and that experience which limited us will enlarge them. They will grow up with the country, and in the same degree that the West must grow shall our descendants wax great as citizens, since nothing is more prophetic than the voice of our best hope.

We are optimistic because we can build our own future. The opportunity so rarely seen is close at hand. The present is only a lever with which we turn the future in any direction we wish. Co-operation being the secret of our success, we are not liable to be led astray by a false doctrine. We know the truth that lies behind the necessity of work, and we are willing to accept the condition to get the blessing. Never in all the history of the world has a people had a better opportunity to make an ideal nation than we Canadians, and never has a people taken advantage of such an opportunity better than we. For it is not merely wealth we want, it is growth in every way possible, and to get the room for expansion we have come to boundless fields.

I believe we are going to be the saviours of Canada. The East has long since abandoned the task of creating the national spirit that alone can weld the many component parts of our mixed population together. But we are doing it, slowly, perhaps, but none the less surely for all that. And in the doing of it, we are conscious of a greater product than all our grain, massed and totalled—a harvest that cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. For we are building in full view of all the mistakes of other peoples, and we are too proud to perpetuate an inferior order of things. We grow the best wheat, and we want the best civilization on earth. That is our ideal, thank God! And in the faith that we shall achieve it, we have the real reason of our splendid Western Optimism.

MEXICO AND ITS PROBLEMS

By W. Stewart

The sorrows of Mexico began when it was conquered by a Latin race and not by the British or the Dutch, and this fateful circumstance is one of the most potent factors in its present turmoil.

The easy going Spaniards too soon adapted themselves to the climatic sloth and listlessness of its native races, resulting in a population to-day showing all the weak and erratic tendencies of Latin blood with few if any redeeming features. The power of the sword to them is law, and the era of modern civilization has never had a chance to dawn.

The great Dictator Diaz was the very man for his time even if he was a dictator in the worst sense of the word, for it was he with his strong mind, wielding a strong sword (a second Cortes), that gave Mexico the chance to rank as a world power. He was wise enough to see that Mexicans by themselves could never develop the vast resources of his land, and then, while cruelly curbing the turbulent spirit of his nation, he cultivated and secured the confidence of Britain, America and France. The result was soon apparent, and to-day we read of the foreign investments in Mexico amounting to the tremendous figure of £400,000,000. He was a Czar indeed, but can one deny his ability or fail to regret the movement which led to his downfall and the resultant chaos.

The task of subduing Mexico would be a long and costly one, and we can well understand the reluctance of President Wilson to enter into open hostilities. It is a very doubtful question whether beyond the necessary protection of their countrymen in Mexico any of the great Powers should take a hand in Mexican affairs. It is extremely difficult for an outsider to form any true estimate as to the rights and wrongs of the opposing factions at the present moment, and we fail to see what good would come from armed intervention by the United States, for such intervention would eventually end in the conquest and annexation of Mexico by the United States. Such an out-come would be pleasing to none of the European powers and certainly not to the United States of America, who has trouble enough in governing her present territories without adding to them. It seems to one that the wise course for the Powers to pursue is to let the Mexicans "cook their own pie" and "burn as many of their own fingers" as they like in the process, for such a course will demonstrate to the Mexicans that neither faction has the support of any of the great Powers which combined with the want of money and equipment must surely lead to a speedy settlement of affairs.

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Ships that Pass

By Margaret Scott

Nearly everyone on board called him the Little Colonel. That was because his father was a real Colonel, tall and broad-shouldered, and the child was remarkably like him—a soldier in the miniature. He was an affable little fellow, and had not been on board the "Vulture" for more than a couple of days before he had made friends with everyone from the captain down to the boy in the kitchen who washed the dishes, and to each in turn he confided all the most important details concerning his childish life. They all knew that his daddy was Administrator for Antigua, and lived in the Government House on the Island. "Whenever the Governor comes to the Island, he stays with us," he used to say to people quite seriously, "but I'll tell you a secret. The Governor is really rather afraid of Daddy, and so he does not often come. Then sometimes Daddy gets leave, and we all go home to England for a while. I've got a brother in England. He's quite big—more than twelve, and he's at boarding school. Next time we go to England I'm going to be left behind at boarding school too."



A Well Known Official Packer for Mountain Climbers

They were on their way back from England to Antigua on board the "Vulture"—he and his Mummy and Daddy and Cousin Mildred, who was quite grown up. The child's black nurse was also with them, but she was ill most of the voyage, and so the little fellow, when not out walking on the deck hand in hand with his father, or sitting looking at pictures with his mother and Cousin Mildred was free to run about and make the acquaintance of all the people on the boat. There were three other children among the passengers, with whom he often played, Molly and Tommy and Violet, and it was one day when he was romping with them that an officer came up and spoke rather sharply to them because they were jumping about on a deck chair, pretending Basil was Father Christmas and the other children his fairies, and the chair of course was the sleigh.

"You must find something else to amuse yourself with," the officer said, and walked away leaving the four small people looking rather disconsolately at each other, for Father Christmas was such an exciting game.

"Shall we have soldiers?" suggested the Little Colonel at length.

He was generally pioneer in all sports. "Soldiers is only a boy's game," grumbled Molly, and so he tried to think of something else, for he was too much of a little gentleman to insist on any

game to which a small girl objected, but all the same it was rather hard to manufacture ideas just at once.

And then someone else appeared on the scene. She was a girl too, but quite grown up. Indeed she was fearfully old. She must have been at least twenty-five and she wore a ring on her wedding finger, and was dressed all in black. She stood looking down at the small people as though she felt interested in them. Then finally she spoke.

"Who would like a game of hide and seek?" she asked, and at first the children were so much surprised at her question that they never answered a word. Then Basil as usual found his tongue.

"Would you play with us?" he enquired, and his little fair face flushed up sensitively, for he somehow fancied it was not usual for grown-up girls to like hide and seek, and yet some instinct told him that it would be more polite to ask her to join them when she had suggested it like that.

"I should love to play with you," the big girl answered, and quite suddenly Basil went up beside her and slipped his little hand into her's.

"Can I hide with you, please?" he whispered, still rather shyly, and then he looked up in her face and smiled divinely, and from that moment the friendship between them was sealed.

They played hide and seek for the rest of the morning—Basil and the big girl and the other three children, and towards lunch time when the Colonel came up on deck to look for his little son, he found him very rosy faced and bright eyed, romping round the place with the big girl after him, and he smiled to himself, but did not disturb the game.

That afternoon Molly and Tommy and Violet were sent off to bed to sleep, and Basil feeling rather lonely, came suddenly upon the girl again, and fancied she looked lonely too. So he slipped up to her with a smile, and the result was that that afternoon, which he had fancied would be such a long one, passed very quickly away, for he and his big friend paced the sunlit deck together, hand in hand, and he chattered while she listened, and before tea time she knew all there was to know about him, and had fallen a victim to his charms just as everyone else on board had also done. Though Basil himself never realized that he was any different from other children, and in his innocence, if ever he troubled about it at all, he thought it was very good of people to be so kind to him.

"I like being just alone with you," he informed the big girl frankly when at last the winter afternoon was drawing to its close. "Shall we be together again to-morrow just like this? I know we could tell each other stories, just you and I—no one else."

Then that pretty instinct which always made him thoughtful of other people's feelings, prompted another suggestion.

"Praps you don't want a little boy like me, though," he half faltered. "Praps you'd rather be with someone else."

"No. I should like to be with you," she told him truthfully, and he looked up into her face with wondering blue eyes.

"Haven't you a Mummy or a Daddy on the boat with you?" he enquired compassionately. "Are you here all by yourself?"

"Yes," she answered laughingly. "I am married you know. I have a Mummy and Daddy, too, but they are in England. My husband is in Canada, and I'm going out to him. So just at present I'm all alone, and I like to talk with you."

At which his dear little face quite lit up.

"I didn't think you were married," he said so simply. "I thought you were just a big girl."

Then a pause, and a delighted little smile.



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"We'll tell each other stories after all," he cried excitedly. "Oh, won't it be lovely? I'll come up here on deck directly after breakfast in the morning and you'll come too, won't you? Shall I see you just here? I'll be waiting for you directly you're quite ready to come."

And so she found him the following morning all alone on the deck, standing by the side of the great boat gazing at the winter sunshine as it played upon the water, and as she watched his little slight figure her eyes grew suddenly moist. He ran to meet her happily, and slipped his tiny hand into hers. Then he commenced to chatter eagerly as they walked along.

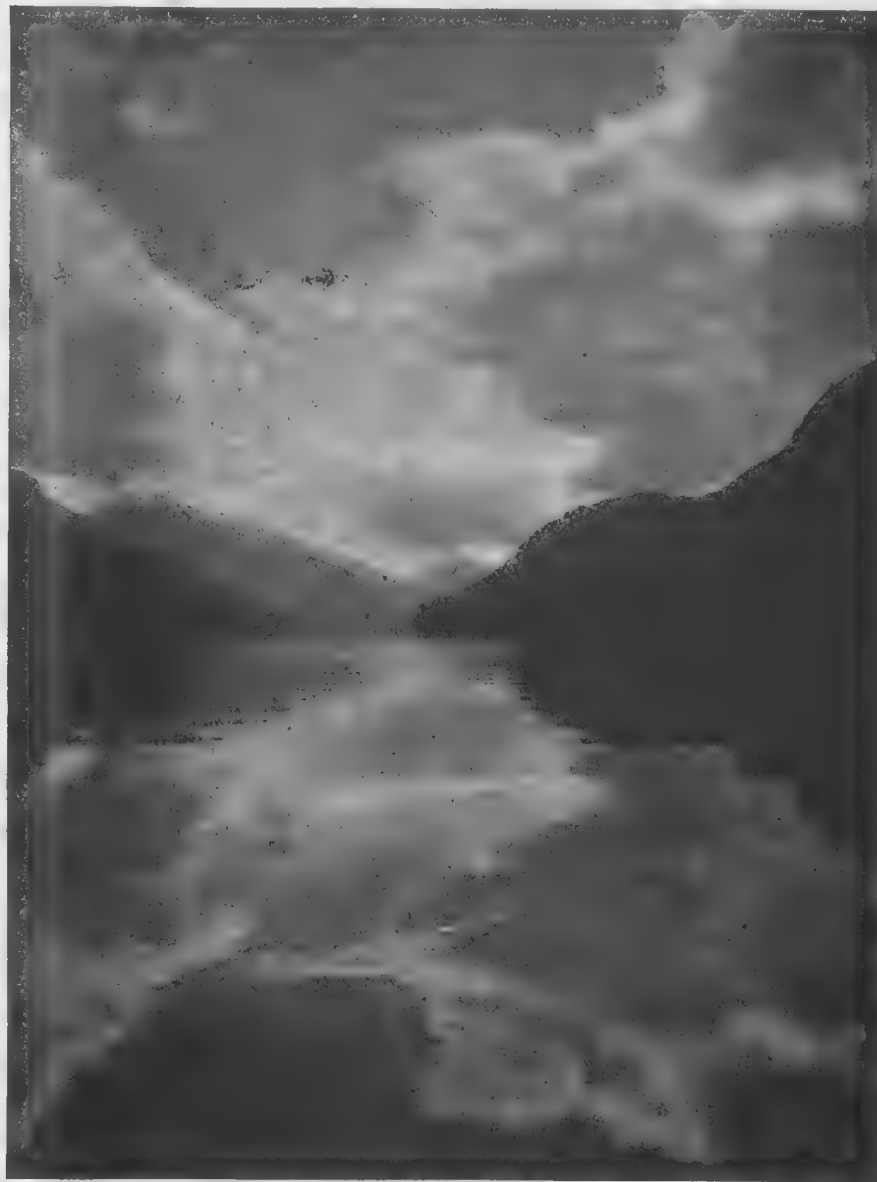
"I've found a beautiful place to tell stories in," he told her. "Just you come with me."

And of course she assented, and he began his story, while she looked down upon his glowing little face, and her eyes twinkled often meanwhile.

"There was once a little boy"—that was how the story began. "And he was seven years old, and his name was—but no, I forgot, I mustn't tell you his name. And he lived on an island where it was nearly always summer time, and he had a Mummy and a Daddy, and a brother who was big, only the brother went to boarding school and so he didn't seem like a brother at all."

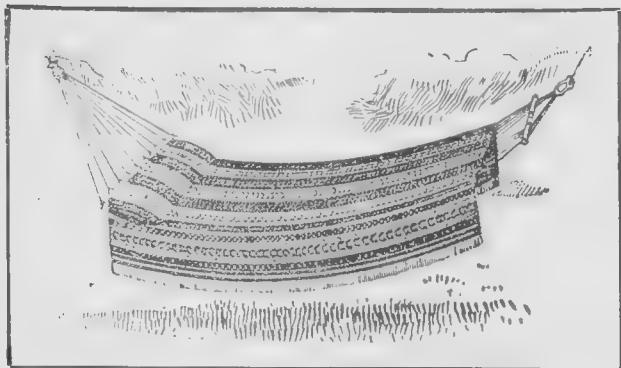
A long pause, and then another burst of inspiration.

"And every Christmas the little boy had a party, and all the children on the island came. You see it was a big house he lived in. It was called the Government House, and—and—oh, yes, I remember something else. The little boy



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Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

And he dragged her away to the further end of the deck, and under some steps leading up to the Captain's quarters she discovered a cosy corner made soft and warm with rugs.

"It's just like a Robinson Crusoe hut, isn't it?" he cried excitedly. "We can pretend we're pirates, and it's lovely and cosy in there. I thought p'raps you'd be cold, so I took some rugs in, and we can wrap them round us and it won't seem like winter then at all. Isn't it just an elegant place? All the time we're telling stories we can look at the sea, and nobody will ever find us. We'll be all alone, only you and I."

And just as he had seen his father take care of his mother often, he led her carefully in and made her sit down on the floor of the hut while he wrapped the rug round her, and then he cuddled up closely into her arms herself, with his little fair head resting against her shoulder and his hands slipped into hers to keep them warm.

"I'll tell you one first, shall I?" he suggested, after they had got comfortably settled at last. "I'll tell you a true story about—about somebody, and then you can guess who the story was about. Only afterwards you must tell me a guessing story too. I think that would be rather fun, don't you?"

had a pony. Oh he is such a dear pony. I can ride him all myself, only generally when I go out on him the groom comes with me, or else Mummy and Daddy. And he's brown, and I call him Charley, 'cos he's a man pony, and—and—I think that's all. Do you like my story, please?"

The girl's eyes twinkled. "Why, yes," she said. "I like it very much. I think it's a very nice story indeed."

"And you can guess who the little boy is, can you?"

"No, indeed I can't." And she wrinkled her forehead in perplexity, while Basil clapped his hands in delight.

"It's me," he exclaimed triumphantly. "There now, you could never have guessed if I hadn't told you, could you now?"

"You. No, I'm sure I could never have guessed."

And the girl gazed at him in perfect bewilderment.

Who wouldn't tell a harmless untruth on occasions for the sake of pleasing a child?

When at length the excitement of his achievement had calmed down somewhat, Basil nestled closely into the arms of his friend again.

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"It's your turn to tell me a story, now," he reminded her, and then he shivered suddenly.

"It won't be a horrid one, will it?" he entreated. "Not a fairy tale about goblins or dragons, 'cos they are nasty and make me dream bad things."

"I'll tell you a true one, also, darling," she told him. "It is rather a sad one, but it won't frighten you. It's only about a little child and a girl."

"A grown-up girl, like you?"

"Yes, a grown-up one. She was quite old, about twenty-five, and she was married when she was very young, and while she was still young she had a little child—a boy."

"What was his name?"

"His name was Cyril, and when he was quite a tiny baby he seemed so strong and rosy and well, but after a few years he began to get delicate, and at last the doctor told his Father and Mother that he was consumptive, and—"

"What's 'sumptive?"

"Not strong. It means that he would often be ill, and that perhaps quite soon he might die, and—after a bit he did die. He was just four years old."

The child was gazing straight in front of him, with dreamy eyes fixed on the rippling sea.

"And was she very sad about it, the poor lady—his Mummy I mean."

"Very. Her husband was away at the time, right out in Canada, and after the little boy's death she felt she couldn't stay in England any more, and so she decided she would go out to Canada too, and join her husband there, and that then they could come back home to England together after—after—she had got over her little boy's death a bit."

"And then?"

"Then on the ship going over she met a little child. It was just when she was feeling dreadfully lonely. You see her own little child had only been in Heaven a very few weeks, and she had left her Mummy and Daddy and all her friends in England, and she had no one on the boat with her so she was often left alone. And somehow the companionship of the little boy cheered her. He was a boy, and she had always been specially fond of little boys. And this particular one reminded her in some ways of—her own little one whom she had lost, and—"

But she got no further, for the child was looking up at her, and there was a light of understanding in his eyes. Or was it only her fancy? Was it possible that a child of seven could understand?

"I don't want you to go away," he whispered, and she felt his slim little form nestling closer to her, and a mist swam before her eyes.

"Do you like my story, then?" she asked him, and she put her arms about him and cuddled him closer still.

"Yes," very softly, and with a little short gasp.

"And can you guess who the lady is?"

"Yes," softly again.

His blue eyes were fixed on the waves, and he seemed to be dreaming of innumerable things. Then of a sudden he jumped up with an excited little cry.

"Oh, look, there's a ship. How lovely. Do come and see it please."

"Isn't it a lovely boat?" he exclaimed ecstatically, and drew a deep sigh of pleasure.

And she found herself watching and wondering, for who can fathom the marvellous workings of the mind of a little child?

And so a whole week passed away, and all too soon the last day came. The boat put in at Halifax and the big girl was to land there, but Basil and his parents were going further on. Directly after breakfast that morning she found him waiting outside her cabin door. She had her hat and coat on, all ready to go on shore, and she held a case in either hand. When she saw the little boy there she put her luggage down a moment and stooped and kissed him on the cheek.

"Are you going to say good-bye to me, darling?" she asked him. "The boat is in port, and I may not have the chance to see you any more."

But he would not kiss her. Instead a troubled look came into his blue eyes.

"Come up on deck with me," he told her. "I want to be with you. Can't I be with Mummy and Daddy and you?"

And he took hold of her hand to drag her off, then noticed her cases and immediately picked them up.

"I can carry them for you," he said, and commenced to stagger along under the weight of them, for he was very slight for his seven years. But even if he found them heavy, he would not let her take them from him. At last up on deck he placed them down again, and turned to the girl and looked up into her face.

"I want to be with you," he repeated, and slipped his little hand into hers.

"You must keep near Mummy and Daddy, darling," she told him. "I would never forgive myself if you got lost in the crowd. I can't take you with me you know, but I'll write to you. Would you like to write?"

"Yes."

"I'll write you stories, shall I, and send them through the post?"

"Yes."

Then after a pause—

"Do you know where I live?"

She repeated his address in Antigua, and he gazed up into her face.

"I've got another address besides that."

"What is it?"

"When we are in England we live at 'The Gables.' It's 'The Gables,' Muswell Green, Luton Park. No, I think it's Luton Park, Muswell Green. And next September when I go to boarding school it will be 'St. Mildred's, Tunbridge. Will you send me letters when I go to school?"

"Certainly I will. I'll write all the addresses down in my book so that I won't forget them. I'll always remember you. Will you try and remember me, dear little one?"

"Yes."

Then a delighted little cry of "Daddy" as the Colonel came in sight. He had come up on deck in search of his small son, fearful lest in the crush of passengers landing he might perhaps get lost. The child ran to him eagerly, and hand in hand the two of them came up to the girl again. It was pretty to see the affection which existed between the Colonel and his little boy.

"And so you're going to leave us," the Colonel remarked, addressing the girl, while Basil looked from one to another with eyes full of a tender light.

"But she's going to write to me, Daddy. She's going to send me stories through the post."

And just then the girl had to hurry away to see after some luggage in dispute.

"I'll see you later to say good-bye," she called out to the Colonel, and the child, but she never did, for half an hour afterwards when the order was given for passengers to land at once, they were nowhere to be found. Just as the last passenger was on shore however, they reappeared on deck again. The girl waved to them, and the Colonel was the first to notice and respond. Then he stooped down and whispered something to the child, who ran to the ship's side and waved his hand.

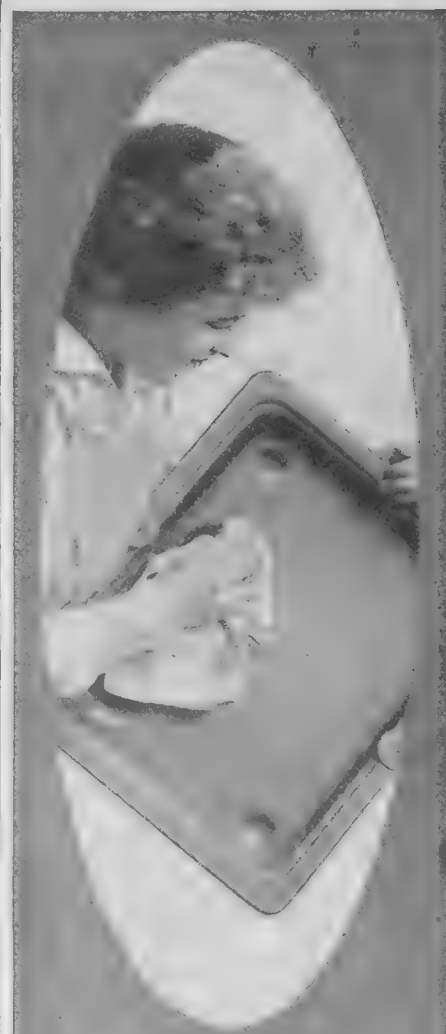
"Thank you for playing with me," his little voice rang out, sounding faint as it carried on the breeze. "Don't forget to write."

And he waved again, while she stood on shore and watched him until the ship moved slowly away and she could see his tiny form no more.

Then she turned her face landwards. She had put foot in a new country, the land of snow and mountains, and glorious sunset glows. To her it seemed a land of promise, and her heart, which so short a time before had been sad and empty, beat now with a wonderful warmth.

"Ships that pass in the night."

She was going one way and the child another, and it was unlikely that their paths would ever cross again. But there is such a thing as Memory, and gazing out silently upon the new country to which she had so lately come, the girl imprinted upon her memory forever, the face of a little child—the child, who in his love and innocence, had brought life back once more to her lonely, aching heart.



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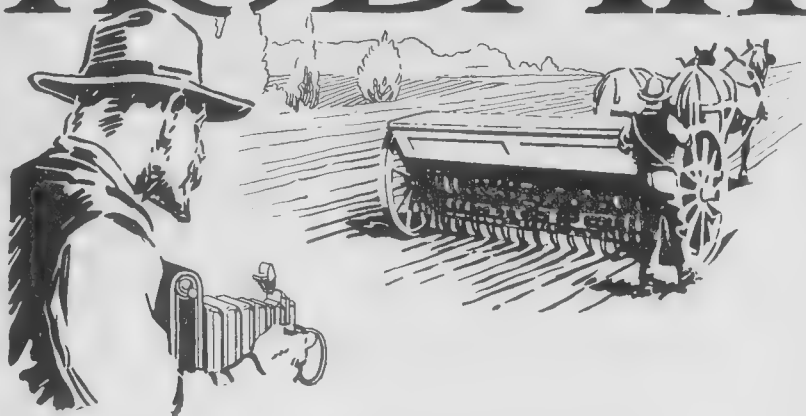
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About Fly Casting

By Geo. E. Goodwin

"FLY-CASTING! Why, of all the easy things in the world that is one of the simplest," said a man of thirty or thereabouts in the seat in front of my friend Stillman, as we were starting one morning in the latter part of May for a day with the bass, and Stillman's half audible "Is that so?" accompanied by a sharp dig in my ribs with his elbow, took me quickly back to another day, some years ago, when he, now one of the most expert of anglers, was a beginner in the art of handling the delicate tackle which brings to the devoted followers of Izaak Walton the acme of piscatorial bliss.



First Movement

In the early nineties, when returning one evening, tired but happy, with a well-filled basket of bass which I had taken during the day in the Seneca River between Baldwinville and Jack's Reefs, I met Stillman and his wife on the street, and ventured the suggestion that an occasional day spent, as had been mine, would do him good, put color in his face, brightness in his eyes, and make a new man of him generally.

"Well," replied Stillman, "I don't know but you are right, and once in a while the thought has come to me that a day's fishing would just suit, but I haven't a single intimate friend who does anything of the sort except in the most expert fashion, and, while I know nothing of fly-fishing, and never expect to, I do know that an expert with the fly has no use for, and in fact cannot get along with, the fellow who fishes in any other way."

"If you really mean that, old man," I replied, "the matter can be easily arranged. I am going to have another try at them next Saturday, and will be only too glad to have you join me; and if you will run over some evening during the week I will put you through a course of instruction that, while it will not make an expert of you at once, will give you a very good idea."

"It's awfully good of you," answered Stillman, "but I don't believe it is in me to learn."

"Just leave that part all to me," I said, and so, after a little more urging, he yielded. Just as we were leaving the supper table the following Monday, he and his wife came up the walk.

We at once adjourned to the rear lawn, the ladies taking seats on a veranda overlooking it, and I produced the apparatus for the lesson. It consisted of an eight-ounce lancewood rod, to which was attached at the extreme butt a multi-wing reel containing seventy yards of light line, an ordinary black shoe-button and a leather strap about three and a half feet long, with a buckle on one end. Stillman looked at these things in wonder, but at my request removed his coat, and I meantime tied the shoe button to the free end of the line and hung the strap on the fence.

"Now, Stillman," I said, "come here and watch and listen, and I will try and make plain to you how it is done. The expert fly-caster can operate with either hand, but the beginner, of course, should use his right until he has acquired perfect control of rod and line.

"In the first place it must be kept in mind that the elbow of the rod arm, be it right or left, is to rest against the side and is to be kept there, and the movement in casting is to be confined to the forearm and wrist. The first position therefore is this—elbow against side, forearm extended forward and upward at an angle approximately thirty-five degrees, rod grasped firmly but easily around middle of handle above reel, with back of hand turned to the right, and extending forward and upward at same angle as forearm.

"Now we will disregard the line altogether for a time until we get the rod motion fully in hand. So, starting from the position just described, which we will call 'first position,' for the 'first motion,' which is also called the 'back-cast,' we raise the forearm without moving the wrist until the rod points directly upward; then, by turning the wrist backward until the rod is pointing backward over our shoulder and upward at an angle, as in the first position, of thirty-five degrees, we come to the 'second position.' The next, and 'second movement,' also called the 'forecast' or 'forward cast,' consists in reversing the first by bringing the rod to an upright position by a forward turn of the wrist and continuing it by extending the forearm until we bring arm, wrist and rod into 'first position' again. These two positions and motions embrace about all there is in fly-casting, so far as the rod is concerned."



Second Movement

"Is that so?" said Stillman, who had been paying very close attention. "I believe I can do it. Let me try."

"All right," I said, "come on and show your mettle."

He came up, took the rod, dropped easily into the first position, made the first motion and missed the second position by raising his elbow from his side and thereby dropping the point of the rod until it extended horizontally behind him. This corrected, he executed the second movement and brought arm and rod back to first position again without blunder, and after a few trials was able to execute both movements and strike both positions with but little trouble.

"You are doing so well, Stillman, that I think we can now consider the part the line plays in the game," and taking the rod at "first position," I began "whipping out" the line by means of the two motions we have considered, unreeling a bit each time the first position was reached by taking hold of it near the reel with thumb and forefinger of

left hand and running it off by an outward and downward motion of the left arm from two to three feet, and retaining the end of the loop thus made between thumb and forefinger until the first motion had progressed far enough to get the free end of the line well started in its backward swing; then, on releasing the loop, the momentum of the line took up the slack and the rod went back to second position with the line well straightened out in the rear and lengthened by the amount I had run off in the loop. I kept this up until about ten yards of line had been run off, explaining the different steps meantime and impressing the fact that even in getting out the line extreme care is to be used regarding the correctness of both motions and positions. Stillman watched this very closely, and I was not surprised when he broke in with:



"Here, that's easy enough. Let me see if I can do it," and I thereupon reel in the line, hand him the rod and stand aside in his favor. He takes first position, strips a couple of feet from the reel with his left hand, makes the first motion, finds the loop taken up and the line straight as second position is reached, and then brings rod back again to first position. He repeats the process successfully until he has gotten out about six or seven yards of line, when, as he makes his forward cast for first position, up comes his elbow, out goes his arm, and in his effort to throw the line out ahead he strikes an attitude that resembles Ajax defying the lightning as much as anything else.

"Ha, ha, ha, Stillman," I laughed, "I knew you would do it. They all do at first. It is almost impossible for a beginner to acquire confidence enough in the power of a light rod so that he will trust it to handle a line, but insists, as you have just done, on trying to aid it by giving it a good strong throw forward. Now, as a matter of fact, when you do that you deprive the rod of its power, and will be unable to get your line out at all. As your rod comes forward in making your forward cast, or second motion, it is bent backward by the weight and resistance of the line, and at the moment your forearm, wrist, and butt of rod reach the first position, the rod itself is curved backward in a semi-circle, and does not get into first position with the butt and your forearm until it has straightened itself out, and it is in this straightening process that the power of a light rod to handle a long line lies. Now let me show you. I make the back cast, give the line time, while at second position, to straighten well out behind, then make my forward cast, or second motion, and stop hand, wrist, and butt of rod in first position and hold it there while that springy piece of lancewood takes leave of its curved form and straightens itself out into first position with a snap which will send a line and a set of flies almost any distance over the water. If, on the other hand, you try to throw the line out by force, you get the rod in such a position that this spring or snap is neutralized, and you are in about the same predicament you would be with your line fastened to the end of a stiff stick. Now try it again."

But the result is the same. Up and outward goes the arm, regardless of correct position, and down comes the line within half its length. A second and a third trial bring no better results, so I get my strap off the fence, and putting it under Stillman's left arm, buckle it firmly around his waist and over the right arm just above the elbow, and tell him to try it again. This he proceeds to do, and, being unable to follow his inclination and throw rod and arm forward, he not only gets the eight yards of line out straight and true, but gradually increases it until he is handling at least twelve yards with ease.

By this time the late twilight had begun to fade and we adjourned to the house and discussed and completed our plans for the following Saturday over our cigars.

Seven o'clock of the morning of that day saw Stillman, attired in old clothes, flannel shirt and slouch hat, standing guard over a large lunch basket on the station platform, awaiting my arrival; and the bright look in his face as he greeted me, laden with rod case and willow hamper, the latter containing lunch pail, tackle box, landing net and rubber coat and blanket, gave me full assurance that the day had much in store for him. A few moments later found us comfortably ensconced in a double seat in the smoker, our traps carefully deposited in the corner, our pipes giving off volumes of fragrant smoke, and we, fully at peace with the world, rushing along behind the great puffing engine toward the little village where we were to take our boat and begin active operations.

The first person we saw as we stepped from the train was Frank. Frank, hale and hardy after his fifty years of life spent mostly on the water, genial, companionable and willing, acquainted with the bass, their habits and lurking places, and ready at all times to put one in the way of making a good catch if the conditions made it possible. If honest effort in the interest of one's employers, unselfishly exerted, ever brings contentment and peace during life's declining years, old age to Frank should be a period of highest earthly enjoyment.

Stillman seated himself in the bow from choice, and after I had stowed myself away in the stern, Frank took his place at the oars and began pulling quietly up the river toward the bars where, on many a morning like this, the vicious snap of a hungry bass had sent a shock over the light rod and aroused in me a feeling of expectancy that was only dissipated when the line was reeled in for the last time as the shadows of approaching night warned me that all things, even a day of bass fishing, must have an end.

Trailing our leaders through the water in order to have them well softened, and in consequence less liable to breakage, we approached the first bar, and Stillman, who was in a fever of expectancy, responded to my "Now, old man, get ready," in short order, and with a look of stern determination on his face, began whipping out his line. He did very well until he had played out about five yards, and then, in attempting to make his back-cast before the leader showed above the water, he brought line, leader, and flies in a mass against the rod, and the result was as beautiful a "bunch" as one often sees.

"Now, Stillman," I began, as he a little impatiently, I fear, was untangling the snarl, "patience is as much of a virtue in fly-fishing as in anything else, so just make up your mind to keep cool and take things as they come. Bunching comes to the best of us, and you



must expect your full share. However, if you will remember and never start your back-cast until your leader begins to show above the water, and then always give line and leader time to straighten out behind you before starting your forward cast, you will avoid lots of trouble."

"Well," he said, picking out the last tangle, "I will do the best I can, but this confounded leader and all these flies present a very different problem from the shoe button. I don't believe I can ever learn to handle it in the world."

"Oh, yes, you can," I replied encouragingly; "just keep at it and you will master it before you know it."

And keep at it he did, sometimes getting his line out fairly well and then

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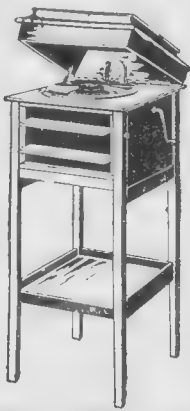
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Winnipeg Piano Co.

333 Fortage Ave., Winnipeg

again losing control altogether by delaying his cast too long, or getting it into numberless tangles by starting it too quickly, but, to his credit be it said, keeping his temper beautifully through it all. Just before noon, after we had whipped over several likely bass (from which I had taken four nice bass), Stillman struck one, and after a lively fight led him into the net, and his exclamation of "I've got him!" as he was handed into the boat, assured me that another convert had been made and that Stillman would never recover from that first bite of a black bass.

The afternoon brought him varying success in handling his tackle, but the capture of another fish about three o'clock made him careless, and within a minute after he had resumed casting I was startled by an outcry from the bow of the boat, and, looking quickly that way, saw Stillman, with body and head encircled by loops of leader and line and a bright red fly dangling from his ear, (throwing his hands and arms around wildly and crying: "I'm hooked; I'm hooked.")

"Well, old fellow," I laughed, "you have hooked a good big one this time, and I think we had better go ashore and take no chances of losing him by trying to land him out here."

"You seem to think that it's funny to have one of those hooks through one's ear," growled Stillman so savagely that I thought best to keep quiet, and, as soon as Frank had put us ashore, proceeded to extract the offending hook. The barb had gone clear through the lobe of the ear, and I was obliged to strip the hook from the leader, remove the feathers and windings, and, after scraping the shank clean, pull it right on through. Stillman gave a sigh of relief when I showed him the hook and as-



sured him that nothing serious would result, but he did not entirely recover his equanimity until we had bidden Frank good-bye and were speeding swiftly homeward on the train. Then it was that he turned to me, slowly removing his cigar from his lips, and, speaking with deliberation, said:

"I don't suppose you ever saw a bigger lunkhead try to use a fly rod than your humble servant, and you probably think that he will never make a success of it, but I can tell you, old man, that it appeals to me as royal sport, and I am going to master it yet."

And he did.

Just an Appetizer

Casey (at aviation field)—"Sure, he only fell fifty feet! O'm going home!"

Rafferty—"Wait for th' main event, P-t. Maybe that was only a preliminary fall!"

Plenty of Excitement

The man from New England allowed his glance to wander over the native of Dakota as they both stood on the narrow platform of the Gritty Plains station.

"See a good many queer-looking folks round here, don't you?" the man from New England inquired, jerking his thumb toward the landscape behind the station.

The native of Dakota had presumably not seen the jerk, as his eyes were bent on the ground.

"I reckon we do," he said, with great deliberation. "You take a place like this, where there's two trains a day from the East, and we can get our money's worth o' fun whenever we've got time to stand gaping round."

A Full Explanation

The awkward young man flushed and stammered:

"D-d-did I step on you?"

"Did you?" said the graceful brunette, "you walked on both my feet and a couple of my knees, that's what you did!"



White Baneberry Blossom

WHITE BANEERRY

by Sel. J. Wigley,

"Somewhat poisonous" is the character given to this handsome cluster of berries, by many botanical authorities, but I am inclined to think it is a case of hanging the dog because of its bad name.

On the fruitless plains of the North West it is worth while to turn everything that will ripen to good account, and here is a chance to make a botanical discovery and clear an innocent plant of a bad name.

The berries have a pleasant bitter taste suggesting tonic properties but it is well to remember that one man's meat is another's poison.

There is a red variety of the same plant but the roots, leaves and flowers are the same in each variety.

Many persons confuse this plant with ginseng on account of the slight resemblance in the flowers.

The root of the Baneberry possesses both the taste and smell of licorice but to neither the ginseng or licorice plant is the baneberry at all related.



White Baneberry

Telling the Secret

It is doubtful whether the person who asserted that secrets were made to tell, foresaw, even in his most cynical mood, anything like the following conversation in 'Das Echo':

"Lottie tells me that you told her the secret that I told you not to tell any one."

"Oh, isn't she mean! I told her not to tell you that I told it to her."

"Yes, I told her that I wouldn't tell you if she told me, so please don't tell her that I told you!"

Canadian Industrial's 1914 Show Will Be Great

Plans Laid for a Record Exhibition.
America's Master Airman the Outstanding Attraction

Preparations for the big annual fair of the West, the Canadian Industrial Exhibition, are actively going forward, and from now until the evening of July 18th, when the Exhibition closes, there will be something doing all the time both on the grounds and at the offices in the city of Winnipeg.

The live stock exhibits at last year's Canadian Industrial were generally conceded to be among the best, quality and

Among the other attractions the engagement of Beachey, the world-famous airman, after prolonged negotiations and at a big expense, is the outstanding event. Beachey is the first aviator in America to perform the feats in the empyrean that have recently set all Europe gasping. For months now he has been thrilling vast gatherings at various aviation meets in the United States with his marvellous mastery of



Beachey, the airman, engaged for Winnipeg Exhibition

size both considered, ever seen in Western Canada, and with some \$3,500 more money in the live stock departments of the premium list it is confidently expected that the showing this year will surpass even the 1913 record. Altogether, as will be noted from the advertisement in this issue, about \$25,000 is being offered in prizes for live stock, and the breeders with fine animals can afford to bring them a long way on the chance of sharing in this generous distribution.

Big Pony Show

A feature that is expected to prove of special interest to the boys and girls is the pony show. The Exhibition Association decided to arrange something on this line in 1914 on a scale bigger than had ever before been attempted by any Fair association in Canada. With this purpose in view a classification for Shetland, Welsh and Hackney ponies was drawn up, with a premium list of \$1,800. The pony enclosure is certain to be a great centre of attraction to the youngsters and will have a strong pull on the grown-ups as well.

the air, and he will fly in Western Canada this year at the Winnipeg Exhibition only. Beachey loops the loop, flies upside down, makes "corkscrew" drops—in short does anything and everything attempted by the famous French aviator, Regoud, and a little more. He flies in all kinds of weather and never disappoints his audiences, if that is what they may be called. In a word, the Exhibition Association feels that in Beachey they have secured an attraction without a rival to-day on the continent and one that the people of the West, for whom the best is none too good, will flock to see.

Among the other attractions will be the horse racing, for which \$29,000 is provided, the Athletic Contests, the Farm Boys' Club, the Musical Lunds, the Rice and Dore Water Carnival Shows, "The Siege of Delhi," the Pekinese Acrobatic Troupe, the bands, the fireworks and numerous other acts.

Altogether, the 1914 Canadian Industrial Exhibition promises to make a record as the best held by the Association in the twenty-four years of its existence.

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Buffet is 46 inches wide and has three small drawers, one large drawer and double cupboard, leaded glass doors. China closet is 30 inches wide, 58 inches high. Table has 45-inch top, and extends to 6 feet. Diner set consists of five small and one arm chair, upholstered in imitation leather, strongly constructed, brace arms on small chairs. Don't hesitate to order this set on account of its low price, we have sold hundreds of them and guarantee you a first-class value.

Order the set from this advertisement or send for our catalog.
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Note:
Agents
Wanted

Where the Red and Assiniboine Meet

by J. D. A. Evans

IT was in Norwood the writer chanced to run across Fournier. An old friend, one whose stories he had often listened to at a little log house on Red River's banks.

"Fine day," said Fournier, to which remark the writer added that this winter's conditions were phenomenal, possibly without precedent in the meteorological records of Manitoba.

Fournier laughed, adding the information that there have been winters

"You know, at least I guess you do, where the Assiniboine enters into the Red River, close against the C.N.R. railway bridge, and about opposite to St. Boniface Hospital. It was here that quite a fight took place. Father said he had been to the store at the Fort during the morning. A large number of Indians had come into Garry; some were from Fort Ellice, others were Lake Winnipeg fellows—come down to the great council meeting, feast and have a good time with Indians on the river, particularly at one place—a large log house close to Assiniboine mouth. My father remembered this; it was torn down before my time, but a lot of—"

"Suppose you can recollect when there were plenty of Indians around

level with, some thieving business or other, father said he heard afterwards. These Indians had gone toward the river; another lot went off in a different direction to gather up other fellows to help in the row. Just before sunset, a number of men were seen coming toward the log house at the river's mouth; they were carrying guns, and—"

"Guns! Why the school books always used to picture Indians fighting with bows and arrows," remarked the listener.

"No, guns," repeated Fournier with emphasis. "Hudson Bay muskets, long, single barrel affairs, kill ducks quite a long distance though; father had one of these guns. The Indians walked up to the house; a lot of loud talking commenced; suddenly off went a gun and down fell an Indian who had been standing in the doorway. I suppose this was a signal for a regular set-to; some Indians ran outside the house and began to shoot, they were well shot at too. At all events the fight, father said, it must have been terrible, continued until the Indians who had come to the house were nearly all killed; those who were not took to their heels and got away good and quick. The sound of the shooting had been heard at the Fort; a number of people came down to find out what the noise was about. There were some Indians dead in the house; outside, father said, over forty were lying in the snow."

"What did they do with the bodies?"

The Canadian Alpine Journal

We are in receipt of a copy of the 1913 edition of the Canadian Alpine Journal, which this year is more interesting and fascinating than ever. The editor has been kind enough to let us have the use of many of the magnificent half tones with which the volume abounds, these are published in this issue of The Western Home Monthly and we feel sure will be much appreciated by our readers. The Journal is divided into four sections devoted to mountaineering, science, miscellaneous, and official, and all the matter is written in such a thoroughly readable and entertaining way that it is difficult to discriminate and pick out any particular article as being exceptionally good. A. L. Munn writes in a general way of the characteristics of mountain ranges. A. O. Wheeler gives a very full description of the dangers of Mt. Elkhorn in Strathcona Park, while H. C. Harper tells how he ascended Mt. McKinley. The Mountains of Chilko are graphically described by M. Goddard. The editor of the Journal, Mr. Arthur O. Wheeler contributes to the scientific section dealing with the motion of the Yoho Glacier, while articles by Jas. Macoun touch on the flora and fauna of Strathcona Park. A very graceful tribute is paid to Arthur Henry Benson, F.R.C.S.I., who died recently and who, as our readers are aware was one of the foremost mountaineering experts of the day. The frontispiece is an excellent photograph of the late Lord Strathcona and a picture of exceptional interest is that of Sir Donald A. Smith (as he then was) driving the last spike of the C.P.R. at Craigellachie. Sir Sanford Fleming who



Official Opening of the Canadian Industrial Exhibition by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, July 10th, 1912

in similitude to that of the present which is certainly not in accord with the usual severity of this clime.

"Why," said he. "I can remember several. Father used to speak of mild winters. There was one when hardly any ice formed; that's long, long ago, before my time, and how I happen to know about that, is because father said that Indians from all over the West took advantage of the nice weather and came to a great pow-wow at the Fort, and—"

"Tell that, Fournier," interrupted the writer. "Never mind weather conditions or prophecies of when snow may be expected."

"I'll try and tell the story," he answered. "It's a long time ago since I heard it, but I'll try."

Fournier is a native of Manitoba. Upon Red River's banks the days of his boyhood had been spent; ah! but those are in the long ago. To Fournier the three score years and ten of the Psalmist are as a tale that is told.

"Let me think for a moment," said he. "Father died in the 'fifties or thereabouts. Perhaps I've forgotten some of the story he used to tell about the big pow-wow. I'll try anyway."

Fort Garry," the listener interrupted.

"Indeed I can, many of them—a bad lot too when they felt that way. People in these days don't know what has taken place in the old times on the ground Portage Avenue and Main Street are built upon. As I was saying, quite a lot of Indians were in Fort Garry. Father said some of them were staying in St. Vital and St. Norbert. It was a custom for these fellows to meet sometimes at the Fort and talk matters over; they were always going to do wonders after these gatherings. When these assemblies took place, at least father said so, the tom-toms would be beaten for days, lots of dancing and feasts. The Indians would stand around the Fort to wait for others coming off the trail; then they'd meet men they hadn't seen perhaps for a long time. All these fellows weren't friends, don't think that; one lot might be waiting for a chance to kill off some other band, maybe Indians who had stolen horses from them or something else. It didn't take an awful lot to cause a row between them, but they took great care to do no quarrelling around the Fort, for the reason they would have got packed out of there and mighty quick. Well, at all events, I guess some Indians had met with others they wanted to get

"Do with them! Piled as many as they could load into a Red River cart and took them to the river about a quarter of a mile down; came back for more when these had been thrown in," answered Fournier. "There were no funeral processions going along Main Street in those days; many a dead Indian has been dropped into Red River since I can remember, yes, and white men too. But dear me, those were great days, and if I could think of some of the happenings I've seen myself, you'd be interested. I shall meet you again sometime, and I'll try to recollect some."

Days of Manitoba in the years passed into history. And not without record of bloodshed in the Fort Garry, where Indian and trapper assembled. The teepees' smoke curled over the plains, yell of hunter sound, amidst silence of the lone land. Old Fort Garry of the stone gateway; rumbling of Red River cart heard no more, for along the once crooked trail of the Indian, electric street car rushes. What would the aborigine say of the transformation scene, he—the Indian, who in the days now relegated into forgetfulness, traded his pelts at the Company's store?

was also present on that historic occasion, writes an interesting account of the proceedings.

"The Blows on the spike were repeated until it was driven home. The silence, however, continued unbroken, and it must be said that a more solemn ceremony has been witnessed with less solemnity. It seemed as if the act now performed had worked a spell on all present. Each one appeared absorbed in his own reflections. The abstraction of mind, or silent emotion, or whatever it might be, was, however, of short duration. Suddenly a cheer spontaneously burst forth, and it was no ordinary cheer. The subdued enthusiasm, the pent-up feelings of men familiar with hard work, now found vent. Cheer upon cheer followed as if it was difficult to satisfy the spirit which had been aroused. Such a scene is conceivable on the field of hard-fought battle at the moment when victory is assured."

Altogether, the Canadian Alpine Journal is worth many times the \$1.25 which the publishers are asking for a copy. Everyone who takes any interest at all in the great mountain peaks of the Northern Rockies will be glad to read about them and to know how one by one they are being conquered by the members of the Canadian Alpine Club.



"AND THE PRAIRIE BLOSSOMED AS A ROSE"

Olive Lanier



KEEWATIN has been called the "Flour City" but I call it the "Flower City" because it is here that the "Five Roses" first blossomed from the "heart of the wheat," and it is by all odds the favorite brand of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company.

It is made of Manitoba hard wheat, not bleached, not blended, and subjected to such tests that it is always the same color, texture and flavor and the housewife is certain to find the pastry made from it as delicate and fragrant as a rose leaf. It lingers in one's memory and instinctively one asks for the brand that conveys artistic as well as gastronomic excellence.

The name was chosen one day quite by accident. Sir William Van Horne, Lord Mount Stephen and Robert Meighen, in conversation, decided that it was the best British Canadian name and the five western provinces would be the field of operation.

Efficiency has been the key-note of the company's endeavor. Efficiency is the ability to do the thing thoroughly and well, to do it effectively, economically and at the very time that it should be done. A quarter of a century ago the Lake of the Woods Milling Company began operations in that romantic part of the country known and loved by the Indians long before the coming of the paleface, and when wheat became the food of the nations, it was the gift of the "Great Spirit."

Lake of the Woods, what a cool refreshing thought it carries, delicious air, beautiful surroundings, comfort, good cheer. Do you wonder that the Milling Company has willing service and efficient workers? Environment does much, but a touch of personality at the helm, a bit of yeast leavening the whole mass, treating the employees as human beings, not as machines, brings out the best and relieves toil of its drudgery. It is the new thought in business, and applies to every field of human endeavor.

The slogan of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company has been "Five Roses, The World's Best," and so the business

has grown until it is a household word. The daily capacity of the mammoth mills at Keewatin, Portage la Prairie and Medicine Hat is 12,000 barrels. Every working day the hungry rolls grind into Five Roses flour about 55,000 bushels of the hard wheat that has made Canada famous throughout the world.

Wherever the best baking is done, the product of these mills is known and appreciated. In Canada, the West Indies, South Africa, the United Kingdom and elsewhere, discriminating housewives insist upon Five Roses and will have no other. In less than one generation Five Roses flour has become the standard by which others are judged.

From the sun-flooded prairie lands of Western Canada, through the 105 elevators of the Lake of the Woods, the wheat is secured, shipped to the mills there, cleaned, scoured, ground gradually by modern process, bolted many times through silk, packed automatically into absolutely new full, weight bags and barrels. Five Roses comes to particular housewives immaculate, untouched by human hands.

Work should be the spontaneous expression of a man's best impulses, and all of the employees of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company work in sympathy with each other, and so attain the highest results. The conservation of the human element is considered.

It was Emerson who said that an institution is but the lengthened shadow of a man. Col. Frank S. Meighen and his associates in the milling world are regarded as among the shrewdest and most energetic builders in the Dominion. The quality of successful generalship consists above all else in finding the man for the place at the time, and one must grant that the President of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company has this characteristic to a marked degree, for he has gathered about him men whose life work has been milling in all its branches, executive, financial, production and selling. There is a personal character of high quality behind this organization, and in the last analysis that is the thing that counts. I



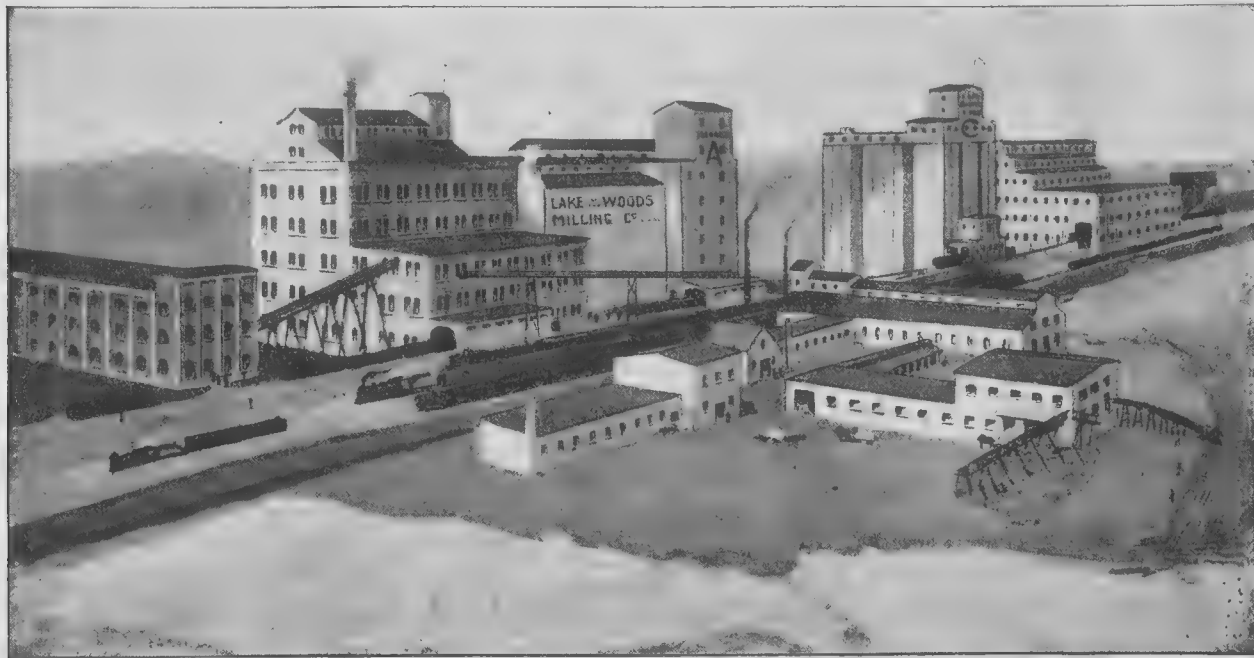
Winnipeg Offices, Lake of the Woods Milling Co. Limited

maintain there is sentiment and beauty in business. Beauty is harmony, and harmony has a distinct influence over our lives.

I may say the Company is sending a very valuable cook book to housewives. This cook book is a model of typographical neatness printed on superior paper, with its contents arranged in a manner most convenient. It was prepared with the greatest care. It will simplify the duties of any housewife, and no well regulated household should be without it. As a manual of good recipes it is unsurpassed, dealing with almost every article of food in which flour is used. A unique and interesting fact in its compilation is that 2,000 successful users of "Five Roses" through-

out the dominion are contributors, and each one gives her opinion in clear and simple language that can be readily understood and easily applied. The pages, of which there are 144, are brightened with a judicious assortment of illustrations from black and white sketches. Altogether it abounds in useful knowledge and makes in addition most interesting reading. The chief purpose of the cook book is to save baking worries, to indicate proper methods, and to turn the work of the home from toil into pleasure. The company's experts have put every recipe to the severest test, so that it will prove no losing experiment to make use of any of them. Write for it; and you will thank me for telling you.

Associated with this great milling enterprise there has always been men of ability, energy, and wide business experience. Men who have been leaders in the building up of this country. In this connection it is only necessary to mention the name of the late Mr. Robert Meighen, who for many years directed the Company's policy, and who as a public spirited Canadian—a man of out-standing business ability and a great philanthropist was known from ocean to ocean. In his son Colonel Meighen the Company found a worthy and capable successor—a man who has taken a keen interest in all the good activities that concern his City and country. A great army of employees, whose interests have always been a first consideration with the management, faithfully serve the Company in its every operation, both in the West and in the East, and few, if any, great concerns are more fortunate in the loyalty and efficiency which it receives from its employees.



Lake of the Woods Milling Co.'s Mills at Keewatin, Ont.

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg

THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD

The main ideas which have to do with life, are clear and easy to be understood. There is no mystery about honesty, purity or truth. We know that the associations of a beautiful home are safe. We know that iniquity as a rule is not hatched out in a church. We know what is right. We know the things which are safe. A passenger, who had been looking with great interest at the "man at the wheel" as he was directing the course of a steamboat through the windings of an intricate channel, said to him: "I suppose, sir, you are the pilot of this boat?" "Yes," replied the man at the wheel, "I have been a pilot on these waters for over thirty years." "Indeed!" continued the inquirer; "you must, then, by this time, know every rock and bar, and shoal on the whole coast!" "No, I don't; not by a long ways," said the pilot. "You don't!" responded the passenger, in great surprise; "what, then, do you know?" "I know," answered the pilot with strong emphasis "I know where the deep water is."

WORK YOUR PASSAGE

Most folks who "get there" have to work their way. Fame may come to you as an accident or money may be left to you in a will but most folks have to work for both fame and money. Have you noticed how many "famous" people break down before they get through. Everything in the world has a price and that price is expressed in labor, toil and hardship. An indolent man was cured of his indolence by looking out of the window at night into another window, and seeing a man turning off one sheet of writing paper after another sheet of writing paper until almost the daybreak. Who was it that wrote until the morning? It was Walter Scott. Who was it that looked at him from the opposite window? Lockhart, afterwards his illustrious biographer

FALSE FRIENDS

The fortunate man is the man who is wise in the selection of his friends. A false friend can do more to injure you than an out and out enemy. Kings have had their favorites and fools, companions, who have destroyed them. Men who have an ambition to be "a hail fellow well met" are in a multitude of cases ruined by the friendship of those whose society they seek. From the biography of Clara Morris we cull these words: "Among the stars whose coming was always hailed with joy was Edwin Adams, he of the golden voice, he who should have prayed with fervor both day and night: 'Oh God! protect me from my friends!' He was so popular with men, they sought him out, they followed him, and they generally expressed their liking through the medium of food and drink. Like very other sturdy man that's worth his salt, he could stand off an enemy, but he was as weak as water in the hands of a friend."

MYSTERIES

Life is full of mysteries. We wonder why the universe was ever created, why ever we were born, why the achievements of life are so difficult, why good people oppose us in our plans, why evil, so often seems to be more successful than good, and so on. Just in this connection The Michigan Advocate provides a good illustration: "A gentleman who was walking near an unoccupied building one day saw a stone-cutter chiseling patiently at a block of stone in front of him. The gentleman went up to him. 'Still chiseling?' he remarked, pleasantly. 'Yes, still chiseling,' replied the workman, going on with his work. 'In what part of the building does this stone belong?' asked the gentleman. 'I don't know,' replied the stonecutter, 'I haven't seen the plans.' 'Then he went on chiseling, chiseling. Now, that is what we should do. We have not seen the great plans of the Master Architect, but each of us has his work to do, and we should chisel away until it is done.'

ACKNOWLEDGE YOUR MISTAKE

Wellington said that the wisest and most courageous thing that a general could do was to retreat when a retreat was necessary. There sometimes comes a point in human experience when everything depends on your willingness to acknowledge your mistakes and blunderings—to change your plan when you find that it will not work. Why should a young preacher, for instance, keep on preaching a style of sermon which puts the average audience to sleep, simply because he found the model of it in a theological seminary? A very learned man has said: "The three hardest words in the English language are, 'I was mistaken.'" Frederick the Great wrote to the Senate, "I have just lost a great battle, and it was entirely my own fault." Goldsmith says, "This confession displayed more greatness than all his victories."

THE CRITICAL SPIRIT

Avoid the critical spirit. Criticism reacts on yourself. Criticism creates an undesirable reputation for the critic. Criticism reduces the number of your friends and lengthens the list of your enemies. Criticism produces an atmosphere of fear in which progress and high born achievement is well nigh impossible for the average man. Criticism, to be of any value at all, must be conceived in love and mixed with praise. Lord Beaconsfield, when Mr. Disraeli, said in the House of Commons, "It is much easier to be critical than to be correct;" and, indeed, he went still further, in Lothair, when he said, "You know who critics are?—the men who have failed in literature and art."

YOUR MONUMENT

Did you ever think of building a monument for yourself? You ought to have one, you ought to be worthy of one. And you ought to indicate just what sort of a monument you would like to have. Is it not beautiful to be remembered after life's pilgrimage is over? Certainly you would not care to be forgotten, would you? Friend, build your own monument. Charles Dickens wrote these words in his will: "I direct that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb. . . . I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to be remembered of my country upon my published works, and to be remembered of my friends upon their experience of me in addition thereto. . . . And I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter here or there."

MUD

It is the misfortune of strong men to be misunderstood and abused. The cheapest thing on earth is mud. That's the reason it is thrown around in such a generous fashion. But while mud is sometimes inconvenient it is not dangerous. John Wesley had more mud thrown at him than would have made an Egyptian pyramid but his place in history is fixed and secure. Never mind the mud artists who abuse when they cannot answer. What says history: "General Grant was one of the most abused men in American history. Every step of his progress was in the face of envy, malice and relentless opposition. After his magnificent triumph at Fort Donelson his chief gave the credit to an inferior officer, recommended an unknown man for promotion, removed Grant from his command, and put him practically under court martial. After Corinth, where he defeated Johnston and Beauregard and drove back the Confederate advance in the west, he was neglected, criticised and maligned. Through the long campaign at Vicksburg every effort was put forth to supersede him. This would have been accomplished, but for the hard sense of President Lincoln, who said: 'I rather like the man, and I guess we'll try him a little longer.'"

THE VISION SPLENDID

There is a divine discontent which comes to us in our youthful hours. Young man listen to that voice. Everything is possible on the early side of thirty. You can go to college. You can learn a trade. You can prepare for a profession. You can carve out a career. Begin early—before the crow's feet reach for your eyes, before the flesh doubles beneath your chin, before your hair drops out or remaining it turns white with fear. Begin early, and thank God for a divine discontent. In the autumn of 1842 Lowell made up his mind to abandon law, saying: "I cannot write well here in this cramped-up lawyer's office, feeling all the while that I am giving the lie to my destiny and wasting time which might be gaining me the love of thousands."

TO THE DOGS WITH "LUCK"

If Friday is an unlucky day, the whole week is cursed. If the number "13" is unlucky then the whole system of mathematics is unsound. If a broken looking glass brings seven years of trouble, then prayer is useless. If my life is queered because I happen to pass a person on the stairway, then a God enthroned is a useless luxury. If the overturned salt cellar means trouble in the family, then Bibles and hymn book are useless ornaments in the home. There is a famous speech recorded of an old Norseman, thoroughly characteristic of the Teuton. "I believe neither in idols nor demons," said he; "I put my sole trust in my own strength of body and soul." The ancient crest of a pick-axe, with the motto of "Either I will find a way or make one."

SELF RESPECT

A man's knowledge of himself is the most sacred thing in his possession. If that knowledge brings him peace, peace is the possession of his soul. If that knowledge brings him unrest, the emotions of his soul are like a stormy sea, without calm and ever in commotion. Nothing brings a man such a sweet sense of security and satisfaction as a clear conscience and a good record. General Garfield before becoming President made this manly statement to some of his critics: "I have for many years represented a district in Congress whose approbation I greatly desired; but, though it may seem a little egotistical to say it, I yet desired still more the approbation of one person, and his name is Garfield. He is the only man that I am compelled to sleep with, and eat with, and live with, and die with; and, if I could not have his approbation, I should have had companionship."

THE SECRET OF POWER

Personality is the secret of power. Personality is brain force mixed with some subtle spiritual essence which men call magnetism. Personality arrests attention. Personality commands a hearing. Personality secures an invitation. Personality is rated high in the commercial realm. Personality heads the list. Every man is a person but every person does not possess "personality." There is kingship, authority and influence in personality: I think we may remember what a Tudor king said to a great Irishman in former times: "If all Ireland cannot govern the Earl of Kildare, then let the Earl of Kildare govern Ireland." The king thought it was better that the Earl of Kildare should govern Ireland than that there should be an arrangement between the Earl of Kildare and his representative.

CIRCUMSTANCES

We are not only the creatures of circumstances but circumstances have created us. We would not be what we are were it not for the force which is behind us. We are all naturally and abnormally lazy. The first thing which we plan for in life is a rest. And our greatest dream of heaven is—another rest. Bergham, the artist, was as lazy as he was talented. His studio was over the room where his wife sat. Every few minutes, all day long, to keep her husband from idleness, Mrs. Bergham would take a stick and thump up against the ceiling, and her husband would answer by stamping on the floor, the signal that he was wide-awake and busy. One-half of the industry and punctuality that you witness every day in places of business is merely the result of Mrs. Bergman's stick thumping against the ceiling.

TRUE SOCIABILITY

We are in the world in order that we may help somebody. If nothing were done except such labor as is paid for in dollars and cents, then love would be at an end. No successful man is absolutely and unqualified by a self made man. The strongest man is under obligation to somebody. We each owe a debt to the world. Some men never recognize this fact. Turner's biographer tells us that Turner and Rogers got on very well together, though Rogers did not spare him. He was one day admiring a beautiful table in Turner's room. It was wonderful, he said, "but," he added, "how much more wonderful it would be to see any of his friends sitting around it."

SELF RELIANCE

Some of the very best men are apt to be conservative—are prone to discount rather than over estimate their own strength and ability. There are two classes: the doubtful and the hopeful. James H. Stoddard, the actor, said that his father and mother differed in one vital respect: his father believed everything, his mother doubted everything. John Knox had no faith, even at forty, in his own powers and ability as an orator or preacher. He was urged into the ministry against his own judgment, a call to the ministry being thrust upon him publicly. Robert Burns, however, listening to a sweet love song falling from the lips of a bewitching young girl, said to himself: "I see no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he," referring to the lines which had just been quoted by the fair singer.

UNCIVIL WORDS

What a man says has fully as much to do with his career as what a man does, for the reason that a man has less restraint and more freedom in the choice of his words than in the matter of his acts. I can be sent to jail for striking a man a blow in the face but I can indulge in a stinging remark and remain beyond the reach of the law. On this point Dr. Johnson once remarked: "Sir, a man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one—no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down."

Spent Her Money For No Benefit

Then Miss J. M. Godin Used
Dodd's Kidney Pills

And Her Kidney Disease and Female
Weakness Disappeared—She is Now a
Strong, Healthy Woman.

Mizonette, Gloucester Co., N.B. —
(Special).—"I have been suffering from
the Kidneys ever since I was a child,"
says Miss J. M. Godin, of this place.
"When I grew to womanhood I was told
I was suffering from female weakness,
so I tried several kinds of medicine,
spending a good many dollars for no-
thing.

"Last winter I became so weak I was
on the point of giving up my work. I
could not sleep at night and could hardly
get up the stairs without having palpi-
tation of the heart and feeling quite
exhausted.

"Reading of symptoms of Kidney Dis-
ease in Dodd's Almanac, I soon found
out my case was similar, so I sent at
once for four boxes of Dodd's Kidney
Pills. I began to feel a change at the
very beginning, for I slept well the very
first night. Those four boxes did me
more good than all the medicine I had
taken before, and I have remained
strong ever since I am now as well as
can be."

All women who suffer should look to
the Kidneys. They are the main-spring
of health. Keep the Kidneys strong by
using Dodd's Kidney Pills and they will
take care of the rest of the body.

JAEGER

Fine Pure Wool

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The great variety of
garments suitable
for infants' wear is
one of the attractive
features of a Jaeger
store or agency.



Dainty Frocks, Bonnets, Shoes, and
in fact, all clothes that a baby requires
are made in Jaeger Pure Wool. They
afford the necessary
healthy protection
and are made in
charming styles es-
pecially suitable for
presents.



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Government Terminal Elevator at Port Arthur, Canada

By Max McD.

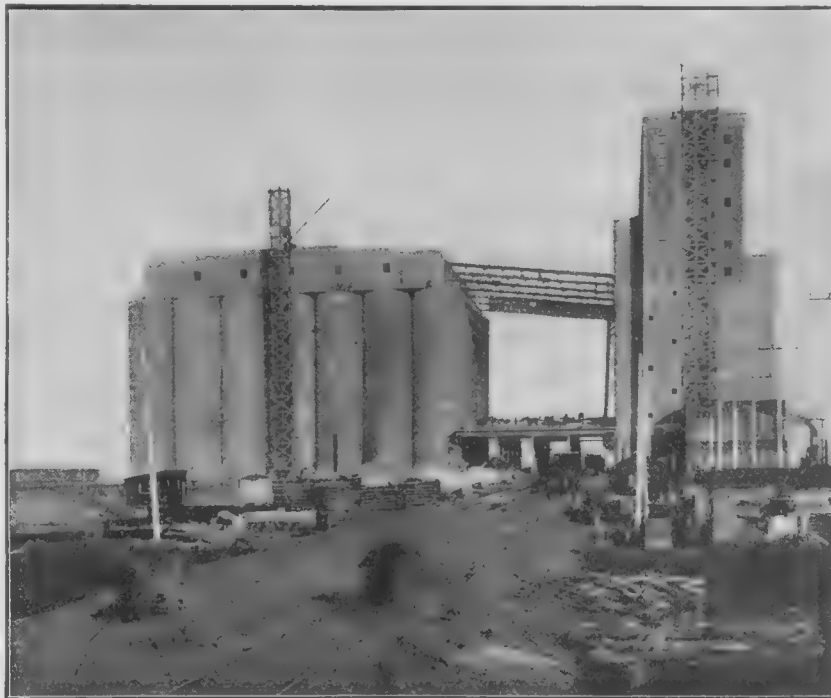
The new Canadian government ter-
minal elevator at Port Arthur, on Lake
Superior, is completed and in operation.
It is absolutely the last word in ele-
vator construction, is the largest indi-
vidual elevator in the world, and has
the most modern grain handling plant.

The elevator is of reinforced concrete
construction throughout. No inflam-
mable material is included in either
building or machinery. It is operated
by electric power, a separate motor run-
ning each machine. Twenty cars can be
unloaded simultaneously, the unloading
capacity of the house being 40 cars per
hour. The normal loading capacity to
boats is about 75,000 bushels per hour,
but for the first hour this can be in-
creased to 115,000 bushels. The working
house towers to a height of 185 feet
above water level. It contains 75 cir-
cular bins of 7,000 bushels capacity each,
56 interspace bins of 3,000 bushels each,
and 36 outer space bins of 1500 bushels
each.

The work house is equipped with ten
hopper scales of 2,000 bushels each, with
a garner of equal capacity over each
scale. The elevator legs are as follows:
5 for receiving, 5 for shipping, 5 for
cleaning, 1 for screenings, 1 for drying, 1
for oats, and 2 for flax. Fifteen sets of
receiving cleaners are provided for clean-
ing oats, wheat, and barley, and fifteen
additional cleaners can be installed when
needed. Special machines are also in-
stalled for separating oats from wheat,
in addition to two screening separators
and two flax separators.

At the south side of the working
house a drying plant is installed in a
separate building. This has a capacity
of 48,000 bushels per day, and is for
drying damp, tough or wet grain, and
putting each grain in condition for stor-
age.

A revetment wall is being built around
three sides of the site, which contains
33 acres. The site was formerly covered



Government Terminal Elevator at Port Arthur, Canada.

The storage house has seventy cir-
cular bins, each 24 feet in diameter and 90
feet high, of 30,000 bushels' capacity,
together with 54 interspaces of about
8,000 bushels each. This gives the ele-
vator a total capacity of 3,250,000 bush-
els.

by water, but is now being filled in level
with the top of the revetment wall.

The new elevator supplements the
Canadian Northern elevator which is the
largest grain handling plant in the world.
Its capacity is 9,500,000 bushels, shortly
to be increased to 12,000,000 bushels.

SUMMER CLOTHING

It is the custom whenever one goes from
northern regions to the tropics to don white
garments as a protection against the heat
of the sun; and a change from colored
goods to white is made in our climate, also
in the summer.

The reason given for this resort to white
is that "it reflects the heat instead of
absorbing it"; and if one questions its
virtue, answer is always made that the
natives of tropical regions wear white
clothes, and they ought to know what is
best.

It is true that the natives often wear
white, but they have dark skins by which
they are protected from the chemical rays,
the rays that are most injurious to man,
and that break down his health after a
longer or shorter residence in equatorial
regions. The white man's white clothes
offer no resistance to these injurious light
rays, although they give comfort by
throwing back the heat rays.

If white clothes are worn externally, the
under-garments, so tropical hygienists say,
should be black, red or orange, since these
colors offer a screen to the chemical rays.
After dark, in the tropics as well as during

the hot summer months in this country,
black clothes are the most sensible, since
they promote the radiation of heat from
the body.

The head covering in summer should be
light in color as well as in weight—yellow
or khaki color is better than white—but
should have a dark lining. The practice
of going bareheaded, especially in the case
of light-haired or bald persons, is fraught
with grave perils. The notion that some
bald-headed men have that exposure of the
head to the sun's rays will promote the
growth of hair is pernicious; the man who
has tried it one summer will not repeat it
the next—if he is alive.

In texture, summer clothing should be
light and porous. For men the outer
garments should be of wool, the under-
clothing of linen or cotton, or mixed cotton
and wool. This should be woven in a
mesh which, by the air it contains, protects
against chill and which absorbs perspira-
tion;

No matter how deep-rooted the corn or wart
may be, it must yield to Holloway's Corn
Cure if used as directed.

Nerves Were Unstrung

WOULD ALMOST GO OUT OF HER
MIND

Many women become run down and
worn out by household cares, and duties
never ending, and sooner or later find
themselves with shattered nerves and
weak hearts.

On the first sign of any weakness of
the heart or nerves you should avail
yourself of a perfect cure by using Mil-
burn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mrs. Archie Goodine, Tilley, N.B.,
writes:—"When I was troubled with my
heart, two years ago, I was very bad.
My nerves were so unstrung, sometimes
I would almost be out of my mind. I
doctored myself with everything I could
get, until at last I got four boxes of
Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and
they have cured me. I cannot speak too
highly of this wonderful remedy, and
will recommend it to all sufferers."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are
50c. per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all
dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of
price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited,
Toronto, Ont.



Handsome Solid Comfort Rocker

Genuine
Quarter
Cut Oak

\$11

Well and substantially built, beautifully fin-
ished, either Early English or Golden style.
Good spring seat; upholstered in either vel-
our or leatherette covering. Velour colors,
red, green, brown. Price \$11. Leather-
ette \$11.75. Weight 52 lbs.

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Jack London

MARK YOUR LINEN WITH CASH'S WOVEN NAME-TAPES

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Your full name in fast color thread can
be woven into fine white cambric tape,
\$2.00 for 12 doz., \$1.25 for 6 doz., 85c. for
3 doz. These markings more than save
their cost by preventing laundry losses.
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The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Mrs Pearl Richmond Hamilton

A BEAUTIFUL FLOWER GARDEN

One evening last week I experienced two of the happiest hours of my life. The occasion was a banquet of the girls of my club. I conceitedly say "My Club" because I have been their leader since their organization eight years ago when we began with a membership of three girls. One hundred and forty girls sat at the long banquet tables in the church parlors, and as I looked at them I felt that I was in the centre of the most beautiful flower garden in Canada. What a field of possibilities in the presence of this superior type of girlhood representing about every line of feminine wage-earning work in Winnipeg! This gathering represented more than a hundred future home-makers. This thought touched me tenderly as I sat with them on that evening. What shall be the keynote of our training I asked? All that tends to strengthen will power. We have a little prayer. It is this: "Keep my mental home a sacred place, golden with gratitude, redolent with love, and white with purity. Let me send no thought into the world that will not bless or cheer, or purify or heal." Let this prayer be the corner stone in the character building of every girl who reads this page. Our future Canadian race must be the strongest in the world. All corners of the earth expect it. If every girl in

will, there would be in Canada no jails, no reformatories, and I almost believe no insane asylums. Canada would be Paradise if all our girls were pure and clean. Why is this not possible? Every girl is responsible for her own deeds. This world of ours is a cheerful habitation, full of the good and beautiful everywhere. Some are oblivious to God's sunshine, the songs of birds, the laugh of little children, and the breath of flowers. Refuse to think of these blessings and the mind is dark and dreary, and the life becomes useless. Last month I listened to Helen Keller—the most wonderful young woman in the whole world. She is blind and deaf, and was dumb until a few months ago. This girl shut out from the whole exterior world seems to be all soul. She electrified the audience with the wonders of her accomplishments. What was her message? It will always sing in my ears. "Listen! We live by each other and for each other, and our success depends on our good-will. I cannot see your faces or hear your speech, but I feel your loving kindness, and it makes me happy. What I have to say to you is very simple and plain. We are all bound together. Everyone should make the most of what faculties God has bestowed upon him. My teacher has told you what we have done together, and if others are helped by that story

we are glad. We rejoice to think of the difficulties we have overcome. I was blind; now I see. I was dumb; now I speak. It was through the love of others that I found myself and my mother and father, and my soul and my God. We live by each other—and life for each other is the only life worth living. Brave and good men have laid their hands on my hand. I find life beautiful; I can find joy and contentment even though I cannot see the sunlight and hear the laughter. My life has taught me to put my trust in the Lord at all times."

The power to love generates sunshine in the moral universe. Let it radiate love, my girl, in your life. It will make dark places brighter and will make you rise above the petty annoyances that sap the energies from your body. "It is the golden key that will admit you to the palace of true life."

We have a motto in our girls' club room. It is this: "Let no one speak a discouraging word while in this room."

THE DEVELOPMENT OF A HOME-MAKER

There are only two kinds of homes—happy homes and unhappy homes. Every home in Canada comes under one of these two classes. The conditions of the home depends almost entirely on the man and wife. There are two great causes that create unhappy homes. First, outside influences; second, incompatible dispositions. Incompatible dispositions are the chief cause of unhappy home life, and its awful harvest of divorce, suicide and insanity. Strong characters are necessary in the development of a fine disposition. If a wife and husband are young and healthy they have every opportunity in the world to make good.

The origin of all law that men make is in the home, reared under the mental, physical and financial care of a man and wife. The strength of the wheat in August is determined not by the sun in August, but by what was done in May or June in selecting the seed and the cultivation work that followed. Home life is developed in the same way. In the beginning of girlhood is the home life determined. The right kind of law can only be made by the right kind of mind. If children or husband cannot find companionship in the home-maker they will go elsewhere. Then girls must develop those qualities that will satisfy the desire for companionship. Sympathy, understanding and intelligence are necessary qualities to develop in girlhood. If when a man marries he loses a companion, mutual confidence and respect are lost. So long as confidence and respect remain, do joy and inspiration develop the pure home life. But when companionship is lost then soul starvation begins to wreck the home. A man cannot be happy with a discontented wife. Count the discontented wives of your acquaintances, then look at the home life.

There is a constant chase for something new. In order to make an ideal wife a girl must love beauty, order, harmony and truth. Think beauty, act beauty, live beauty. I actually saw in a Winnipeg home a huge statue of Mutt and Jeff. This in a home of three little children will dwarf their sense of beauty. It is said that no nation ever became great without a well-developed appreciation of beauty. Greece and Rome were built on beauty.

Then girlhood character needs harmony—music. Sacred music makes us think and see God. The soul is the instrument of the home that makes discord or harmony. Restlessness is a great factor in

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forming fickle home life. Watch the moving van in May; it indicates lack of home spirit. The internal corruption of the Roman Empire was so bad that it could not withstand the outward invasion of enemies. This is the cause of the downfall of every home. The heart of the home must be so strong that outside influences cannot break it. Do not enter into marriage without thought. When thinking of your future home ask yourself this question: What shall I mean to my husband and my children? Your opportunity depends on your personality. Do you put as much music into the day as a little bird, or as much brightness as a little sunbeam, or as much sweetness as a single rosebud? Do not be beaten by these little things.

DOWN IN THE CELL

Humanity is prone to criticize that which they know nothing about. Recently a report appeared in one of our city papers concerning a certain girl in the police station. The report convinced public opinion that a young, innocent girl had been most unjustly arrested, and furthermore deplored the existence of detention homes, and, of course, our policemen came in for bitter censure. As a delegate from a woman's organization I went down to visit the girl in her cell and to notice conditions surrounding women prisoners at the police station. I was agreeably surprised. The women's cells are light, sunny and well ventilated. Opening into these cells are a large bathroom and kitchen, which are clean, as they are scrubbed out every day. Near these quarters are several other cells furnished with comfortable beds. These rooms are for those who have committed the lighter offences, such as shop-lifting. They did not appear like cells to me, but more like comfortable bedrooms. I went through a large part of the station, and everywhere I noticed the same good ventilation, sunlight and cleanliness. It was hard for me to realize that this was the police station. I went down three different days to see the prisoner and every time was impressed with the splendid courtesy I received from the men in charge. They were all strangers to me. I went down entirely unbiased as I did not know one of them personally, and I came from there feeling that it is most unfair for the public to be deceived by wrong newspaper reports regarding these men who maintain law and order in this city.

When a girl or woman is brought up the first time it is impossible to judge from the testimony of the prisoner on the witness stand, as some of the most guilty and smooth actresses can play successfully on the sympathy of the listeners. When I urged this girl to consent to go to a place where she would develop into a good, useful woman, the morality officer kindly advised her in a fatherly way. What he said influenced her decision more than my pleading. The magistrate was lenient in his decision, and after the girl left the station she said she had been treated with splendid consideration during the days of her imprisonment. I studied this case carefully and feel that the police officials were right in their judgment, and that they treated her more considerately than a woman's court might have done. One more word in regard to our Winnipeg police. A young woman traveller who had visited most of the large cities in the States told me while in this city that she had more confidence in the directions given her by the Winnipeg policemen than she had in any other city she had visited.

Furthermore, if women are hunting for a chance to do good work there is an opportunity for careful investigation in some of our churches; not all of the villains are in the underworld. Occasionally one stands outside the front door and steps into the church where he poses as a pillar of religion—a huge monster of deception shining with a coat of social veneer that covers a heart black enough to blight the flower garden of a city's girlhood. Down in the underworld the white slaver is carefully watched; in the church he is allowed to work unmolested. Some of our boarding houses need attention, too. There are a few that are traps

for innocent girls. For eight years I have worked among girls in this city and not once have I heard a complaint about our policemen.

I give this bit of my own experience because I believe the public is deceived by wrong newspaper reports regarding the men who guard our city, and I think it is unfair. We owe patriotic allegiance to the class of men we have in the Winnipeg police department.

PRICE AND POSITION

"The thing you know, the thing you feel,
The thing you truly live,
These in your message must appeal,
To these your efforts give!"

This quotation is not only applicable to the author's field, but to that of the teacher, the artist, the musician and the home-maker. If we would make our work count we must feel it, know it and live it. A mother should feel the mood of her child in order to guide her. Most girls who run away from home do so because their mothers do not understand them. This week a girl has written a letter asking me to tell her all the things about herself that her mother should tell her. I am thankful she asked this of me instead of groping on in ignorance. I shall send a letter to this dear girl out in her prairie home and give her motherly advice. While I write our department this month the word home-maker continually comes before me. Perhaps it is because I have seen girls suffer recently for want of proper material understanding. "Mother laughed at my foolish questions," says one. "Oh, mother would never listen to my love affairs!" exclaims another, and the girls continue their stories of "Mother's" inability to understand them. The true home-maker should feel and know the thoughts of her daughter. Then in turn I think the daughter will not be so unreasonable.

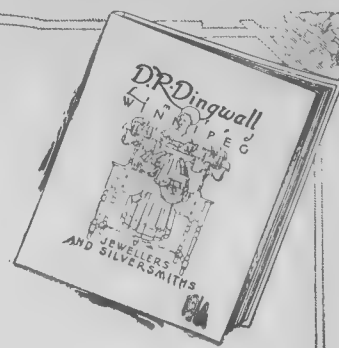
Girls let many ways of earning money escape because they are lacking in practical application. They live in far-away dreams and do not feel the actual demands. For example: A young woman in Boston who needed to earn her living saw the opportunity for a visiting mender. She called at homes and asked to be allowed to do the family mending. This is a much-needed individual in hundreds of households. Any girl who understands the art of darning or mending might attempt this. Perhaps a girl could find fifteen homes where she could do this work. I imagine there would be opportunity in rooming houses for this kind of work. The roomers, both young men and young women, might be glad to have their mending done.

The Old Country unmarried woman who can do housekeeping might find a group of professional young women who would be glad to have a home of their own together. She could have them rent a suite and she could manage the house-keeping. I believe this would meet with ready response.

Some of the clever, educated, independent women of England, feeling the need of earning money, conceived the idea of forming an association of lady guides, whose business it was to show girls about London and the Continent. In connection with its guides it established a bureau of information for boarding houses suitable for unprotected girls and women. Chaperons were provided for young girls and children. I believe there might be a demand here for this kind of work.

There might also be a demand for bright, young women who are fond of children to provide entertainment for them. A group of young women might form a little professional business whereby they would be prepared to manage the entertainment of children's parties. Some families keep no help and they would be glad to have a young woman come in to care for the children one or two evenings while they are out. Girls could be in this place to answer these calls. They could also go to convalescent children to read, sing and play with them. Only girls who love children could attempt this. I am sure there would be a demand for this kind of work. It could be called "The Mothers' Club of Universal Helpers."

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Veterans of North West Rebellion. Men who played a noble part in the troublesome days of '85.

WINNIPEG honored her soldier dead, Sunday, May 10th, as only Winnipeg can. No amount of public sympathy can bring back the men who gave their lives for Canada, but the Canadians of to-day can, and did, express their appreciation of the bravery that prompted that sacrifice.

Though it is thirty years since Canada's citizen soldiers marched out to defend their homes, the feeling to-day is just as keen as the sentiment that inspired those men to volunteer. They did their duty in a workmanlike manner, and then returned to take up the duties they had left behind them.

From the fall in point, at the University grounds, Broadway, to St. John's cemetery, the streets were lined solid with a dense mass of citizens, who, in silent and orderly ranks, watched the defenders of Canada as they marched to the graves. At a conservative estimate, there were 100,000 people on the streets, people who have come to Winnipeg from all parts of the world, and of innumerable nationalities, but there was only one sentiment among them, for they were all Canadians. They honored the defenders of their country.

Every Unit Out in Force
Within a decade, Winnipeg has grown

And among the veterans, under command of Sir Hugh John Macdonald, were not only the men who had fought for Canada, but there were men who wore two, three or four medals for active service. To one who understood the decorations, these told a story of many bloody campaigns in South Africa, India, the Soudan, as well as in the Riel rebellion, where these men had fought for their country. And among the militia, as well, there were many who proudly bore decorations for active service. They had served their time, and after coming to Canada, had again joined the citizen soldiers in their love

drawn. The broad clear stretches of Main street presented a most peculiar appearance, as they lay under the afternoon sun, clear of all traffic. On either side, backed solid for a depth of fifteen or twenty feet, was an orderly and expectant crowd, that was held in check by constables stationed a hundred feet or more apart. And, despite the tremendous numbers that were on the street, it speaks well for a Winnipeg crowd that there was not a sign of unruly conduct or a tendency to mar the procedure by crushing or crowding.

At the corner of Main street and Portage avenue the crowd was most



The Winnipeg Highland Cadets in the Decoration Day Procession.

On May 10th these men or, rather, those who are still able to answer to roll call, turned out to decorate the graves of their dead comrades. And with them went the men who have served the Empire in many lands, while the men now members of the various militia units were also in line to do their share in honoring the brave soldiers who had fought and died.

Magnificent Sight

It was the most magnificent celebration that Winnipeg has ever witnessed.

from a city of two militia units to one of the most enthusiastic militia cities in the country. With the possible exception of garrison artillery every branch of the service is represented in the military district 10, and every unit was out in force. To use the old stock phrase, they were there, horse, foot and guns. Cavalry, artillery, rifles, grenadiers, highlanders, line regiments, engineers, guides, men of the signal corps, army service, army medical, ordnance, postal, veterinary and all of the other various divisions

of country and desire to be in readiness to protect her honor and integrity. With a nucleus of these thousands in line and the tens of thousands who are ready to join on the first call for men, it was evident that Winnipeg and Western Canada stand ready to do their part, should trouble arise.

From before 2 o'clock until well after 4 o'clock the dense crowds held their posts of vantage on the streets, blocking all traffic. At the hour set for the parade, the police cleared the route of the march, and all street railway traffic was with-

dense, though standing room was at a premium at any point along the three miles of route. Fire escapes, windows, balconies, and roofs of every available building furnished points of vantage for thousands, while the cross streets and vacant lots were occupied by rigs and automobiles as densely as they could be packed. When the parade had passed traffic was resumed with a rush; waiting street cars came past in solid strings, and within half an hour the packed streets had resumed their usual Sunday afternoon appearance. Despite the



The Youthful Pipers of the Winnipeg Highland Cadets. A pleasing feature of the Decoration Day Procession. Trained by Pipe Major Lachlan Collie.

Poultry Chat

H. E. Vialoux, Sturgeon Creek.

Now that lovely, leafy June is with us again reports are coming in telling of the success or failure of the early spring hatchers. Certainly, 1914 has been a very backward spring and early set eggs under hens have not turned out as well as usual, the nights have been too cold.

When a season comes like this the incubator scores and proves a safer hatching medium for the April and early May chicks than old Biddy hen. Several persons have reported the loss of a hen whilst sitting on her nest; in each case both food and water were in sight of the fowl who simply perished sticking to her task of warming 13 eggs in cool weather. This seems a strange thing to me, and has only happened once in my experience, but it shows that the caretaker should see that each hen has a feed once during each 24 hours if she has to be gently lifted off the nest and introduced to her daily ration of wheat and water.

I wonder now, that the seeding is over, if many of our farmers are having a good "clean up week," just like the city folks who have put forth such strenuous efforts to make a clean city in Winnipeg. The farm yard, poultry houses and runs, really need a most thorough cleaning up in the springtime if poultry raising is to be made the success it should be on every western farm and chicken ranch. I hear far too much of roup amongst both chickens and turkeys the last couple of seasons. In our fine dry climate this should not exist and is only caused by filthy, dark and damp quarters and yards. Of course, this horrid disease which is similar to human diphtheria is very infectious and therefore may be introduced into clean premises by purchasing infected stock—certainly no one should breed from roup birds at all. Undoubtedly great care should be exercised in purchasing fresh stock or eggs that roup or blackhead is not in evidence about the poultry breeder's premises. In fact, an honest breeder will refuse to sell diseased stock.

There is no better disinfectant than good common lime wash made from newly slaked lime, mixed with skim milk, butter milk or water to the consistency of thin paint. Add two cups of coarse salt to each pail of whitewash and a large tablespoon of carbolic acid, a splendid germ killer, then get busy with a white-wash brush or spray. When the filth of all kinds has been properly cleaned up paint roosts and dropping boards and every corner and crack inside and out of the house and about the runs every spring, then disease will surely keep at bay. In many years of chicken, duck and turkey raising, I have had no infectious disease on the premises at all: roup and blackhead and cholera, I must needs study away from home.

I attribute this freedom from disease to a dry, healthy climate and the free use of carbolic whitewash and kerosene oil when needed on roosts, etc. Air slaked lime should be used in the grand "clean-up": wherever the ground is foul and damp, where manure piles have been and about the chicken runs and yards, sprinkle it thickly and after a few days spade up and foul spots will soon be sweet and clean.

There is no doubt where fowl are kept year after year the poultry yards should be ploughed or spaded and sown to oats or other green crops simply to sweeten the soil, but unless another yard can be provided for the flock in the meantime the crop will have no chance to grow. Therefore there is real safety in double runs such as used on large poultry plants where regular green crops are grown annually and fine green food provided for the hens when needed most during the hot weather when the moult is coming on.

As I have often remarked this climate with its vigorous winters is not conducive to live and parasites such as pester the lives of all poultry in warmer climates.

In all parts of British Columbia keeping down lice and vermin is one of the most serious problems to be solved in successful poultry keeping. Only a few days ago I had a graphic account of how numerous "the varments" were out in that favored

climate from a lady who was an old hand at chicken raising in Manitoba. Ordinary care and cleanliness are quite inadequate to prevent lice and red mites swarming in hen houses and stables in millions. Hens cannot flourish let alone poor little chicks that are killed off with the pests. After cleaning out the hen house and using all kinds of lice killers this lady had to divest herself of every rag of clothing and go and sit in the creek until she felt more comfortable.

Of course by keeping up a constant warfare on the pests chickens can be raised in all parts of British Columbia and find a very ready sale.

Some hints on the common ailments of growing chicks will be in order at this season. "Gapes," a tiny worm in the throat at the opening of the wind pipe, sometimes kills off young chicks who pick up the worm from the damp ground.

MISCELLANEOUS

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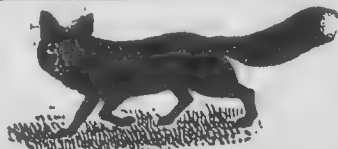
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EGGS—Finest collections of selected birds, scoring 90-93 points. Barred Rocks, Buff Cochins, Buff Orpingtons from prize winners, \$2.00 setting. C. Taylor, Dominion City, Man. 7

WHITE HOLLAND TURKEYS—Eggs for sale from prize winning birds, \$3.00 per setting nine eggs. Two settings, \$5.00. Woodland Poultry Yards, Lumsden, Saskatchewan. 6

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Fresh as the breath of honeysuckle, brilliant as the garden of roses, dependable as their fine appearance and careful workmanship indicate.

School, Cuban, or the new Kidney heel. In Patent, Dull Leather, Velvet or White Nubuck. Button style. The choice of the woman who knows the greatest possible buying power of \$3. Sizes 2 to 8 in C, D, E, and

EE widths. Price \$3.00 delivered free from Winnipeg to your home.

DELIVERED FREE

25 Stunning Styles in Men's Shoes, Blacks, Tans, or Shiny leathers. All sizes and widths. \$4 Values for \$3. Style Folder on Request.

STEDMAN SHOE CO.

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Established 12 Years.

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A Wonderful Mechanical Device

THIS is fun-provoking U.S. Patent—size of a watch—producing instant changes which seem to upset the Science of an age.

It is a spell-binder, a world-wonder, exhibiting the "power of mind over matter" or, rather, the lack of it. It works upon what might be called

A Hidden Principle

With it, no skill is required to put the whole world "in doubt." It is of the kind that thrills and makes one "pinch himself to see if he is alive."

Endless fun goes with its possession. Being well made it will last a lifetime and never "goes wrong." The observer is always wrong.

The sage of Science is as much "at sea" as a bootblack. Men say "shell-game" and "magic," ladies say "bewitched" and "black-art." All say "mysterious."

Anyone, lady or gent, over 16, obtains best results. A well-known college professor said recently: "Were it impossible to get another, I wouldn't take \$10 for the one I have." Another says: "I wouldn't be without one at any price."

Agents make \$10 daily, selling it or rather "showing it," for it sells itself. Retail \$1. One sample to agent—50c, or 3 for \$1, prepaid.

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Book on

DOG DISEASES and How to Feed

H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S.

118 W. 31st. St., N.Y., USA

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Western Home Monthly
for Twelve Months.

The Best Magazine Value available. Send it to your friend at a distance.

The chicks gasp and keep opening their mouths as if thirsty, continually. A successful treatment is to dislodge the tiny thread-like worm by inserting a clean feather into the throat, giving it a quick turn when it will come out on the feather. At once the chick is relieved and is soon as lively as it can be. When gaps occur in a young brood it is wise to move coop or brooder to a fresh plot of ground: a clean, grassy sward is best.

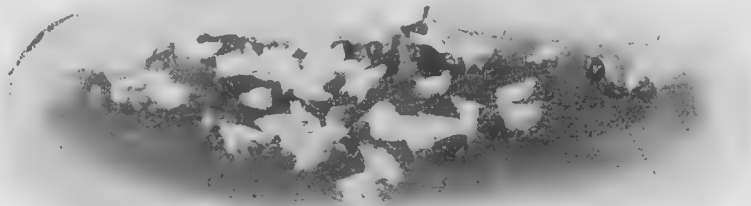
Lumber-neck is another trouble; the chick will throw its head back and go round and round until exhausted. This is caused by over-feeding of the little chicks and is usually noticed at two and three weeks old. Gently pouring cold water on the top of the head is the only treatment I know of.

Indigestion will carry off a few chicks most seasons, as some of them are so greedy they will gorge themselves despite great care. Charcoal and water to drink will sometimes right this ailment. The chick seems sleepy and his crop is full and distended with food.

Eggs have come into Winnipeg by the thousand the last six weeks and have been more moderate in price than for some years. All the wholesale houses have put large quantities of them into cold storage and consumers have really been able to enjoy new-laid eggs at a low price, which goes to prove that the poultry industry is growing by leaps and bounds.

The wholesale men who were giving 15 to 17 cents at country points for fresh farm eggs will make a good thing out of them next winter when they sell them for 35 to 40 cents, at least.

When the Central Farmers' Market becomes the big enterprise we look for in the future, I hope there will be a good cold storage plant in connection, so the farmers themselves can take advantage of cold storage for the farm eggs in early spring, when if the eggs are infertile when candled, and put in storage they will keep fresh and command a good price next winter when new-laid eggs are so scarce. For shipping out eggs for hatch-



A Flock of Chicks of Leghorn type

The main cause of loss during any season is the dreaded white diarrhoea, especially among incubator chicks that are undoubtedly more subject to this disorder than the hen hatched brand.

This disease will appear as soon as the second day sometimes, but more often from the fifth to tenth day, and is very hard indeed to combat. Change of food, boiled rice and a dry mash of ground grains mixed with ten per cent of powdered charcoal, will sometimes check the disease. The chicks die off at night usually and any of the brood showing a trace of this sickness should be separated from the healthy birds at once. Sometimes a chill will cause the trouble, or sour milk, but I have noticed that when the parent stock are in perfect health and vigor, given a free range, white diarrhoea will not cause much loss. Boiled whole wheat mixed with ten per cent charcoal is a good food to check looseness of the bowels and "Venetian Red," to make the drinking water pink, I have found helpful: withholding food until the chicks are at least 48 hours, will often prevent this disorder appearing in a brood. Needless to say, over-feeding will bring it frequently and, I know from experience, there is nothing more disheartening to a beginner in the business than to see a brood dwindle from this cause.

ing, I wish to draw attention to a made-in-Winnipeg egg box, with a double carton over it to be slipped on when packed. It is the safest thing in egg boxes I have ever used, and is moderate in price. Just now in comes an egg from the nest at Littleton weighing five ounces laid by a two-year-old Barred Rock hen. 'Tis similar to a goose egg.

The Education of Arabella

Mrs. Lyon lifted the embroidery from the work-table at her side and began stitching at a long, fine strip of linen with dainty fingers.

"Do you know," she said, holding it up for closer inspection, "do you know, Edwin, that Arabella looks simply lovely in white?"

Mr. Lyon was so deeply absorbed in his editorial that he merely uttered a casual, disinterested "Indeed!"

"Yes," went on Arabella's mother, her enthusiasm quite unquenched by lack of sympathy. "She looks like an angel in white, really; I can't help thinking how lovely she will be when she graduates. I'm planning her a gown that will be a dream; frills and insertion, and all done by hand. Of course it will be a pity to hide it when she wears her cap and gown,



The Method of Raising Chicks on this Model Farm

Head lice cause death in young chicks as this parasite fastens itself to the top of the head and sucks the victim's life blood. Pure lard rubbed into each little head will kill the vermin and one application is enough, as a rule. Dusting with a good insect powder will generally destroy the ordinary vermin on the body of the chicken: providing dust baths for the hen mothers, with lime and sulphur mixed in, will usually free hens.

but it must show underneath a little, and—"

Mr. Lyon, now thoroughly aroused, laid aside his newspaper. "If you're talking about Arabella going to college," he said, grimly, "you might as well give it up at once. I shall never give my consent, never! I have always said that no daughter of mine should go to college, and I see no reason now why I should change my mind."



Of Druggists 30c per box or postage paid
for 35c direct from

LYMAN'S, LTD.,

474 St. Paul Street,
MONTREAL

"But, Edwin," pleaded his wife, you know how disappointed I was when I couldn't go—"

"It was your greatest charm for me," gallantly interrupted Mr. Lyon.

"And I have always tried so hard to catch up with the other girls," went on Mrs. Lyon, unheeding. "The literary clubs I've belonged to and the lectures I've attended—"

"The one blot on your otherwise perfection," interrupted Mr. Lyon again, not so wisely this time, but his wife kept steadily to her theme.

"And I'm forever driven with the fear that I won't know things, and—and I'm not going to have Arabella like that, and she's going to college!"

"Not if I have any influence with her!" said Arabella's father, and he clutched his paper so firmly that it absolutely rattled. "Give her all the pretty, frilly frocks you want to, but don't, don't put her in competition with men. Let her have the feminine, domestic virtues—"

"Now, Edwin, that's nonsense, and you know it is!" answered Mrs. Lyon, with just as much emphasis. "Susy Lee went to college, and she married a poor man, and her housekeeping's faultless; and as for Lena Melleny, who didn't go, well, she never knew anything and she never will. Why, she doesn't even keep Arnold's socks darned! It's all the woman herself; college doesn't make a bit of difference."

"Well, all I've got to say," began Mr. Lyon, half-rising in his excitement, "is— But his words of eloquent wisdom will never be known, for a sleepy "yi-yi-yiing" cry came from farther down the passage.

"There's Arabella now!" said Mrs. Lyon, getting up to leave the room. "I knew you'd wake her! You always do when you get so excited." Her voice trailed reproachfully down to the nursery, and in a moment more she came back with a hinking, rosy baby cuddled tight in her arms, for Arabella was just eight months old, and the united ages of her parents amounted, possibly, to fifty years.

Then something of the absurdity of their argument flashed across Mrs. Lyon's whimsical mind.

"And Arabella not a year old! Aren't we sillies?" she demanded. Arabella crowed loudly in answer as her mother pulled out the frills of her white little "nighty." "Never mind, that was a real college yell, wasn't it, daughter?"

Mr. Lyon laughed and returned to his paper. "Well, I'll have to agree with you in one thing, Bess," he said, as he gazed proudly at the fat bone of contention, "Arabella certainly does look corking in white!"

The Lady—"And how long have you been out of work?"

Impoverished Gentleman—"My dear madam, I asked you for assistance. It is surely quite unnecessary to tell you my age."

"A gentleman has fallen through the coalhole!"

"Clap the cover over him quick and I'll run for a policeman. We must arrest him for trying to steal the coal or he'll sue us for damages."

Wretched from Asthma. Strength of body and vigor of mind are inevitably impaired by the visitations of asthma. Who can live under the cloud of recurring attacks and keep body and mind at their full efficiency? Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy dissipates the cloud by removing the cause. It does relieve. It does restore the sufferer to normal that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a bodily trim and mental happiness.

Death of the Duke of Argyle

John Sutherland Douglas Campbell, Duke of Argyle and former Governor-General of Canada, died at East Cowes Isle of Wight on May 2nd from an attack of pneumonia. He was born in 1845 and married Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria in 1871. The Princess survives. Many Canadians still living recall with lively recollections the term of the Duke (then Marquis of Lorne), as Governor-General and express very real sorrow at the announcement of his passing away. Both he and the Princess Louise fitted into the spirit of the Canadian people and it was with feelings of genuine regret that they parted with them at the expiration of their five-year-term. Particularly did they popularize themselves by their ready participations in Canadian winter sports. The Marquis, too, wisely followed the precedent of his successor in making frequent visits throughout the country, thus familiarizing himself with the people and the country. In the west the Marquis is remembered as having given the name to the present province of Alberta, then a part of the Northwest Territories, the name being the second of the Princess' baptismal names. Another permanent memorial to his memory exists in the Royal Society of Canada, which was founded by the Marquis during his term as Governor-General. Though one of the youngest Governors-General the Dominion has ever had, he discharged the onerous duties of the high office with dignity and tact, and it is with feelings of real regret that Canadians, more especially those who are able to remember his term of office, learn of his demise.

Alberta

Alert and alluring young realm,
With riches inlaid and bedecked,
With mountain and valley and plain
Where sturdiest races have trekked
Thy prairies are golden and green,
Thy mountains like sentinels stand
A wall to the west where arise
Great rivers brood-bosomed and grand.

Thy smile is inviting to men
With pioneers' blood in their veins,
Who long for a contest again
With the newness of mountains and plains.
Here rest we and end we our quest
Alberta, fair queen of the West.
—J. W. Mudge.

Prairie Chickens

Written for Western Home Monthly by
Sel. J. Wigley, Edgerton, Alta.

A fluttering in the willow bluff
And a quick shot while you ride
And you have a dinner for the pot
Or he's better still when fried
For the Prairie Chick's a treasure
Sent straight to us from bliss.
Plump and juicy too you always find him
And in or out of season he never comes amiss
To the homesteader who's "burnt his
boats behind him."

CLOTH THAT WEARS LIKE LEATHER

Remarkable discovery by English Firm.

A remarkable holeproof cloth that will not tear or wear out and yet looks exactly as the finest tweeds and serges has been discovered by the Holeproof Clothing Co., 54 Theobalds Road, London, W.C., Eng. They make from these wonderful cloths a well-cut Man's Suit for only \$5.50, Breeches for cycling, riding, or walking, for \$2, or a pair of well-fitting smartly-cut Trousers for \$1.80, and if a hole appears within 6 months, another garment is given absolutely free. See advertisement on page 57 and which for patterns, &c., to the firm's Toronto Branch, 173 Huron Street, Toronto, Ont.

Concerning Tommy Todd

By H. Mortimer Batten.

JIM WARWICK was an orphan, and when he became old enough to leave school and learn a trade he was sent by his guardians to live with old Mr. and Mrs. Todd at the little seaside town of Whitewater. Tim was not the sort of boy to suffer long from homesickness, and moreover the two old folks took him to their hearth with a spirit of goodwill and kindness that to Tim was new and entirely delightful.

One morning, ere he had been there very long, Tim learnt why it was that Mr. and Mrs. Todd had taken to him so

"That's true enough," Tim agreed. For a moment he was thoughtful. So this was the true story of Tommy, about whom he had heard the old folks speak so often! Tommy who was doing so well out west, and steadily building up for himself the fortune he had always intended to make! "They reckon he was like me, do they?" added Tim reflectively.

The blacksmith looked into the boy's open face. "Only in looks Tim, only in looks," he answered. "You're a deal better son to them than ever he was or



The late Duke of Argyle

affectionately. "You see," said John the blacksmith—a staunch, brawny Britisher, as sound as the anvil on which he worked—"they got a son of their own who they reckon was similar in looks to you when he was young. A wild, harum-scarum sort of fellow he grew up, no good to a place like this, but somehow the two old folks could see nothing wrong in him. They thought Tommy was an angel, and no one felt it worth while to tell them the truth—not even the Squire. People about here think a good deal of Mr. and Mrs. Todd, and when, time and again Tommy was caught poaching, the Squire let him off with a good hiding instead of summoning him.

"But the boy got into bad ways all round, so one or two of us clubbed up and paid his passage out to Canada. The old folks thought as it was Tommy's high ambitions as was taking him away—talked about what a saver he'd always been and so on, little thinking it was our money as was paying the passage.

"That was three years ago. The boy had evidently something good about him because he paid us back—every penny. But I don't fancy he's made anything out. In my opinion a ne'er-do-well in England is a ne'er-do-well in Canada, and they don't want him there any more than we want them here."

will be. Once he wrote saying he was homesick, and asking me for the money to bring him back. I wrote and said that if ever he appeared here with less than a hundred pounds I'd smash him. And so I will!"

Tim went home that night with a heavy heart. It was winter, and the old folks were waiting tea for him. They had put his slippers down on the hearth to warm, just as though he were their own beloved and wayward Tommy.

The boy possessed no vivid imagination, but a lump rose in his throat as he pondered over the poignant state of affairs. He gulped down his bread and butter with alarming quantities of tea. Tommy, the idol of his parents, was out west doing well! Soon he would return home to lavish some of his hard earned wealth upon the old folks whom he loved so dearly! Tim longed to know more, and being no diplomatist he opened the conversation with his usual straightforwardness. "When did Tommy write last?" he enquired blandly.

The old man smiled across at his wife, and laid his pipe with unsteady fingers on the mantelpiece. "O, it'll be some time back, isn't it Emma?" he said vaguely. "You see he lives a hard life, and out there in the woods they don't get posts every day. We ain't heard from him since last time, and maybe he's changed his address. But he's doing

well. I'll wager he's doing well! He'll just drop in on us some day, unexpected."

"Hope to goodness he don't!" meditated Tim. Then aloud he said—"What did he put in his letter?"

Well, the old man had 'most forgotten. It wasn't a letter—just a card to his mother. The poor boy had forgotten to stamp it.

"He said," the old lady supplemented, "that he was having a quiet rest in town after a long spell in the bush, and that he hoped we was all right—God bless him!"

The old man was still wagging his head in happy anticipation of the fortune Tommy would unexpectedly bring home. "He had nothing to start with, mind you," he said, half to himself. "Not a penny to start with, save what he'd put aside. A lad of that sort is bound to get on—bound to get on!"

Again the uncomfortable lump rose in Tim's throat. He loved the old people the more for their pure simplicity, and thanked the kind providence that blinded their eyes.

The weeks slipped by. Tim worked hard and played hard, and as is almost inevitable under such conditions he found himself on the way to success on his small walk of life. Every Saturday he paid the bulk of his savings into the Post Office Bank. He had a vague notion in his mind that he might need it at any time. Soon he became the possessor of Capital, and the knowledge of his possessions gave him a quiet pride and confidence that singled him out from the hundred and one little drab rabbits with whom he worked. Without conceit he felt himself above them—a rabbit of more distinguished hue—and in that mysterious way that such things come about others became subtly conscious of his superiority. And so the day arrived when Tim entered the great mill by the swing doors with the frosted glass—took up his place in a little Holey of Holes across the entrance of which was written the one inspiring word Private—no longer a member of that pathetic little warren that slaved all day amidst the tumult of the looms.

But while all this was going on a change had taken place at home. Tim had never known his own parents, but he had come to regard the two old folks as he doubtless would have regarded his own father and mother had they lived.

Tommy had not written since last time. The old folks began to wonder. Tim noticed the eagerness with which they awaited the Monday mails—the questioning look that passed between them when each Monday the postman hurried by. Tommy must be ill! If only they knew his address—

In due course the old man ceased to take an interest in the mails, and in a great many other things too. His long Sunday rambles over the downs became a thing of the past, and on Tim fell the duty of feeding the ferrets. The old lady still awaited the postman, but there was no disappointment on her face when he hurried past the garden gate—only a quiet and Christian resignation that to Tim was most pathetic of all. A great void had opened up in their lives, which Tim knew he was failing hopelessly to fill. "It's easy done out there," said the old man in a quiet, aside to him one night. "Tommy was always too ambitious. He'd never think of the risks he was taking."

But Tim did not share the belief of the old people that Tommy was dead—neither did John. "If I could get hold of the young rip," said the latter, "I'd flay him alive! Jingo I would!"

* * * * *

Tommy was coming home! A telegram received that morning, the first communication for five long years, said so. He would arrive by the midday train, and walk the five remaining miles to Whitewater.

It is a Liver Pill.—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulators now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parnelee's Vegetable Pills. Their operation though gentle is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

The old man used a whole box of matches in lighting his pipe when he broke the news to Tim outside the swing doors.

"I must get a day off," Tim said. "I'll hire a trap from the Fish and Anchor and drive down to meet him."

"I was thinking," said the old man, "that me and mother'll come along too."

"No, no!" cried Tim. "I mean—it will seem more like home if he finds you waiting at the door. Besides, he'll want to do some shopping and mother might catch cold."

In ridiculously good time Tim, urged by the old man and wearing a huge buttonhole of white syringa, drove out of the hotel yard. Mr. and Mrs. Todd stood at the garden gate, and waved till he disappeared from view. Then the old lady polished the milk cans, and set them in their accustomed place under the parlor window. The old man overfed the ferrets, and gave them a fresh bed of straw. At grave personal risk he ascended a rickety ladder, and cut the dead blooms from the rambler over the arch. Finally, with many labored gruntings, he proceeded to weed the garden path.

you left, and if they get to know that you've come home broke, it—it might kill them."

Tommy looked down into the eager face of the boy. He saw something written there that touched the very weakness that had so often proved his undoing.

"We can't mar their happiness now that they're old," Tim went on. "We shall have to deceive them—make them think you are a better man than you really are."

"But how?" enquired the broken Tommy, staring at the coppers in his hand. "One can't be a blooming millionaire on fivepence halfpenny!"

Tim thrust an eager hand into his own pocket, and drew forth a bulging purse. All his hard earned savings were contained there, and yet in the goodness of his kind young soul the boy felt he was asking a favor in bestowing them upon Tommy. "I'll find the money if you'll do your share," he said. "I've saved for years thinking I might need it, Tommy, if you'll do your share I'll do mine."

A fresh hope came into the face of the ne'er-do-well. Though a waster in many ways, Tommy was not entirely

I come back next I'll be richer than I am now."

He looked at Tim and winked. When the party broke up Tim accompanied John to the door. "It's a fine surprise, lad," said the blacksmith. "I never fancied for a moment he'd make anything."

"Neither did I," said Tim soulfully. At the threshold the boy met Tommy, who clutched his arm and dragged him into a quiet corner of the little garden. Here the ne'er-do-well began to blubber like a schoolgirl. "To think it's all a lie!" he blubbered. "O, I wish it were true! I wish it were true."

The boy too was breathing heavily. Overhead the stars shone, and the sweet scent of homely flowers filled the air. "It may come true some day," said Tim, touching his foster-brother on the shoulder. "There's time yet, Tommy."

Tommy stared down into the boy's face. "Tim," he said, "You've made me realize to-night what success really means. You've made me long for it as I've never longed before. If I succeed after this—and I'll try—I shall have you to thank."

A fortnight later two very happy old people waved farewell to a great At-

The Valley of Baca

"You mean—" Catharine Macey asked, slowly,

"I mean," the doctor answered, gravely, "that you had better send for some friend at once."

The girl lay very still for several minutes. The doctor's keen eyes, watching, saw the slow tears gather, but that was all. Presently she spoke:

"It isn't dying. I have known that for some time. It was only that it seems so—lonesome. I haven't a relative in the world nearer than a cousin, and not a friend to whom I could send. It is very foolish of me—with a small, brave, appealing smile—to care for that now. isn't it?"

The doctor's hand closed over the thin one with stanch friendship in its firm touch. He had seen many young lives meet their sentence; he had never seen one meet it more bravely.

"That is where you are wrong," he said. "You have three friends, at least. I am one, Miss Baker is another. The third will come to you to-day."

The girl's eyes opened wide in astonishment. "A friend of mine—coming to-day? Who can it be? Why, there isn't anybody."

The doctor had risen now, and stood smiling down upon her.

"You will know more before night. Now I want you to promise to eat all that Miss Baker brings you. Will you?"

"Yes," Catharine answered. There was a bright spot of excited color in each cheek. What would she not do for a friend to help her down the unknown way of these last weeks?

She took what the nurse brought, and then lay quietly looking out at the great geranium hedge beyond her window. Presently she slept a little. She woke at the sound of a light knock and a low voice. "May I come in, dear?"

"Please," the girl gasped. If she should be a disappointment—this unknown friend!

The door opened softly, and the two faced each other—the gray-haired woman with the brave, sweet, serene face, and the girl who had so little time to live. The girl gave a little cry.

"Oh, how did you know how I wanted you—when I never had seen you?"

She was taken home to Mrs. Dana's that afternoon. The next day she waited impatiently for the doctor.

"Who is she?" was her eager question. "Tell me all. How did she come to me? It is the most wonderful thing that ever happened in my life. It is so beautiful to have it—at the last!"

The doctor nodded; he had known how it would be. He told the story briefly—of the flight for the life of an only daughter, of the defeat at the end, of the love which immediately turned its own sorrow into service. For six years now this woman had been giving herself to other girls who were fighting their sad battle with the same foe. Each, till death or recovery put an end to the need, became her daughter, with full rights to all her care and devotion.

The sick girl, who was no longer alone, murmured a few words.

"What did you say?" the doctor asked.

Catharine looked up at him, smiling. "It was just a bit out of one of the Psalms," she said. "It made me think of Mrs. Dana, 'Who passing through the valley of Baca, make it a well.'"



A Fine Western Field of White Spencer Peas.

"It's a pity we didn't know he was coming a bit sooner," said the old lady, looking on. "Then we might have had things really nice for him."

From a photograph that occupied the mantelpiece, Tim recognized the loose-limbed, hollow-eyed man who slouched down the platform from the midday train.

"You're Tommy Todd?" the boy enquired eagerly.

"Yep," answered the stranger with a questioning side glance.

"What did you come home for?"

"What's that got to do with you?"

Tim explained who he was and why he had come. He told Tommy about the high expectations of the old people, and the faith they had maintained in him, and how they still stood steadfast in the belief that he would have made a fortune.

"Then they'll be mighty disappointed," said Tommy, with a bitter laugh. "I worked my passage home on a tramp steamer under the Stars and Stripes, and here's my fortune—" He produced fivepence halfpenny in copper, then turned his pockets inside out.

Tim caught the man by the sleeve and dragged him into the empty waiting room. The boy was trembling from head to foot. Many a night he had lain awake and recited to himself just what he would say if this crisis ever came, but now that it really had come all his carefully prepared speech was forgotten. But what he said was earnest and sincere. "If you have a bit of pity, Tommy, listen to what I'm going to tell you. For two years the old folks have been wearing themselves out for news of you. They aren't so young as they were when

heartless. "What is my share?" he enquired cautiously.

"That you pretend to the old people that you've made good, and then return to Canada."

"Return! Goodness, I haven't the money."

"There's enough here. I'll advance it gladly to spare the old folks."

For a time Tommy was thoughtful. "You're a little white man if ever I ran up against one," he said presently. "You must think a whole heap of father and mother."

An hour later Tommy and Tim arrived home. Tommy was wearing a new suit of blue serge—so new that the tailor's ticket still adhered to one corner. He looked well and prosperous now that he was well dressed and groomed, for he was by no means a bad looking fellow.

Mr. and Mrs. Todd, all their old fears forgotten, accepted the evidence of Tommy's prosperity without question. To them it was only a matter of course that Tommy should be well-to-do, after his long absence in the West.

That night, when John came in for supper, Tommy excelled himself as an exponent of fiction. He told stories of the great North-West, of lumber camps, pioneer settlements, forest fires and blizzards—stories of hardship and adventure in regions where men have no opportunity of writing letters.

Even John listened with admiration. There was no doubting that Tommy had been through the mill, and—wonder of wonders!—he had come out top.

"I'm going back in a week or so," the traveller added. "I tell you, it's the fairest country in the world, and when

lantic liner as she moved slowly out of a Liverpool dock. No less happy and hopeful was the boy who stood behind them. When the boat was gone the old lady said—"There, I knew he'd succeed! I was sure my boy would be successful!" And the old man, for no other reason than that he was overpowered with a great pride for his son, sat down on a lobster-pot and wept.

There is a place in the wide West for every man who tries, and this time Tommy found his.

Trees in Winter

Cold, crisping cold are the sun-deserted boughs

Harshly rasping, sharply crackling, as a laboring pain-racked breath, Tortured by relentless blasts—phantoms from an ice-bound region—Renewed strength and vigor pleading otherwise releasing death.

Dirges, fitful dirges, sung by unseen, wind-blown lyres,

Sadly mourning, weirdly wailing with a message half untold,

Storm-compelled to ever wander, breathing tones bereft of gladness,

Mingled sobs with broken pleading, rasped by stinging blasts of cold.

Joy, deathless joy! Come the faintest calls below

Slowly surging, softly ebbing from the spring of life within,

Oozing sap, life, up and swelling, powerful secret of creation,

Subdued comfort, pent-up blessing conquering death strain's deepest din.

Asked to Choose

A well-known Southern judge tells a story about a white man who during reconstruction times was arraigned before a colored justice of the peace for killing a man and stealing his mule. It was in Arkansas, near the Texas border, and there was some rivalry between the States, but the colored justice tried always to preserve an impartial frame of mind.

"We's got two kinds ob law in dis yer cot," he said: "Texas law an' Arkansas law. Which will you hab?"

The prisoner thought a minute and then guessed that he would take the Arkansas law.

"Den I discharge you fo' stealin' de mule, an' hang you fo' killin' de man."

"Hold on a minute, Judge," said the prisoner. "Better make that Texas law."

"All right. Under de law of Texas, I fin' you fo' killin' de man, an' hang you fo' stealin' de mule."

The Woman's Quiet Hour

By Miss E. Cora Hind

The last time I wrote for the page was the April number and some, at least, of my readers will remember the need of rest was emphasized. Probably the

A Holiday Jaunt stronger because the writer knew she had erred in that direction and was even then paying the penalty. A month of sharp illness is a lesson that goes home. However, it is of the joys of a holiday that followed the illness that I really wish to write. "Get out of the newspaper atmosphere and rest," were the doctor's orders, and for once they were carried out.

The night of Easter Sunday saw a very shaky scribe boarding the Pacific Express frazzled almost to tears because there was a mistake about berths. It was a real case of the grasshopper being a burden. At last matters were adjusted and a night's sleep and a brief chat with some friends at Regina, who came to wish the invalid bon voyage, put a pleasanter complexion on things in general. Tuesday morning's waking was in the foothills, and at 7.30 Banff was reached. Sulphur baths and the sighing of winds through the pines made sleep a thing of joy, and life once more seemed eminently worth living.

Two days at Banff and then the wonderful trip through the Rockies and the Selkirks. No matter how often that journey is made it never palls. The Selkirks were full of snow, even down through the timber line, and as the day was cloudless the light and color of the sun on the snow was marvellous.

At Revelstoke came the first real hint of spring, for here the lawns around the C.P.R. hotel were being cut for the first time, though even a few miles away the peaks were covered with snow. At Sicamous the trees were showing the first tender green. During the night came the sound of rain, heard for the first time in many months, and with daylight we found ourselves in a land with cherry trees in bloom and many gay wildflowers blooming along the track. It was very misty and these beauties of nature seemed part of a dream. The mist deepened to a white fog as Vancouver was approached, and the rain was pouring down as we made a swift dash from the train to the Victoria boat.

Before the first headlands were passed the sun was shining; every bit of coast and each little island was a mass of verdure, and we were truly in another world.

Victoria C.P.R. is excellent; the **the Beautiful** forward deck of all these boats is inclosed in glass and makes a delightful observation parlor. It was a little too cool at first to sit outside, but as we drew further away from the mainland it grew decidedly warmer, so that long before the outer harbor of Victoria was reached the boat sides were lined with passengers eager to get a first glimpse of the lovely city by the western sea. We docked at the inner wharf at 2.30, and after the confinement of train and boat it was delightful to walk through the grounds in front of the beautiful parliament buildings, see the great beds of tulips and hyacinths, the rhododendrons in bloom, the lilacs just opening, and the great beds of wall-flowers. It was the seventeenth of April and the plum and cherry trees in many gardens in the city were already dropping their blossoms, and the apple blooms were coming out. It was a paradise to eyes that had looked for weeks on bare, dusty, windswept streets.

The landing was followed by three blissful weeks of real leisure. After months of waking to the realization of work which must be done, in spite of protesting nerves, to wake with a soft sea breeze bringing the odor of wall-flowers through your window and to lie looking at the Olympic mountains, seventy miles away across the straits of Juan del Fuca, their long range of snow-

capped peaks changing from white to crimson and purple in the rising sun, and feel you could lie there all day if you wanted to, was pure bliss.

The days went all too quickly in walks to Beacon Hill park, where the golden glory of the gorse and broom was in dazzling contrast to the purple of great beds of wild hyacinths, drives round Gordon Head, Cordova Bay and Uplands, and trolley runs to Elk Lake, Deep Cove and the Gorge. Everywhere there was beauty, every vacant patch in and out of the city, even though mere masses of rock, was covered with bloom. Any little pocket of soil in the rock, no matter how small, was a resting spot for verdure and bloom. Many of the lichen were like bouquets, while the rock gardens of many homes, with their mixture of wild and cultivated flowers and mosses are very dreams of beauty.

about the broom and the gorse, to the effect that Sir James Douglas, the well-beloved Governor of the Island, longing for the shrubs of his native Scotland, brought out quantities of seed and carrying it in his pockets strewed wherever he went. Whether this be true or not, the broom has come to stay, and is one of the glories of the island.

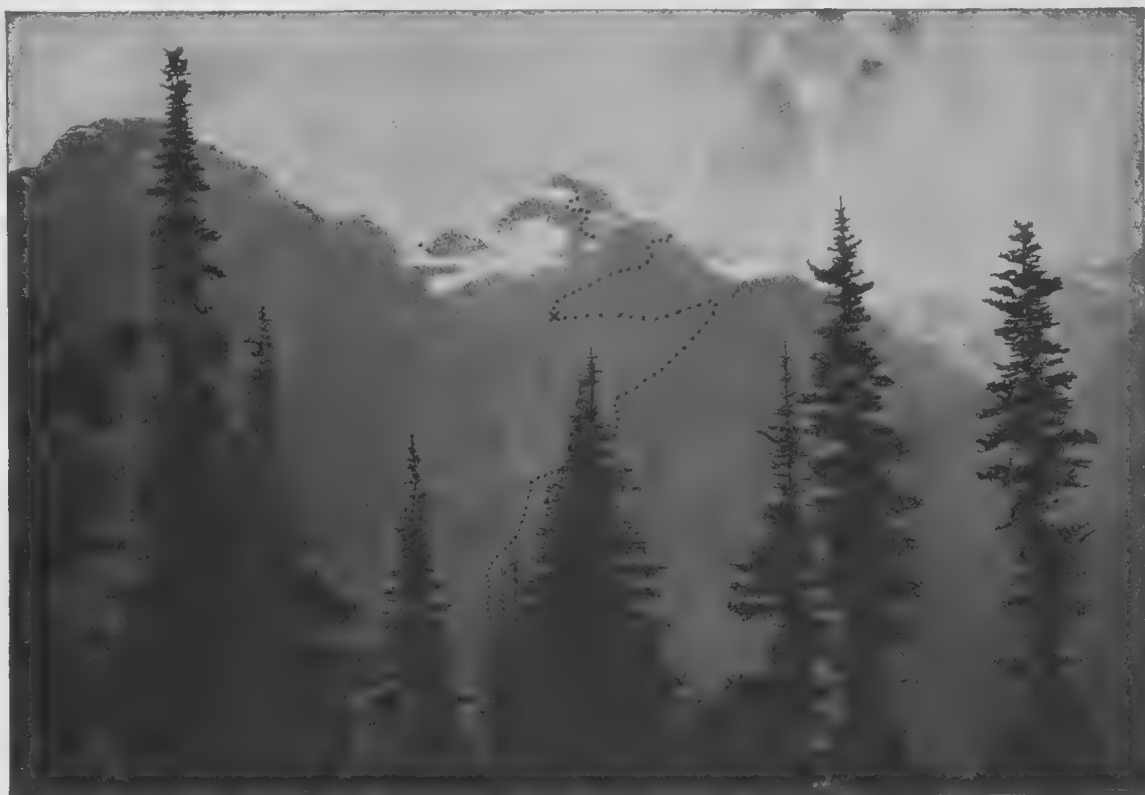
It seems as if this story might go on indefinitely and half the beauties of that island be left unrecorded. Nothing has been said of the beauty of the ivy hedges, the holly orchards or the bulb farms, any of which might make a little story in themselves, but perhaps this grows tiresome to those who have not seen it and I want to say something of the beauty of the hospitality. We pride ourselves, and I think quite justly, on the hospitality of the prairies. It is both cordial and kind, but on the prairies we want newcomers, and we want them to feel at home. On Vancouver Island the oldtimers do not want newcomers; they do not want tourists; they are quite content to go on as they have done for years. They eye with disfavor some of the innovations that have crept in, but their

Many of the farmers of our Western prairies are getting to a point where they can afford to take a holiday in the winter, and I would suggest that in future they try Victoria rather than California. Why seek under an alien flag what you can get at home?

Should The Husband Or Wife Choose The Home?

Among the many things in which husband and wife should act in unison the choice of a home is without doubt one; provided, of course, both are of sane mind and sound body. For either to arbitrarily dictate where the home should be would be to transcend the rights of the domestic relation. Here comes in the advantage of a similarity of taste. What a severing of wishes if John insisted upon a suburban cottage and Jane was equally determined upon an uptown apartment house!

The first requisite in the usual number of cases is to make a list of possible houses with rental rates within the limits of the monthly allowance for rent. The second requirement is to live within easy reach of the bread-winner's work. The true wife will be willing to



Mount Elkhorn, B.C.

One of the loveliest sights on the island was the Dogwood trees, which seem to reach their greatest perfection there. There used to be a shrub we called Dogwood in Ontario, but it could Dogwood only have been a remote and very plebian cousin of the one at the coast. Picture the effect of tall, slender trees, from twenty to forty feet high, leaves of delicate green and covered with pure white blossoms with centres of gold (many of the blossoms three inches across), standing singly or in groups among the great pines and cedars. We used to sit at the trolley windows and say, "Oh, look, there is more Dogwood," and no matter how often in a day we saw it its wonderful beauty never failed to draw forth an exclamation.

Vancouver Island is wonderfully blessed with flowering trees and shrubs. The quaint Arbutus trees, that raise their glossy green heads all winter, while they pay compliment to the change of season by shredding their bark, were covered in April with great masses of bloom; the flowers are in shape rather like lily of the valley, and a creamy white in color. There are wild cherries and hawthorne galore, while among the native shrubs the wild currant with its profusion of bright pink blossoms is one of the loveliest.

It is a kindly soil and climate, and many trees and shrubs, not native, appear to have become so. Holly, laburnums, horse chestnuts, all grow luxuriantly, as if they had never known another home. There is a pretty legend

attitude towards guests is simply charming and their hospitality is the truest of all, for they invite you into their homes and really try to know you and do for you the things you like best. It is all so without effort. Their homes are spacious, the kindly climate helps them there, and they do not give crowded teas and big crushes. Ask anyone who has visited any length of time in Victoria and they tell the same story. The small, congenial number, the absence of effort, the sense of being of importance to your hostess, of being a guest she wishes to honor, not a unit in a social obligation to be discharged in a job lot to economize time and labor. An invitation to afternoon tea in Victoria is something to prize, not something to dread, as it has become in even the smallest of our Western towns. In Victoria, unless an hour is named, you arrive shortly after three, and everyone brings some work; the circle is not large so all become acquainted. I noted an entire absence of malicious gossip, and gardening seemed one of the most absorbing topics of conversation.

Whatever charge of slowness may be brought against Victorians in other directions, absolutely nothing can be said against them on the score of providing good educational buildings and good roads. The splendid roads are especially noteworthy because of the great expense entailed in making roads in that country of heavy timber and many rocks.

consider these facts, so will the right kind of a husband. Then remains the selection of the house containing the greatest number of desirable features. These should not be difficult to agree upon. Husband and wife then feel that the choice made was the best possible, and that neither one is responsible for the defects which are always found in "rented houses."

The Privileged Girl

Simple homes have contained the birth-rooms of our world's strongest men, and best women. If a homestead be surrounded by God's handiwork in nature there is vast opportunity for the daughter to improve, and be happy. To learn as nature teaches, "sermons in stones," to read "books in running brooks," and to understand the voices of the air are opportunities like Shakespeare had, and he opened the gates of Arden-wood to all the race. He heard the leaves whisper in the trees and listened to the bees heavy with their harvest of honey, and these were lessons that trained him to become an interpreter of nature, and he understood humanity better because of this knowledge.

Colleges are calling for women who understand the lessons of nature. Privileged beyond measure is the girl in the country—for she is out in the great quiet, where all things tend towards the development of peaceful personality. The reflection of a girl's features reflect her work.

The Children's Crusade

By J. H. Yoxall, M.P.

AS disappointment upon disappointment comes to child, teacher and school-manager in these days, I think of the strange chronicle of the Children's Crusade.

Matthew Arnold, one of the few children of light who have ever had to deal officially with the administration of education from the centre, sent me his *Prose Passages* twenty-one years ago, and in it I find a favorite quotation from "A French Eton."

"In the Crusade of Peter the Hermit,

Peter the Hermit died in 1115, Abbot of Noirmoutier, the abbey he had founded on his return, and it was not until 1212 that the real Children's Crusade began. About that year three troops of children, seventy thousand of them in all, set forth from France and Germany for the East. The story of their going, their faith, their tragic ending, is the story of the most touching episode and the most astounding manifestation of the religious fervours of the Middle Ages; incredible if it were

and scrip. Parents and guardians and friends were helpless to arrest the departure; the youngsters broke out of doors, or even through walls, if they were confined. To Cologne and Vendome, the appointed towns of rendezvous, they flocked in eager crowds. Most of them came from the huts of the peasantry, but some of them from the castles. Nothing could restrain or thwart them. "Even bars and bolts," one of the chroniclers tells, "could not stay them back."

They were convinced that they were called to the rescue of the sepulchre and the Holy Land. "A little child shall lead them," they quoted; "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast ordained praise." They cited the call to the young Samuel. As they marched to the rendezvous they sang, "Jesus, restore to us Thy holy Cross." In all the marvellous pageant of the Middle Ages nothing is more picturesque, and nothing quite so pathetic. "Where go ye?" the astonished folk would cry, as they stood to watch the bright processions file through hamlet and bourg. "We go to Jerusalem, to rescue the divine sepulchre," was the reply.

Standing amidst the busy life of Cologne to-day, or in the sunburnt calmness of sleepily Vendome, one tries in vain to reconstitute the assembly and the scene. But one seeks in vain to comprehend its cause, as well; the cause is no longer possible; something that was quite natural and usual in the Middle Ages must have died out of human nature and its dreams in the dark, at the shining of the Renaissance dawn. Philip Augustus of France was sceptical even then, and he tried to prevent the departure of the children from Vendome. But his subjects showed themselves ready to use force against him, even against the Lord's anointed, if he persisted in hindering what they held to be the work of the Lord. The intense faith of the children had become contagious. The watching people were imbued, and "men of grey hairs and tottering steps," one historian tells, "were seized with the infection, and in their second childhood imitated the ardour and credulity of the infancy which had long passed away."

Forty thousand German children had assembled at Cologne. As they flocked to the old city, the gifts of the pious were showered upon them. Godfrey the Monk chronicles the death of a thief on the rack for stealing some of the gifts. The leader of the German host seems to have been a chorister named Nicholas, a child himself. His plan was to march up Rhine-bank and cross the Alps to Genoa. There they would be met by a miracle. "The drought will be so great this year," he told the children, "that when we reach the coast the abysses of the sea will be dry," and they were to march across the bed of the Mediterranean to the event and the shores of the Holy Land.

The German children were the first to move, but one can best study the phenomena of the Children's Crusade by examining its beginnings in France. It was a French boy who lit the European blaze, a child of twelve, a peasant's son, Stephen of Cloyes by name. As you travel from Chateaudun—heroic Chateaudun where the townsfolk made perhaps the best defence of the Franco-Prussian war-time—you come, as you make for Vendome, upon the ancient little village of Cloyes and its splendid old belfry rising from a woody slope. It was here that the peasant's son began to preach the Children's Crusade. Two centuries later, in the same beautiful Orlennais region of France, so calm, so heaven-lit, so open to blue sky, Jeanne D'Arc was to manifest traits like those of Stephen Cloyes, the phenomena of the hysterically and hypnotically devout.

Nothing was psychologically impossible in those days of fervent credulity, of contagious superstition redeemed by being sincere. Not far away from Cloyes, a few score years earlier, when fire had razed the famous church of Chartres, myriads of peasants had yoked themselves like oxen, and—men and women—had dragged to the monkish builders the materials to be used in erecting the most magnificent of all Gothic cathedrals, the Minister at Chartres.

What now are the broad yellow corny plains of Beauce were in those days black with crowding, weeping, praying, toiling peasantry, who made themselves voluntary serfs of the Church, gave to the Lord of Heaven the corvees they begrudged their seigneurs, and labored like beasts of burden without wage, until the fane of Our Lady rose from its ashes glorified. The memory of that great effort of faith would linger at Cloyes in the days when Stephen began to listen and think; and going on pilgrimage to Chartres, within the mystic crypt which bore the inscription *Virgini Parituae* his soul would speak to him of the marvellous works that faith had wrought. The lad was born with a bright mind and a sensitive spirit. A kind of genius burned in him, and he made its flame a lamp before the altar. The scenes around him aided the flowering of his faith and the conception of his mission. Orders had come from Rome that the Crusading spirit was to be evoked in the populace again. Mournful processions of priests and monks and nuns and honored pilgrims, clad in black and sack-cloth, set forth almost daily from cathedral and abbey to perambulate the towns and weep for the captivity of the Holy City, the Bride that was a prisoner to the lecherous Turk. Returned Crusaders and palmers displayed their sacred wounds and sores, their scallop-shells and scarlet crosses; and they told how the Fourth Crusade had stopped far short of pent Jerusalem, had come to a mercenary and fratricidal close in the capture of Constantinople from the Christian Greeks.

Stephen of Cloyes would hear and brood upon these things until like Jeanne D'Arc and poor Bernadette of Lourdes, he was ready to see nocturnal visions and be hailed by voices supernatural. The priests had remarked his piety and exaltation of spirit; plainly he was a chosen vessel, ready for the touch of miracle, tow for a timely spark. I picture him by night among the hay in the horse-shed, dreaming, asleep or awake. One night of misty moonlight, when everything around seems magical and thereal, a Figure stands tall and ghostly, showing white in the moonlight against the opening in the shed. The Figure wears a crown of thorns, its hands and feet manifest the sacred stigmata, it displays a pierced side. "Lord, Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" cries the lad, falling on his knees, and clasping his twitching fingers, and turning to the Figure in the moonlight a transfigured face.

"Preach a Crusade," the visitant answered, "lead the children of France to accomplishment where barons and princes and kings themselves have come to naught. I will put down the mighty from their seat, and will exalt the young of low degree. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings I will perfect praise!"

The Figure's voice was the voice of the Cure of Cloyes, but the boy was too excited to detect the mystification. Yes, the Lord had called him, he told his mother—had promised to children the achievement withheld from duke and king. "That is because of their notorious sins. The sepulchre is to be freed by children, a sinless band," he told the wondering poor woman. Ah, those mothers of saints and mystics and the predestined famous; the mother at Domremy, the mother at Assisi; Monica mother of Augustine; the mother of Buonaparte; the countless mothers that have seen the fable of the ugly duckling coming true; what hearts of anguish, fear, love, pride, incredulity, and faith were theirs! The mother at Cloyes heard in these words of her son the root idea of the Children's Crusade; innocence was to be stronger against the Saracen than all the swords and battering-rams of sin-steeped men-at-arms. The children had but to march to Jerusalem, and at their mere appear-



Lady Falls on Glacier Creek, a tributary of Elk River

where the hosts that marched were not filled after the usual composition of armies, but contained, along with the fighters, whole families of people—old men, women and children swept by the universal torrent of enthusiasm toward the Holy Land,—the marches, as might have been expected, were tedious and painful. Long before Asia was reached, long before even Europe was half traversed, the little children in that travelling multitude began to fancy, with a natural impatience, that this journey must surely be drawing to an end; and every evening, as they came in sight of some town which was the destination of that day's march, they cried out eagerly to those who were with them: "Is this Jerusalem?" No poor children, not this town nor the next, nor yet the next, is Jerusalem; Jerusalem is far off, and it needs time and strength and much endurance to reach it. Seas and mountains, labor and peril, hunger and thirst, disease and death, are between Jerusalem and you!"

It is an exquisite apologue; but whether true or not, Matthew Arnold assigns it is true of the children's own Crusade, that set forth nearly a century after Peter the Hermit had come back to Europe to die.

not attested by so many chroniclers of the time. If followed the last of the Great Crusade; it comes between the Fourth (1202—1204) and the Fifth (1216—1220) and with the Fifth the Minor Crusades began. The Crusades are variously numbered, but I adopt the arrangement that modern writers favor. The Fifth was the first of the Minor Crusades; the flame was burning itself out, and the long series of passionate adventures ended in the Eighth (1272), and the final fall of the exotic Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem.

Already between the Fourth and the Fifth the dying-down of the blaze was perceptible to Pope and Cardinal and Bishop, and the historian cannot but conclude that the children were treated as fuel to restore the fervency of the flame. Children were used by the adroit and unscrupulous priesthood to rouse and inspire other children, and suddenly the "epidemic of faith" began to run, like an infantile ailment, among the little ones of Germany and France. The small Crusaders were children of all ages and conditions in life, boys and without adult leaders or guides; they girls, rich and poor. They set forth took no store of provisions, they were weaponless, they went with empty purse

Ready-made Medicine.—You need no physician for ordinary ills when you have at hand a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. For coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchial troubles, it is invaluable, for scalds, burns, bruises, sprains it is unsurpassed, while for cuts, sores, ulcers and the like it is an unquestionable healer. It needs no testimonial other than the use, and that will satisfy anyone as to its effectiveness.

ance walls, as of Jericho, were to fall. And straightway Stephen Cloyes set forth upon his mission. He was twelve years old.

Four miles from Paris lay the miracle-working tomb of St. Denis, of Saint Dionysius, first Metropolitan of France. The pilgrims sobbing and praying there looked up one day, at the call of a boyish voice, and saw the lad from Cloyes step forth as preacher. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings I will perfect praise." Enthusiasm lent him argument, and French lips never lack for words. He told of the shining Figure, of the commission given; he convinced them that he was called of God indeed. The place of his first exhortation had been cunningly chosen for him by the monks who brought him there. Nothing was incredible at the Shrine of St. Denis. The tomb was a famous place of miraculous cures, an ancient Lourdes of hysteric agitation; the basilica built around it was always to be the scene of Roman Catholic triumphs. Henri Quatre was to adjure his Protestantism there, for "Paris was worth a mass." There Jeanne D'Arc was to hang her sword and buckler, her mission done. The family of royal Saint Louise were to be buried there. And at the coming of Stephen Cloyes, from St. Denis, a frenzy quickly spread through France. Minor prophets appeared in the provinces to

where the patricians opened their doors to them. Some of the great Genoese families, afterwards famous, the Vivaldis, for example, are said to have descended from these adopted German lads. Others pushed on to Pisa and to Rome, and a few, a very few, took ship for Palestine. "Such of these," wrote Michaud, "as reached Ptolemais must have caused terror as well as astonishment, by leading the Eastern Christians to believe that Europe had no longer any Government or laws or prudent men." What the Pope said was, "These children reproach us with having fallen asleep, while they are hastening to the salvation of the Holy Land."

The remnant of the second twenty thousand German children crossed the Alps by the pass of St. Gothard, and coasted the eastern shore of Italy until they came to what is now Brindisi. At every opening in their hilly path they had scanned the sea for the appearance of their promised miraculous pathway. Disappointed, but hoping still, some of them reached Brindisi at last. From that port about three thousand of them "sailed away into oblivion. Not a word ever came back from them." They vanished into night and mystery, into pestilence, slavery, or the waves.

Meantime, the French children, thirty thousand in number, were making across France to Marseilles from Vendome.

And then just one of them, a grown man by that time, appeared in Europe with a tale to tell. He told how two of the ships had been wrecked, and how the rest of the children, arriving at the ports of Bugia and Alexandria, had been haled to the slave-markets and sold into a tyranny worse than death.

The Caliph had bought forty of the bonniest lads, to become his eunuchs and minions. Twelve of the most earnest of the little Crusaders, refusing to apostatise, were martyred for their faith. A traffic in European children for the Eastern slave-markets had long existed; Hugh Ferrers and William Porcus were its merchants, they had beguiled the children with their offers of a free passage to Palestine; and those of the five thousand who were drowned on the way suffered perhaps the happiest fate of all.

So ended the most marvellous episode in the history of religious movements during medieval days. It was intended to spur the flagging faith and zeal of Christendom; but it marked the culmination of fanaticism and the beginning of the revulsion which led up to the Reformation in Germany and France. For in thousands of Rhineland villages and the hamlets of Maine and Dauphiny, Rachel was weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted.

procession pass across the plain, and to hear the cry, "Is that Jerusalem?" "Not yet, not yet!"

The Sorrows of the Rich

"Has r. Jones got the rheumatism?" inquired Mrs. Seymour, when Mr. Seymour came in to dinner. "I noticed that he walked a little lame as you came down the street together."

"Shouldn't wonder," replied Mr. Seymour. "Their new house is built on that made land, and it can't be healthy."

"How did Mr. Jones walk, mother?" inquired fourteen-year-old Alexander. "Did he sort of balance himself along as if he was most afraid to step?"

"Why, yes, Alexander, I believe that is the way he did walk," replied Mrs. Seymour.

"Well, you watch Mrs. Jones, and you'll see that she walks just the same way, and so do Tom and Janet," said Alexander.

"There!" exclaimed Mr. Seymour. "That's what pride will do! Just to live in a fashionable part of the city, Jones has made cripples of himself and his whole family. How long have Tom and Janet walked in the manner you describe, my son?"

"Ever since they moved into their new house," answered Alexander. "But 'tisn't rheumatism, pa, and it isn't pride. Tom



A pretty scene in the spring time

which the returning pilgrims carried the marvellous news; other lads imitated the preaching of the boy Stephen. The wild-fire leapt the Rhine and lit a blaze in Germany, always apt to imitate and obey. On both sides of the great frontier river the children grew wild with the excitement. This was a special revelation, all for them; it was to be their own Crusade. And so the eastward little ones converged on Cologne, and the westward made their rendezvous at Vendome in the country of the honored prophet Stephen.

The forty thousand German children were the first to move. The boy Nicholas led twenty thousand of them up the bank of the Rhine, through a region that then-a-days was savage and inhospitable. They seem to have lost their way a little, for they approached the Alps near the pass of Mont Cenis. But before the mountains came in sight one-half the number had sickened and died, or fallen out of the files by the way. The toils and exposures of the Alpine pass still further thinned their numbers. Only a remnant emerged upon the plains of Italy—seven thousand only of them were left. Yet that was an imposing multitude, and the dwellers on the Piedmont plains, whose forbears had witnessed Gallic, Punic and Hunnic hosts invade, stared at the coming of warriors such as these; but turned again to the plow.

The children came to Genoa, and hastened to the lip of that magnificent bay. But the blue waves spread before them, God had not opened for them a passage as of the Red Sea. Discouragement swooped upon them; they murmured that they had been deceived. Some of them turned at once, and made for home. A few remained in Genoa,

Stephen of Cloyes rode in great state in a chariot at the head of them, attended by an escort of young nobles who paid him the homage due to an almost sacred being. The French child Crusaders seem to have had no clear idea of the distance of their bourne, and to have forgotten that the sea lay between Palestine and France. For, day after day, as the towers and battlements of a town, Sancerre or Nevers, Lyons or Valence, rose against the eastward sky, "Is that Jerusalem?" they would cry.

"Not yet, not yet," answered the monks who marched at their side, and the little hearts would droop and the little feet tread wearily all that day.

But on the morrow, perhaps, again turret and pinnacle and rampart, blue upon the horizon, and again the eager cry, "Is that Jerusalem?"

And again the reply, "Not yet, not yet."

Across the arid stony desert of the Crau, where now the gamester is whirled towards Monte Carlo, the French children toiled, and came at length in sight of the Mediterranean; and there, as the amethyst waves lapped the shore without hint of recoiling and opening up a dryshod path, three fourths of the twenty thousand turned their backs upon the East and made for their homes again. But some five thousand of them pressed on, and joyfully accepting the offer of Hugh Ferrers and William Porcus, merchants of Marseilles, crowded themselves into seven small ships, and singing, "We go to rescue Zion," sailed out of port. A veil as of darkness fell around them also, as the last sail vanished from the sight of men who watched from the hill of Notre Dame de la Garde; and for eighteen years no word of the little adventurers came back.

The historian seeks the motive of the deeds he chronicles, as the key to fit the complicated wards of facts. What, in the beginning, was the motive cause of the Children's Crusade?

Contemporary chroniclers assert that Stephen of Cloyes was manipulated and moved by the priests of the Orleanais, because it was needful to buy off, with the lives of European children, the lives of two priests who were held in bondage and hostage by the Sheikh-al-Jebal, the Old Man of the Mountains, chief of the Hashashim. Mr. Maurice Hewlett has shown how close were the relations between the Assassin chiefs and European monarchs. There were several successive Sheikh-al-Jebals; the story of the chroniclers may be true; dates are not against it; nothing is too deliberately diabolical to have existed in those times. But a wider motive than that can alone explain the Children's Crusade. The priests may have instigated it, at the command from Rome; but surely it was the passionate clinging of the impressionable young to the outward evidences of a faith defiled by its own professors and ministers, which caused the frenzy and contagion of the cry "To Jerusalem!" again. The Church was corrupt, even the children saw; but none the less "there is a green hill far away," and Christ died on Calvary Hill; the garden, the tomb, the rolled-away stone of the sepulchre, were they not yonder, yonder where the sun rose beekoningly day after day, in mute appeal? Yonder lay the sacred Places, woe-begone, soiled by unspeakable Islam; eternal salvation awaited those who should give a new resurrection to the Passion of our Lord. And so the children wept and prayed and marched; and as I passed the Crau not long ago I seemed to see the long

says it's the polished floors. They are finished as smooth as a pane of glass. He says they have to step so carefully that they can't seem to walk the way they used to."

"For pity's sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Seymour. "The idea!"

"I guess the house isn't very healthy, though," continued Alexander, thoughtfully. "The doctor was there twice last week, once to see Grandma Jones, and once to see the cook."

Mr. Seymour nodded. "Malaria," he said, briefly.

"Grandma Jones slipped on the sitting-room floor and sprained her ankle," explained Alexander, "and the cook slipped on the stairs and broke her leg."

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, in unison. And Mr. Seymour remarked, as he gazed affectionately at the worn brown paint on the dining-room floor, "There's more than one kind of danger in building a new house."

Indignant Subscriber: "I say, look here, you know, what do you mean by announcing the birth of my tenth child under the heading of 'Distressing Occurrence'?"

Country Editor: "Dear, dear! I hadn't noticed it; that must be the foreman's doings; he's a married man himself."

"Have you anything to say," said the judge to the prisoner at the bar, "before sentence is pronounced against you?"

"Only this, your Honor," replied the culprit, "I hate awfully to be convicted of burglary on the testimony of a man who kept his head under the bedclothes all the time."

The Plane Above

PRESTON had the reputation of being a "bad lot." Yet to his friends he was a "good fellow." To Mildred Deland, who perhaps, happily for her, did not know the immeasurable distance between a good man and a good fellow, he was a good man. As Charlie Kingsley has said—

"Love always sees the objects of its love
Upon a plane a little bit above;
Love is not blind for it has eyes to see
The loved one as he really ought to be."

Mildred Deland saw in Preston something for which nobody else had ever troubled to seek, and of the existence of which he himself was scarcely aware. She read capabilities and strength in his face, where others saw only the indelible stamp of his past life and the shadows it had left.

One night shortly after Preston had first met Mildred Deland, her name was mentioned by an acquaintance of his named Paul Vasher. He looked up and spoke.

"Speaking of Miss Deland, Vasher," he said nonchalantly, "I was introduced to her the other night. With all respect to you, my dear chap, you rather over-rated her, you know."

"Do you think so?" Vasher asked shortly.

"I'm afraid I do. Perhaps she talked over my head a bit. I don't see that a woman needs to have brains if she's attractive. Blue-stockings bore me."

Vasher coloured. It was an open secret that he had laid patient but unavailing siege to Mildred Deland's heart.

"She's not the woman who would look at any man, and she isn't as you imagine all of them to be—a husband hunter," he said.

Preston laughed. He was too easy-going to show annoyance, even if he felt it.

"My dear chap," he said, "you don't know women, whereas I flatter myself that I do! It's only a question of method with most of them, or shall we call it 'management' on the part of the man? Give me the most 'difficult' woman in the world, and I'll find a means to manage her! It's only a question of the way you drive them—they all answer, sooner or later, to the master hand."

"I can't argue with a cynic like you," said Vasher. "But I'd like to bet you

"Don't, you'd lose?" said Preston. He stretched out a lazy hand for a match, and relit his cigar. "If a man makes a bet with me," he pursued, after a deep puff, "I make it a matter of principle never to lose."

"You're an outrageous egotist!" Vasher exclaimed. "But I'll bet you all the same that Miss Deland would never condescend to give you a serious thought, in spite of all your 'methods' and 'management.'"

Vasher spoke with an ugly sneer in his voice, and Preston's eyes flashed, though he did not lose his self-control.

"I'll take you," he said quietly. "What's the period to be? A month? Two months? Three months?"

"Two," replied Vasher. "Fair means, mind!"

"Fair means," echoed Preston as he rose, stretched his long arms, and yawned. "And perhaps you'll remember," he added lazily, "that it was you, and not I, who introduced the lady's name in connection with a wager, in spite of the fact that I am supposed to have a reputation for doing such things."

"You'll lose, Vasher," remarked one of the other men who had been silent listeners.

But Vasher made no answer.

It had been no idle boast on Preston's part when he had said that it was a matter of principle with him never to lose a bet. In his nonchalant, happy-go-lucky nature there was a curious obstinacy or strength that, where women were concerned, amounted to a strange

mastery, and it was uppermost when he met Mildred Deland for the second time.

He looked at her with curiosity, but he sighed as he did so, promising himself nothing in the way of novelty.

At their first meeting he had, as he told Vasher, found her boring, because she talked too seriously, but afterwards—well, it was so long since a woman had taken him at anything but his own valuation that he found it hard to understand why this one should.

Many women had loved him, or professed to do so, and he had loved many, or also professed it; but the intimacy had always ended in boredom and nothing else.

With Mildred Deland, however, the usual course was not followed. She laughed at his cynicism, and persisted in adopting an attitude towards him that seemed to say that she knew how much better he was than he chose to let the world think.

From being annoyed and from being flattered—he would not have been human had he not felt vaguely flattered—he grew ashamed at his own unworthiness.



Poling up stream against a seven-mile current

What would she say if she knew of that wager with Vasher? He wished from the bottom of his heart that he had never been a party to it.

Women were a nuisance? He did not want to be thought better than he knew himself to be; he recoiled from the look of sweet trust and confidence with which the girl's eyes regarded him. It seemed like a searching light turned on the dark spots of his life. He did not want a love that would ask more than he felt he could give, and he vaguely realized that the conquest of this girl, about which he had wagered with such light confidence, would hardly be a source of pride.

She was too good to be humiliated, he reflected, for the whim of a man whose intimate acquaintance with the seamy side of life had left him callous, selfish, and practically worthless.

The thought worried him. Preston was no coward, and he would have faced the ridicule of Vasher and his friends without flinching.

What must be must be. He would take what the gods gave.

And the gods gave him the heart of Mildred Deland.

It took Preston some time to realize it fully, and when he did the knowledge filled him with a kind of panic.

The responsibility of this girl's future seemed to have been thrust upon him, leaving him powerless to resist.

It was only a look, a word, given unconsciously by the girl, but it told him that he had won the game—such as it was.

If she really knew him, he told himself, she would never have given him a serious thought, as Vasher had said. It was only because, in some mysterious way, she saw him by the light of her own sweet faith that this thing had ever come to pass.

He was not worthy—he had never wanted the love of a woman such as he knew her to be.

Then came the inevitable revulsion. Who cared for what was past and gone? He would snap his fingers in the face of the world, and show it that a dog need not necessarily be hanged because it believed in him—loved him—and he happens to have a bad name. The girl would ask her to be his wife.

And Vasher and the two other men who had been present when he had accepted the wager? What would she say when they told her? Preston was positive that they would do so.

It was useless to equivocate. He could not undo the harm he had done, but he would carry it no further. At least, he could go away and leave her unconscious that he knew her feelings had gone further than friendship.

He would see her no more. She would wonder at first; she would wait; but in the end pride would triumph. She would forget.

For the first time for many years Preston put the happiness of another before his own. He took care that Miss Deland should not meet him.

The days slipped away, and Preston found himself looking for her in the face of every woman he passed—listening for her voice and the sound of her laugh above all the tumult of his life.

At length she wrote to him—a little

other remote spot," she said. "Even Mr. Vasher did not know what had become of you, for I asked him the other night."

"And what did Vasher say?" asked Preston, frowning.

The girl looked up at him and smiled. "Oh, he said that you never did things like other people! Sometimes you vanished for days together, and then reappeared as if nothing had happened, and with no explanation."

"And you believed him?"

"I? No, I knew he was only joking."

Preston was silent.

"Are you coming down by this train?" asked Mildred, and Preston said "Yes," although it was not what he had intended to say.

They found an empty compartment. The girl got in, but Preston made his cigarette an excuse to stand outside while he endeavored to decide what he should do. He had not seen her for more than three weeks, and yet here they were back on the old footing.

He looked at her intently. She was good and lovable as well as beautiful, and she believed in him. Did he love her?

Was it because he knew that he was unworthy of her that he wanted her? If he succumbed to her, would he discover the next day or the day after that he regretted his new bondage? Would it end, this romance, as the others had done, in disappointment, weariness, and boredom?

He threw away his cigarette, stepped into the carriage, shut the door, and sat down beside her. The decision had come suddenly. He would let her settle it all for him, let her give the answer to his doubts. But it was hard to begin.

Preston presently realized that he had been silent for a long time, and that the girl was looking at him wonderingly.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked as their eyes met.

"I was thinking," said Preston, "of an individual, a friend of mine—"

"Yes?"

"A man. Something happened recently to rouse him and to show him how he had wasted the years that had gone. I suppose some such awakening comes to a good many of us some day. It is not pleasant. I know he—my friend—was very pessimistic about it. He said that it all seemed such a hopeless business, that it was all very well to preach that it's never too late to be what you might have been, but—"

"I don't think it is ever too late," said the girl. "If, as you say, we sooner or later wake up to the fact that we might have done much better, it is generally because some chance to do better has come, some opportunity to—"

She paused.

"Go on, please!"

She laughed a little nervously. "You will think I am preaching, but I do believe that once in a lifetime everybody has a chance to do one good thing that atones for a great deal that is not good which had gone before. Perhaps a chance comes to make a sacrifice, to save another from suffering, or—"

"You mean that in such a case we should take the chance?"

"I think we should try to."

"I see."

The train was rushing swiftly along, and Preston felt as if he were being borne towards some great crisis; he felt that when the train stopped, when the journey came to an end, he would be allowed to go no farther along the path towards happiness, the path which, so far, his feet had but touched.

"In this—my friend's case," he said suddenly, "it was a woman, a woman far above him, too good for him. I don't suppose you understand how a man feels about these things when he really cares—"

He broke off, forcing a laugh. "But my friend tells me that when he thinks of what his life was before he met her he hardly dares to hope that she might—even give him her friendship."

"I think a woman always forgives when she loves."

"But that isn't all. He is afraid he could not make her happy," he went on. "I do not think she knows that he cares for her; so I told him that rather than bring her unhappiness it would be better to go away, leave her, take the chance you spoke of just now. Don't you think

that perhaps this is his chance to do one good thing, to atone, to blot out—Preston stammered, helpless. The train was already slackening speed.

The girl looked puzzled. "I think," she replied thoughtfully, "that it is a question that the man can only answer himself. Surely he knows best whether he is likely to bring her unhappiness? He must know if he really, really cares for her, or if it is only a sort of fancy that will pass."

The lights of the station that would separate them flashed in at the carriage window. The train stopped.

The girl drew her feather boa closer about her as Preston stood up and opened the door.

"I shall tell my friend what you say," he said.

"I could not presume to settle such an important question," she declared, smiling. "But tell him from me that he knows in his heart what he ought to do. Tell him that if he feels unworthy, if he feels that she would be happier without him—"

"Yes?"

"He will know what I mean," she said. She stepped on to the platform. "Shall I see you again soon?" she asked.

"I think so," said Preston. "Yes—perhaps. Good-bye?"

He stood at the open door and watched her cross the platform. He caught the gleam of her hair in the lamp-light; then he saw a man emerge from the hurrying crowd and join her. It was Paul Vasher.

Preston shut the door and went back to his seat. It seemed a dark omen that the figure of that other man should at that moment step into the path from which he himself had just withdrawn. The train moved slowly out of the station, and Preston sat staring into the blackness of the night, a prey to bitter jealousy. Had she known, and yet said what she had in order to try him? If only he could know, if only he could be sure!

But for once in his life the man who flattered himself that he knew women had met one whom he could not master or understand.

Paul Vasher had asked Mildred Deland to be his wife. He had been encouraged by a new gentleness in her manner, and, like many before him, he was blind to the fact that the light that shines in a woman's eyes when she looks at one man may have been lit for another.

But he knew his mistake even before she broke the silence with her gentle refusal.

"Will you tell me why?" he asked unsteadily. "Why is it, Mildred? You should never regret it. I have lived a straight life; I have not racketed through the world and fooled about like some fellows do—like Preston does. He has often laughed at me, but I don't care. I have always loved you. The kind of life that he and his set lead is of no interest to me. I—"

"What kind of life does—does Mr. Preston lead?"

The girl spoke the words as if they were forced from her. Vasher shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, the usual thing! Every one knows what he is. The biggest boaster in England, I should say. Brags that he knows how to manage a woman better than any man he has ever met. What he means is that he knows how to make love to them. And he tires of everything in a month, and—"

"I don't believe it!"

The words broke from the girl like a cry, and Vasher started.

"What do you mean? What is Preston to you?"

There was a long silence; then the storm broke. Half mad with jealousy, Vasher sought to tear the veil of belief from the girl's eyes. He tried to show Preston to her in the light by which the world saw him. He threw the stones that the world's uncharitableness had so often cast, and when at length he stopped he was trembling with passion.

"I don't believe it!" said Mildred again. "I don't believe it!"

"Ask any other man who knows him, or any woman! You do not understand, Mildred. Dear, you don't understand. If he says he cares for you, it is a lie; he cares for nobody but himself. It is a lie if he says he loves you. Only six weeks ago he made a wager with me

that he would make you care for him. It's the truth! It was at the club! Hallett and Forsyth were there, and heard; you can ask them if you don't believe me. Ask Preston himself."

"I will not ask him anything!" the girl burst out passionately. "I would not insult him by asking. I don't believe a word you have said; he is a good man and I'd trust him before any one in the world!"

Her voice broke suddenly. She turned and fled, leaving Vasher alone in the darkness.

For a whole day the girl struggled against the doubts that, in spite of her own belief in Preston, Vasher had left in her mind.

Then suddenly she remembered their conversation in the train. Had his "friend" been himself? She trembled as she realized her own blindness.

Was it the truth, after all, that Vasher had spoken, or had Preston really cared, really tried to tell her his own story? If it were so, she could forgive him anything. What did the past matter if he loved her? What was there in all the world that she could not forgive if he loved her?



Canada's New Governor General, Prince Alexander of Teck and Princess. Their Highnesses will arrive in the Dominion about Oct. 1st and take up their important duties

Clinging with fresh strength to her faith in him, the girl struggled through another day. But the third morning she awoke with tears on her face. The long night had been filled with dreams of Preston. She sat up in bed in the gray dawn and told herself she could bear it no longer; she must know the truth, whatever it was.

She slipped out of bed and wrote a letter to Preston. She wrote it three times before it sounded natural to her. Then she went out of the silent house and posted it.

There was comfort in the thought that she would soon know now; he would come, or he would write, and he would say—what would he say?

Preston knew before he opened the envelope that bore his name in the girl's handwriting that she had heard all, and that it was Vasher who had told her, Vasher who had dragged him, with no gentle hand, from the high place in her regard where he knew she had set him.

He would have to face the disillusionment in her eyes if he obeyed the summons in that note. Suppose he wrote? What could he say, when there was no excuse to offer?

And the girl waited and waited and hoped, and found reasons for his silence—as women will do in such a case even while they know in their hearts there can be none.

Sometimes, when the house was silent, she would steal downstairs in the darkness to make sure there was no letter. It might have come late, it might have

been overlooked, it might have been delivered by hand, by Preston himself, she told herself with piteous hope. But the box was always empty, empty; and slowly she began to understand that everything was at an end between them—that he would come no more.

A few weeks after Mildred had written the unanswered letter an accident happened to the boat-train from London to Liverpool, and the girl saw Preston's name in the list of those who were seriously injured.

She sat for some time with the paper in her hand. An awful stillness seemed to fall about her.

Then she heard people in the room talking about the accident, but the girl said nothing, and presently slipped away to her room. Alone in the cold and darkness, her hands clasped in her lap, she tried to picture it all.

It had been at night, in the darkness, and it was hours before some of the injured could be taken from the wreckage. She thought of Preston—his strong figure pinned down—helpless, perhaps in agony. The man she had loved! Had loved? Did she not still love him? Even when she had thought hard things of him, even when he had left her

When nearly a month had passed, and the accident had been almost forgotten, he met Mildred one afternoon in the street.

The girl would have passed him, but he stood in her way.

"I was coming to see you," he said, and fell into step beside her.

Mildred did not speak.

"Preston came home last night," he said abruptly after they had walked some way in silence. "Did you know?"

"Yes."

"You have not seen him?"

"No."

Vasher laughed.

"No, I suppose not; even you could not be expected to tie yourself to a useless hulk. I suppose—"

"I don't understand you," began the girl hurriedly. She did not perceive the sneer in the man's words for the sudden fear at her heart.

What did he mean? They had told her that Preston would soon be as well as ever, that it was only a matter of time. Had they lied to her? Would nobody ever tell her the truth?

"Perhaps," Vasher went on—"perhaps, though, you welcome his blindness as a bond that will keep him to you, now he is helpless. Is that it?"

The girl stood still, as if her feet suddenly refused to move. Her face was very pale.

"What are you saying?" she asked in the voice of one struggling against some overwhelming terror.

He looked at her and shrugged his shoulders.

"I thought you knew," he replied in a hard voice. "It is no secret. They all know. Your own brother told me. Perhaps it is fitting that I shall be one to tell you after all. A little unfavorable puff soon changes the course of a woman's love; round it goes like a weathercock. What do I mean? Why, that Preston is stone blind—that is all!"

For a moment the dull sky and the gray, wind-swept street seemed to rush together; then the world slowly righted itself, and Mildred found herself staring into Vasher's unhappy face.

She did not doubt the truth of what he had told her; she had read in his eyes that it was the truth.

Without a word she turned and left him. She went on and on without stopping, as if she could not put distance enough between herself and the man whose selfish love had dealt her nothing but blows, as if she were trying to outpace the horror that kept by her side.

Preston blind! Blind! And they had not told her. With his keen enjoyment of life, his love of it, his strength—blind! And her brother had known; the whole world knew but she, and she loved him best.

Had he asked that she should not be told? She stopped still, with a sudden feeling of utter helplessness. There was no light to be found anywhere, no one she could go to for comfort, no one who would understand.

How could she go to Preston and say, "I love you! I must be with you! Don't send me away because you are blind. I will love you more!" A man might do that were the situation reversed, but she must not. She must act the woman's part—wait at home, hide her feelings, and show a smiling face to the world.

"I will go to him—I will, I will!" she told herself as she stood in the growing dusk, trembling and unnerved.

She remembered the letter she had written to him—the letter he had not answered. The memory brought a revulsion of feeling. Suppose he did not want her? Suppose, after all, her belief had been wrong?

There was no help anywhere. Others might go to him and comfort and cheer and help him through the darkness that was chaining him hand and foot, but for her there was nothing.

It was late when the girl reached home. As she crossed the hall with footsteps that bravely tried to disguise their weariness her young brother came to meet her, his face wearing an air of suppressed excitement.

"Go to the library, Mildred," he said. "You are wanted. Hurry up!"

The girl surveyed him doubtfully. "If it is Mr. Vasher, I will not see him. Say I am ill, dead, anything—only let me alone!"

The boy was too excited to notice the weary pallor of his sister's face.

"It's not Vasher!" he exclaimed. "You'd better go and see who it is."

He pushed her, with gentle insistence to the library door, then opened and closed it behind her.

The only light in the room came from the fire, but there was no mistaking the tall figure of the man who rose from the armchair at the sound of her entrance. It was Preston.

For a moment they stood motionless; then the girl moved slowly across the room till but a step lay between them. She could not see his face in the dim light, but her love for him and the knowledge of his blindness seemed to banish any reserve that must otherwise have kept her from him.

friend that if he felt unworthy of the woman he loved, if he felt that he could not bring her happiness, he should leave her. I took that for my answer, even though I was not certain if you guessed I spoke of myself."

There was a brief silence. A log, falling apart in the grate, sent out sudden light, and for the first time the girl saw Preston's face, its altered lines, the shadows that pain had left there.

She moved back to him, but she did not touch him.

"There is something else that I told you," she said. "Have you remembered—that—too?"

He did not answer, but a sudden flush colored his thin face.

"I told you," she said, and her voice had fallen almost to a whisper—"I told



A beautiful scene in B.C. Snow-capped mountains in the background and a shining lake in the foreground.

She put out her hand and touched his coat as if to assure herself that it was indeed he. The touch seemed to awaken her—to tell her that this was in very truth the man himself.

"You have come back," she said; "but you are blind."

Preston covered her hand with his.

"I have come," he said, "to tell you—to ask you to forgive me. You have always thought better of me than I deserved. If you knew the whole truth! When I tell you that the man of whom I spoke to you that night in the train was myself—when I tell you that I—that I—"

"You need tell me nothing," she interrupted him gently; "I know it all. I knew it all that night just after I left you. Mr. Vasher told me. That was why I wrote to you."

She suddenly remembered the silence with which he had met her letter. She drew her hand from his.

"You did not answer," she said, with pain in her voice. "You left me to think the worst of you."

"It was because I loved you. I could not hope that you would forgive me or believe in me. I thought I was doing the

best—for you. You told me to tell my you that a woman—always—forgives a man—anything—when—when she loves him!"

The fire had died down again to a dull glow when the girl raised her head and reaching up, touched Preston's eyes with tender fingers.

"And—you are blind!" she cried, with a piteous sob.

The tender fingers were caught and kissed passionately.

"No, thank Heaven!" said the man, and there was a new strength in his voice. "Do you think I should have come to you if it had been so? That is why I have waited, that I may see—only you—in all the world!"

She Spoke the Vernacular

"I understand that your wife is a student of the dead languages."

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton. "But her studies are of no particular advantage. When she talks to me she insists on using language that I can't fail to understand."

The Giant's Week

By Tudor Jenks.

There is a ge-ge-gentleman ou-outside who wa-wants to see you!" said the Keeper of the gate, rushing into the throne-room, where the King and Queen and their little Royal Highnesses were holding a reception with all their best crowns and other things on.

The Master of Ceremonies was amazed to see the Keeper, and especially because the Keeper's hair stood right up straight, his knees were knocking together, and his face was as white as the King's shirt-collar.

"Excuse me, Your Majesty," exclaimed the Master of Ceremonies, "but really the Keeper must be out of his senses." So saying, the Master of Ceremonies seized the Keeper and tried to drag him out.

"No-o-o, I'm not, cried the Keeper; "bu-but this ge-ge—"

"Don't you know you mustn't stutter before their Royal Highnesses?" said the Master of Ceremonies, angrily.

"G-goodness me" gasped the Keeper, "this gentleman is a gi-gi-giant!"

"A giant!" exclaimed all the little Royal Highnesses; "how delightful!" and they all rushed from the throne-room to see the show.

At this the Keeper promptly fainted, and the royal reception came to an end because the whole roomful of Court ladies were struggling to see which could get first to the Keeper with a bottle of smelling-salts. Presently one of the little Princes came running into the room in high glee.

"Oh, papa!" he cried to the King, "it's a tremendous, real, truly giant, and he has come to see you!"

"Show him in, somebody," said the King.

At this the little Prince began to laugh. "Why, papa, he couldn't get one foot inside the door!"

There was a sudden silence when the people in the throne-room heard this, and many of them became serious.

"I hope," said the Master of Ceremonies, "that Your Majesty will be careful of your precious person. This giant may be a dangerous creature!"

"Pooh!" exclaimed the Prince, who did not like the Master of Ceremonies, "he is as good-natured as he can stick. Do, papa, come out and see him."

"I hope Your Majesty will remain indoors," said the Master of Ceremonies.

"Indoors!" said the Prince. "Why, if the Giant wanted to, he could carry off the whole palace under one arm."

"There may be sense in what the boy says," remarked the King, "and maybe it would be wisest not to anger this creature. I think it is my duty to face the danger."

"Danger!" the Prince repeated; "there isn't any danger at all."

As there seemed nothing better to do, the King took his son by the hand and went out to the courtyard. As soon as he reached the doorway he saw the giant—a really remarkable giant. This was no circus giant of seven or eight feet in height, but a real tower of a man whose head was higher than the flag that floated far above the castle roof. Yet he seemed gentle, and was laughing and trying to hear what the children in the courtyard were shouting to him.

The King called out, "Who and what are you?"

The Giant leaned downward toward the doorway, and said, "Are you the King?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm John E. Normous, and I have just arrived from Giant Land."

"I didn't know there was such a place," answered the King.

"Very likely not," answered the Giant. "We don't often go visiting."

"Well, it's very kind of you to call upon us," said the King, at the top of his voice.

"Not so very," replied the Giant. "I'm one of the visiting committee."

"Ah, I see," said the King; "and you come to—" Then he paused, hoping the Giant would go on.

"I will explain," the Giant returned, very good-naturedly. "You can see that I am very big, and very strong."

"Oh, yes," the King answered, "I can see that."

"Well, we Giants on the visiting committee are sent around to different countries now and then to see how they are getting along."

"Of course, of course," was the King's remark. "We shall be very glad to have you look about and make yourself acquainted with our land. No doubt it will be rather difficult to provide for you, but—"

"Don't trouble yourselves about that," the Giant replied; "we always carry our own provisions;" and he tapped a haversack which he wore slung at his side. "I shan't make any trouble of that kind, but you may not find my visit a very agreeable one. In short, I wish to see how the business is carried on—whether justice is done, things fairly distributed, and everything properly attended to. I shall settle down with you for a week, and meanwhile shall keep a sharp lookout for all the rascals in high or low place; and at the end of the week—well at that time, I will show you what I came for."

Here the Giant examined the club he carried—the trunk of a great pine tree, like a ship's mast. Then he went on, "I shall take up my residence near the mountain over there, and I shall be glad to see any of the people who care to call, especially the children."

The Giant bowed politely, took two or three steps and was far away.

The King returned slowly and thoughtfully to the throne-room, where he found the Queen sitting alone.

They looked at each other in silence for a moment, and then he spoke:

"Where shall we go, my love?"

"Go? What do you mean?"

"Why, we must be miles and miles away from here by next week," replied the King. "You heard what the brute said?"

"Are you afraid of the Giant?" asked the Queen.

The King squirmed uneasily in his chair.

"I think it would be wiser to take no risks," the King replied at last. "Come, let us see to packing the trunks."

Next day the Court Physician announced that Their Majesties must have sea-air, and in three days the Court was in a fast express train and on its way to the coast. So eager were all the great officials of the Court to attend on Their Majesties that only those stayed who were positively commanded by the King to remain in the capital. Also the greater part of the fashionable people of the city were soon on their way to distant parts of the land.

Meanwhile, after some of the bolder spirits among the citizens had visited Mr. John E. Normous and found him most entertaining and agreeable, others went and even took their children. With the children the Giant was a very great favorite. He would put two fingers under their arms and lift them high into the air, and let them run races around his hat brim. Or he would place them on the hands of his watch, first removing the crystal, and let them ride. It was very exciting to ride on the great second-hand; but even the minute-hand was very good fun. And he would let them climb up tall trees and high mountains, keeping his big hands below so they couldn't fall.

Every now and then he would remind his visitors of his intention to return to the city at the end of the week.

So the time passed, and at length came the day for the Giant's return. Just as the sun rose he was seen in the distance, coming toward the city with giant strides. As he approached a few scurrying figures departed at full speed—on horseback, in carriages, and in a few trains that had been specially kept in waiting.

By the time the Giant reached the palace, followed by a crowd of children and some of the citizens, the palace was

empty except for about half a dozen hard-working officers, including the Keeper.

The Giant strode up to the castle front and called to the Keeper.

"Where is the King?"

"Gone, Mr. Normous."

"Where?"

"I can't say. He left no address."

"Well, is there anybody of importance left?"

"No, sir; nobody in particular. Let me see— Oh, yes, there's the Third-Assistant Treasurer!"

"Call him."

"Here he is," said the Keeper, pointing to a quiet-looking little gentleman in a rusty suit of clothes.

"Are you the highest officer that didn't run away?" asked the Giant.

"I believe so, Mr. Normous," the Third-Assistant Treasurer replied.

"Very well," replied the Giant; "then I will just ask you to post this little notice."

The Giant handed over a roll of paper containing the following:

To the Good Citizens Who Remained to Welcome Me:

Greeting—This is to thank you all for your kind attention and friendly calls, and to leave word that I have enjoyed my little visit very much; in fact, so

Mothers' Daughter

Juliet Wilbor Tomkins

AFTER the preliminary reading of the play, Miss Del Orme seldom rehearsed with the company. Ann Carmichael, trembling with her first big chance, was thankful for this. The few times that the star was present during those early rehearsals, Ann showed herself stiff and wooden, wholly lacking the fire that had so abundantly justified the choice of her for the passionate Lady Phillis. The stage-manager looked at her shrewdly after her third reduction to a wooden Indian, but said nothing; Miss Del Orme was kind, even friendly. Ann went home sick with mortification, and the next day, Miss Del Orme being absent, made them all thrill with the sweep of her spirit. Her part was becoming important out of all proportion to its length. Burton, the stage-manager, tapped her shoulder approvingly with his lean forefinger.

"You're Mother's own daughter," he said. "Give her my congratulations."

At Miss Del Orme's reappearance, a week later, Ann plunged in bravely. Then a glimpse of the great lady looking on with a critical half smile reduced her

And now my daughter comes home whimpering because the leading woman looks at her! Pshaw!"

There was a tonic energy in the final exclamation. Ann rose and straightened her disordered hair.

"It's just that I hate to have her see me such a stick," she apologized. "She must think I'll ruin the whole effect of the third act."

"Well, you won't," said Mother. "If you do, you needn't come home after it, that's all. Does Burton treat you all right?"

"Oh, yes, beautifully!"

"He'd better, or I'll have a talk with him"; and mother returned to her newspaper with a significant closing of her lips.

Ann tried faithfully to imitate the maternal spirit, but she faced the last week of rehearsal with growing dread, knowing that the star would be present daily. Burton had shown himself surprisingly considerate of her nervousness.

"You and Emerson get here half an hour early on Monday and we'll do your third act scene before she comes," he had

Miss Del Orme looked sallow and acid beside her full-blooded, angry youth.

Burton, pausing beside her in an interval, spoke cautiously out of the expressive left side of his face.

"Too bad! I tried to give you the tip when she came in. I'm afraid there is no use trying to tone down now."

"I have no intention of trying!" Ann was splendid in her scorn. "She can never frighten me again." His lips screwed to a dubious whistle.

"She can do you, though," he warned her. "Awful pity, after your good bluff. I wanted you to get on the first night before you were found out."

"I'm not worried."

"Mother's own daughter! All the same, my dear, look out for yourself. She's I-T—It on these premises."

A messenger interrupted to say that Miss Del Orme wished to consult with him in her dressing-room. He came back presently to dismiss the cast, looking pre-occupied and annoyed. When they returned that afternoon he gave Ann one expressive glance, but set them to work without explanations. Miss Del Orme was less hostile, but Ann felt no reassurance in that. Her confidence in the friendliness of stars had been seriously shaken.

Burton detained Ann after the others had gone. His manner had become formal and impersonal. Drawing up a chair to the prompter's table for her, he opened a tattered manuscript.

"We are obliged to cut the play down a little," he began curtly. "Have you your part here? Very well; I will show you what to strike out."

The omissions in the first two acts were not serious—a sentence here and there in the middle of a speech, leaving the cues unchanged; but when he turned to the third act and her one good scene, she dropped the pencil and clasped her hands tightly together with a quick "Oh!" of dismayed reproach. All the force and meaning had been cut away—nothing survived but a colorless line or two of explanation. No room was left to her, no chance; her part had dropped from a living creation to a bit of bald mechanism.

"Why, it's ruined, it's absurd!" she stammered. "Why, Mr. Burton!"

His defensive curtness deserted him and he turned to her, a kindly hand on her shoulder.

"Say, my dear, I'm awful sorry," he admitted. "I did all I could for you, but it was no use. You might just as well swallow it."

"But how could it hurt her—my one scene!" Ann cried, letting despairing hands fall on the table.

"Well, it couldn't. But, you see, she's an old story, and the critics will jump at something new. You'd be starred in the morning papers, just because they've said it all about her so often—see? And she won't stand for that. So there you are." He had taken Ann's manuscript and was quickly lining-out the parts to be omitted.

"What if I give it up?" she demanded.

"Little Cory would leap to get it, cut or uncut," he reminded her. "Go home and sleep on it, like a good girl. You'll count, you know, anyway. No one can prevent that."

"Oh, it's too mean!" She went away with tears running down her cheeks; she had worked so hard and cared so vitally!

"Well, daughter, what is it now? Del Orme been looking at you again?" was Mother's greeting. Ann offered her part with an angry laugh.

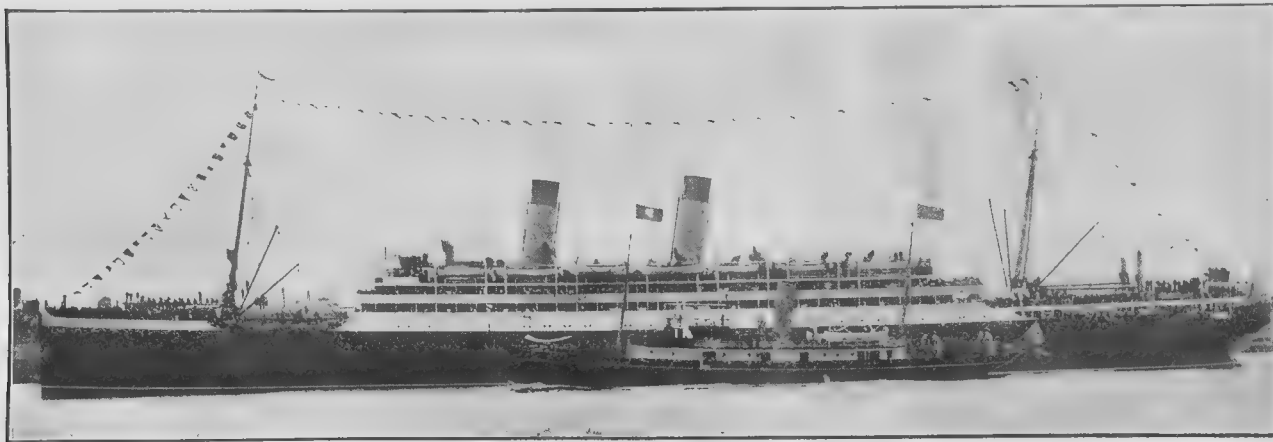
"She's been looking at Lady Phillis," she explained. "Oh, what's the use of trying!" She flung herself on the couch, and Mother let her cry without comment, turning over the leaves with a determined tightening of her lips. When she laid it down, there was battle in her quiet movements.

"Daughter, it's an outrage," she said firmly. "I shall see Burton about it myself."

"It won't do any good," sighed Ann; but she felt less desolate. Mother was a power when she took hold of a situation.

Late the next afternoon, when Ann was going doggedly through her denuded part, a strenuous bonnet rounded a Corinthian pillar. Burton started and glanced hurriedly about as if for shelter.

"Oh, good Lord, Mother!" he muttered. Mother came across to him with the deliberate step of fate. He began a hurried apology about being too busy to see her now.



The ill-fated steamship Empress of Ireland of the Canadian Pacific line, which collided with the collier Storstad in the St. Lawrence, near Rimouski, May 29th and sank, carrying to their death over 1,000 people. Worst marine tragedy in history of Canadian navigation.

much that I may return at any time without previous notice.

I do not find it necessary to carry out any reforms at present, as I understand most of the rascals have for a time left the city. But if I shall find any of them here on my return—which may take place at any time—I shall know how to deal with them. Farewell—for the present.

Yours very respectfully,
John E. Normous.

When this placard had been displayed, the Giant waved his hand good-humoredly to the citizens, turned on his heel and walked away. From that time it is strange how cheerful that land became. Yet, happy as it was, neither the King nor any of the rest who had taken a vacation during what became known as the "Giant's Week" ever came back. Nor did any one ever see again John E. Normous, Esq.

"Dobbs is a mild-mannered man."
"Yes, he is; I wonder if he's naturally so, or married?"

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could; some blunders and absurdities crept in—forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day. You shall begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be encumbered with your old nonsense.
—Emerson.

"Help! Help! Save me! Save me!" cried the excited passenger, as the steamer crashed at full speed into the pier and splinters flew in all directions. "What has happened?" And as she asked the question she seized one of the crew frantically by the arm.

The latter, a tall burly Irishman, for a moment stroked his matted hair reflectively. Then he replied:

"Happened ma'am? Happened? Why, nothin'! It merely looks to me as if the cap'n forgot we shtop here!"

suddenly to cold clumsiness. After her scene—her big scene, when she played it as she could—she tried in her mortification to keep away from Miss Del Orme; but the star patted the empty chair beside her invitingly and was impressively kind until it was time to step forward with her own exquisitely finished performance. The stage-manager met Ann in the passage when she was making her escape and, instead of reproof, grinned broadly.

"Mother been putting you up to this?" he asked.

She shook her head, surprised. "Why, Mr. Burton, Mother would kill me for such a performance!" He nodded shrewdly.

"You are a deep one," he said. "I thought it might be scare, before."

"But it was—it is," she protested; then hurried on lest she should burst into tears.

The tears came overwhelmingly in her own apartment. Mrs. Carmichael, rocking by the window, laid down her paper.

"Now, daughter, what's the sense!" she protested. "Your eyes are your best point; for mercy's sake, don't spoil them." Ann's only answer was a dismal sob. "Well, then, if you must bawl, get something out of it," pursued Mother reasonably. "That is just the sob you want in your scene with Emerson—see if you can't get it again."

Ann dried her eyes with a long sigh. "There isn't going to be any Lady Phillis for me," she announced, despair in her voice.

"Daughter! Burton hasn't fired you?"

"Oh, no! The worse I do, the funnier he seems to think it. Miss Del Orme is so k-kind—just the way I should be kind to a b-blithering idiot. I c-can't act when she is there. I'm g-going to resign."

"You're going to do nothing of the kind." Mother folded her stout arms across her chest. "Why, daughter, where is your sand! What if you had had to do Mazeppa on one-night stands—strapped to the back of any crazy, half-broken horse they could pick up? I didn't cry about it, either—and I wasn't eighteen.

suggested. "You can just walk through it, later."

"You make me feel ashamed," Ann had protested. He shook his head at her.

"Foxy, foxy!" was his amused comment. She laughed back out of sheer good nature, not troubling to understand.

Monday morning she went swimmingly through her long scene, quite undampened by the dim, empty theatre with its sheeted chairs. A charwoman, crawling out from between the rows, settled back on her heels to stare open-mouthed, a gray cat watched her solemnly from the rail of one of the boxes. The minor members of the cast, clustering in the wings, glanced at one another affirmatively as she sprang to her climax. She felt her triumph as keenly as if every chair had held a breathless spectator.

Burton gave a sharp nod and looked at his watch. "Very good. Again, please."

Ann played the whole scene to the gaping charwoman; she had never done it better. If she had not been so absorbed, she might have seen Burton's eyes trying to reach her with some warning signal. When, flushed and tremulous after her final burst, she turned for his approval, she found herself confronting Miss Del Orme.

The star stood with her long, thin hands crossed on the knob of her umbrella, her eyebrows arching sharply over drooping lids, her thin lips drawn down at the corners; the patronizing kindness of the past weeks lost in cool disdain. Burton, lurking behind her, had a quizzical twist on one side of his shrewd face: the other side was always inexpressively smooth. Ann, in her first rush of joy at being seen at her best, moved impulsively toward her. Miss Del Orme brushed past her with an imperious gesture to Burton.

"Now let us have as little delay as possible, please," she said sharply.

It took Ann some moments to accept the truth. When there was no longer any doubting the fact that Miss Del Orme was in a jealous rage, some inheritance from mother awoke in her veins; she played her part with spirit and assurance, her cheeks burning but her big eyes cool.

"That's all right, Burton. I can wait, if you prefer," she said, fixing him with a cold eye. He sighed and dismissed the cast for the day.

It was an hour before Mother emerged. Her bearing never knew defeat, but nevertheless this time it did not express victory.

"Burton can't help it," she announced to Ann. "He'd like to, but he always was a weak fool. That Del Orme has everything under her thumb." She offered no consolation, leading the way home in a silence which Ann was too dejected to interrupt. If Mother had failed, then, indeed, hope was gone.

There was no first-night anticipation or nervousness for Ann, whose shorn part seemed to her scarcely worth the trouble of dressing. Emerson, a stolid person whose one aim in life was to keep the precarious favor of Miss Del Orme, had accepted the change indifferently, but her fellow workers were generously indignant for her and whispered loudly—out of the star's hearing—of "A perfect shame!" That was her one consolation. Burton showed himself apologetically kind when they were alone. "But, for the love of Mike, don't turn Mother loose on me again, Ann," he said, with a solemn shake of his head. The young woman whose part was bounded by "The carriage is waiting" was far more agitated than Ann when the curtain rolled up on the great night.

Nevertheless, even she caught something of the prevailing excitement as the first two acts passed to increasing popular approval. She had kept faithfully to her reduced lines, but even so had managed to make herself felt. Perhaps a martial gray pompadour in the fifth row had something to do with this; Mother was a general at starting and prolonging applause. At all events, she felt that they were with her—that sea of heads blurred in the white glare of the footlights. A sense of what she could have done with them, given her proper scene, brought a stifled "Oh!" of pain and anger as she stood waiting to go on in the third act. The disappointment seemed almost too hard to bear.

A note was put into her hand. She read it at first absently, then with wonder. It was in Mrs. Carmichael's handwriting:

"Remember whose daughter you are, and that Mother never was downed yet, or lost a chance."

The underscoring of the last words left her frowning. What could even Mother have made of the bald scene ahead of her? Then she had to thrust the note into her belt and step forward to take her cue. "Or lost a chance?" Suddenly the words flashed into meaning, and the fighting blood of her inheritance stirred in her veins. An inner leap of excited recognition, then, fine-strung, vivid, daring, desperate, the Lady Phillis of the uncut version went on.

She had her house at breathless attention when Emerson came on at his cue—evidently under orders to stop this outrage. Lady Phillis, searching for the fatal letter, had to mount from shame to defiance in spite of him, for at first he stood stolid and unresponsive, then tried to check her with the wrong cues. Ann could no more have been stopped than the real Lady Phillis. She brushed aside his words, drowned them, carried her part as if his impassivity were his proper role; she had her emotions at her finger-tips, and could do with them what she would.

When the moment came for the discovery of the letter, Emerson stood between her and its appointed cabinet, but, with an unexpected hand on his shoulder, she thrust him aside and caught open the drawer. Then for the first time her heart failed her; for no letter lay within.

"Give me an envelope, anything!" she gasped in a quick aside, pretending to struggle with the lock.

"Sorry—I haven't one"; Emerson's smile was coolly disagreeable.

Chaos opened before her—a climax with its point left out. "Mother!" she gasped: it had the passion of a prayer. Then like a sign from heaven came the recollection of the note in her belt. To the house scarcely a moment had passed when she turned with the fatal sheet in her hand.

The day was hers now. The little scene that she had made big rose bigger than ever as it mounted to the full fire of its climax. Not a line, not a word was left out. Behind the scenes there was commotion, suppressed jubilation, hysterical anger; she could not be stopped!

Emerson had to follow her lead, a helpless accomplice. To the top gallery, the house was hers.

The courage of her inheritance was still a trumpet in her ears when she swept off the stage, the thunder of the audience swelling after her; her big eyes blazed open triumph into the twitching face of Miss Del Orme. Burton, with an impassive profile to the star, offered her a huge wink from the expressive left side as she passed.

"Mother's own daughter!" he murmured.

A Clerical Comedy

By W. A. Gill

DOCTOR JENKINSON, Bishop of Saratoga Springs, was over fifty years of age, and a widower. One morning he read in a newspaper that Mrs. Fraser, widow of Henry, son of the late John Fraser, of New York, was about to return to her native country after a long residence abroad. At the sight of this paragraph two creases bracketed the full jowl of Doctor Jenkinson, due to a depression of the corner of his mouth.

Thirty years ago, when he was twenty-two, and this Mrs. Fraser eighteen, his theology had trembled before her secular smiles. She was obviously no wife for a clergyman; which made him love her the more. She gave him a lock of hair, and married a richer and bolder man.

Presently, he got married likewise, from a sense of duty. A celibate clergyman confuses the piety of too many spinsters, when his celibacy is known to rest, as in the Anglican Church, merely on a changeable individual will.

He then made the mistake of keeping the locket, in which he had enshrined the hair, in a drawer of his writing-desk, instead of confiding it to the nearest pond. He discovered his mistake in this way:—

One afternoon he was composing a sermon, which refused to be composed. He grew weary. Soon, quite mechanically—which is not mentioned as an excuse—he opened the drawer, and took out the emblem of his Golden Age—of the age before sermons. It is wrong to ridicule high office, but Doctor Jenkinson was not yet a Bishop; and besides, there was more pathos than absurdity in his devotion to his first love. That flower of romance, far from withering with time, seemed to grow ever stronger on the sunny side of his heart, which it possessed all to itself. He undid the locket, and eyed the brown wisp dreamily. Then they were standing by the brook together; then crossing the stepping-stones, she holding his hand; then he felt a grasp on his shoulder. His real wife was peering over it. The contrast was pointed, and he lost his balance. And when Mrs. Jenkinson, a very gentle saint, demanded of him, quite roughly: "Whose is that? A woman's?" he was staggered into a "No." He had no time for correction. With a tearful kiss she upbraided herself for the suspicion, and when he seemed about to speak, stopped him quickly. "No, no," she pleaded, "do not tell me! You will make me feel worse. My one comfort will be that I would not let you." And then, to show that a saint may have at least the logic of a woman, she added: "But, O Henry, will you—would you marry her, if I were taken?"

"Her?" smiled he.

"I mean the person the hair—"

"Oh, no!" he laughed. "No, my dear, I can safely promise never to marry the person the hair belonged to!"

He had now repeated his falsehood thrice—by saying "No," by smiling, and by laughing. For this conduct one promise can hardly be considered an overcharge, even though the promise did afterward prove costly beyond anticipation. Meanwhile, being blackly underlined by three sins, it remained in his conscience as a very solemn pledge.

His wife died. He was promoted to the episcopacy. He felt lonely in the episcopal residence. In that solitude his fancy often tried to fly away like a bird to an ancient haunt. But the good man whistled it back. He had a sensitive conscience, and on the authority of the scriptures ranked thought and word alongside of deeds, for good or evil. To think

Mother herself, calm and business-like, was waiting just beyond.

"Daughter," she began, "I have just finished in your resignation from the company; two managers are to see you tomorrow. You did very well." Her tone was that of a satisfied general rather than a proud parent. Then the triumphant sound that was still holding the stage empty swelled, rose to a summons. Suddenly Mother's chin trembled.

"Go back and take your call—stupid," she said, and gave her a push.

of Mrs. Fraser at all—in the only way he could think of her—was virtually to violate his emphasized promise to the dead. But the newspaper paragraph did not abate the temptation.

He met her, unexpectedly, at an afternoon affair in New York. This was their first meeting since her marriage. When the hostess asked him to come and speak to her, his uneasiness was evident. A gaitered shank beneath a corpulent figure gives a topheavy air, and at the mention of Mrs. Fraser's name, his toes so yawned from the carpet, that a waiter flew to his support. He approached with eyes down-cast.

"The bygone bower who turn to see,
May lose the greener memory"

His sentiment was rather fear of present temptation. They shook hands.

"Oh," said Mrs. Fraser, "but do look at me, to see how long it is since we last met!"

He ventured a brief glance, and murmured words, of which she caught, "—always be yesterday."

"Nice of him!" she thought, expanding her feathered fan with a pretty turn of her left wrist, where his eyes were now resting. Then the feathers trembled under two sighs breathed from opposite poles. "Time has not cured you!" vowed one; but the Bishop kept the other sigh inarticulate.

"Always be yesterday!" Even while uttering the words, what a terror had seized him lest it should become to-day! His first glance had discovered more allurements to his mature taste than the girl had offered to his youth.

Mrs. Fraser remarked afterward to her daughter that the "dear old Bishop" had been "quite moved." She insisted on his agitation, until her daughter asked, "Now why shouldn't you marry him, mama?" Both her children were married, and both for some time past had been demanding a stepfather. They disliked having their mother at a loose end. She had retained too much of her prettiness. A second marriage to a good man would be safer and happier for her. They neglected no opportunity of realizing their plan. Doctor Jenkinson was an ideal opportunity.

Mrs. Fraser smiled quaintly over the proposition. The odor of sanctity already? But she did not more than say no. Novelty has its charm, and what more novel to her than the reposeful dignity of an episcopal life? And then, he had never ceased to worship her! Much slighter marks of interest would have convinced her of that. It were pleasant to reward an Abelard. She began to imagine herself Heloise.

Some other meetings, however, caused a doubt of Abelard's willingness to be rewarded. At the widow's side Doctor Jenkinson was aware of forces inside him, which threatened to overcome his self-control. To break his promise to his dead wife, about the person the hair had belonged to, would be to sell himself then and there to the devil. And, in thought at least, he strained this promise, whenever he saw Mrs. Fraser. He held aloof. If she succeeded in cornering him, his manner became foggy—not one smile. She felt the more vexation because her children were looking for a willing captive. Soon her self-respect compelled her to create a rival. She chose the Table. It was impersonal. She drew attention to his corpulence, and declared him sunken in materialism—in capable of sentiment.

Anon, he withdrew to Saratoga. But severe temptations prefer solitude, and his inward struggle continued. In March,

business brought him to New York again, and he accepted an invitation to dine at a Mrs. Van Pelt's. His principles condemned festivities in Lent, but he was trying to draw a large missionary subscription from Mr. Van Pelt, and thought that after dinner in his own house might be the moment for persuading the millionaire. So he waived his scruples, as he would waive the meat courses. There are few limits to self-deception, but we seldom court temptations which we dare not yield to; it is improbable that he looked to meeting Mrs. Fraser at this dinner—although, indeed, she was the hostess' aunt.

She was there, and even intended to use the occasion for deciding her relations with him, one way or the other. His aloofness may have stimulated her. Certainly, her children did. They were perpetually threatening her with an Italian or Spanish adventurer to make her latter days miserable. If Doctor Jenkinson distrusted himself at her particular side, she doubted her self-control more generally. She began to feel the need of a safe-conduct, and who would not trust a Bishop? On the other hand, she had accepted an invitation to yacht in the Mediterranean, and was to start in ten days' time. Heaven alone knew whether the Bishop would ever again find her single. In any case, they were not young enough to delay. It must be now or never.

When her niece mentioned that Doctor Jenkinson would take her in, she cried, "Oh, no!" and pulled a face.

"My dear auntie," replied Mrs. Van Pelt, reprovingly, "you will have a dinner sauce sentimental, which is much nicer than a la financière! I am condemned to the Trolley King."

"Sentimental! That dear good Bishop! I am sure he won't refuse a single course!"

"If he was so heartless," said Mrs. Van Pelt, "he would deserve a good punishment. But you'll both be up—up!" She trilled her hand in that direction.

"It is so difficult to punish some people!" observed Mrs. Fraser, meditatively. Then, with a sudden smile, she added: "I really think I will! It would make dinner quite exciting—a kind of race-game. The omission of one proper course—not counting sweets or things—to save him; otherwise, turn my pony loose!"

"Your pony?" exclaimed Mrs. Van Pelt, in astonishment.

"Yes," said her aunt, "Didn't I ever tell you that I gave him—?" At this point she was interrupted by the arrival of other guests.

When the Bishop was directed to her as his partner at table, he wished in one compartment of his inmost soul that he had not trifled with principle for the sake of subscription. His inclination toward her had been waxing pitilessly. He could not get her away from his heart, try as he might. Remorse and fear filled him. And now to sit by her through a long dinner! He compared himself to Saint Anthony; which parallel, considering his promise, and his delicate code of morals, was not altogether inept. But to what martyr would he have likened himself, had Mrs. Fraser's present thoughts been as apparent to him as her smile, while she took his arm?

The dinner was a drama, which hardly lends itself to genteel description; in brief, a contest between the widow's coquetry and the mastication of the Bishop. In pursuit of her end, she overshowered him with amorous arrows; whence he, careful of his salvation, could at last find no refuge, except by ducking his head and eating—eating everything. The table was too broad to permit a crosswise conversation; his other neighbor, a girl, flirted ceaselessly with the man beyond her. He was left helpless between Mrs. Fraser and his plate; and, as soon as the meat courses began, both were sin. So far as he could, he chose the plate, as the minor iniquity. But the more he chose it, the angrier grew she, and the more strenuously did she try to stultify her own prophecy, that he would accept every course. Her pride was hurt; marriage faded into the distance; and she had sworn to tell him about her pony if his gluttony defied her charms to the end. Such is the outline of the drama, before the climax.

To glance at some details. Mrs. Fraser happened to have a youth at her other end, to match the Bishop's girl. During the oysters, she sighed, with a ring-flashing gesture either way, "Lest we forget!"

He echoed her sigh, with another intention.

Proud of the appropriateness of her language, "Yes," she went on, "we are things temporal, though I don't suppose our neighbors can see much difference between us and things eternal."

He replied that youth was short-sighted; adding, as he perched his glasses on his nose, and took up the menu, "in matters of importance, that is."

Would he put it like that? she inquired, reproachfully.

In short, before the soup was finished, he had discovered something of his danger. In the succeeding interval, he discovered much more. She began to consult him—he would not mind?—about a friend of hers, who was so unhappy as to think life not worth living. She had married the wrong man. She had loved another without knowing it. Could he understand that—being in love without knowing it?

"I—I don't know," said he, timorously.

To which she answered, with much melancholy, "Ah, if only all of us could say that!" This remark shook the Bishop all over, but particularly his conscience and his heart. Did she mean that she had loved him without knowing it? The suspicion destroyed his main safeguard—his conviction that she had never cared a straw for him. What rapture, and what torment in the same instant! His promise came before his eyes, luridly underscored. He breathed hard, like a swimmer about to sink; but in this extremity he was succored, like Jonah, by a fish. While he quickly placed himself toward it in a relation the reverse of the prophet's, she harried him with such questions as: "What comfort can one give to the poor soul?" And when, between two bites, he said "Religion," sideways, she complained, "Yes, but that is so abstract!" He could hardly withhold himself from saying, "I would give you a concrete enough consolation, my darling!" And the blasphemy of the thought reddened his face, and made him perspire; observing which, Mrs. Fraser had her first misgiving about the result of her race-game. Her niece, however, was arching her brows at her, which prompted her to fresh activity.

She began to evoke youthful days in the country; the Bishop then studied the menu desperately. She wondered at his gluttony, and harped more powerfully on the chords of memory. He felt his heart melting within him, and when the next course came round, accepted it eagerly, although it was a sweetbread, Lent and a Friday. Moreover, opposite to him sat a female pillar of his church, whose face, or (as one might say) capital, was pure Doric, when he glanced furtively toward her from his plate. At the sight, he misplaced a morsel, and began to choke. Mrs. Fraser looked coldly at him, too. The spectacle was indeed displeasing. He had gobbled too fast. Disgust did not, however, abate her efforts. She would not be so insulted! The courses succeeded one another, and in each interval she prepared him to devour the next. She tried every spring of sentiment. Before the joint, she made him ravenous by mentioning the piece of hair she had given him. She asked him whether he had kept it at all, and why—"these silly trifles are so flattering to us poor women!"—and whatever pleasure he could have found in looking at it, and so on. He positively snatched the plate of beef out of the footman's hands before he could set it down. The pillar inclined toward him, but he scowled her into silence. Mrs. Fraser shuddered, as he ate. Only one proper course remained. If he took it, she would tell him about the pony! She would not marry a Falstaff who had not Falstaff's wit even! But she would be fair. She would make every excuse. So large a body must need plenty of nourishment. She would not be like a chit of seventeen, who expects her Romeo to subsist on sighs and kisses. She would forgive the previous courses, and she would do her best to save him from the last, irretrievable transgression. Therefore, as a pheasant's wing descended over his shoulder, she said, in tones as eloquent of the past as any sunset, "Do you know, your having that piece of hair has been the greatest consolation to me all my unhappy—"

"Yes, please!" cried the Bishop, before she could finish; and his voice was so truculent that she jerked a wine-glass over on her dress.

While she mopped her lap, he fled on the pheasant's wing. Then there was silence, but not calm.

"Quousque?" moaned the Bishop inwardly. Apart from the fierce spiritual

struggle, this rapid consumption of so much food was causing him physical discomfort. Mrs. Fraser bided her time, with an ironical smile on her lips. She only wished that her revelation might really hurt him; but what could hurt such a glutton, except starvation? When ices, shaped like cockle-shells, adorned their places, she began:

"Bishop, I have a little confession to make to you!"

His endurance was near its end. He replied brusquely, "I don't receive them—except in the proper place!" His tone made it easier for her to proceed to what was an awkward disclosure, after the way she had just been talking about the hair. She resumed:

"A piece of news, then! That hair, you know—it wasn't really my own, I'm afraid. Do you remember my pony, Sambo? I cut it from him." Then, with no apology—she was only returning a blow—she drew back in her chair, and looked angry.

He had started while she was speaking. His face was full of bewilderment. "What?" he asked brokenly. "It wasn't yours?" He stared her in the eyes for the first time during dinner. "Not yours?" he repeated, eagerness beginning to show through his bewilderment. "Not yours?" he cried again, still more eagerly.

He was trying to assume an amused air, she thought, and she answered, sharply, "No, it was not!"

"Really and truly?" he cried, heaving a sigh of intense relief. "Then—oh, thank God!"

"Your gratitude seems to be easily moved!" she sneered.

"Then," he went on, "then I told the truth, after all! And—and I didn't really—I haven't promised anything!"

"I was not aware," returned Mrs. Fraser, severely—wondering whether people ever went out of their minds through overeating—"that I had asked you for any promise!"

He did not seem to hear her; but, after a moment, turned toward her again, and asked in a tremulous voice, "Do you really remember all those dear old days you were speaking of, my dear Mrs. Fraser?"

"No," said she, impatiently, "I don't!"

He winced and drew back. Then he said, plaintively, "But you spoke just now as if—"

"Just now," interrupted she, "I forgot myself!"

The Bishop's chin settled on his chest. He took up the menu once more, which he had so often used as a shield. "I am very sorry," he said at last. "I was beginning to hope—" He hesitated.

"To hope?" repeated Mrs. Fraser, suddenly interested. His manner had certainly changed! "To hope?" she asked, more gently.

Then the Bishop began to fold the stiff menu up, while he said, in a slow, despairing voice: "I am no longer young, Mrs. Fraser. I have little to offer you."

Then he forced himself to the point. "Much or little," he burst out, "if you will accept—"

"Oh, hush!" whispered she, looking round nervously. "You surprise me! Please remember where we are!"

It was not until quite the end of dessert that she asked him to explain the mysteries of his behavior that evening. After which: "It was very wrong of you!" she smiled. "On a Friday, too! And how could I help thinking it was a love for eating?"

"Love for eating!" groaned he.

"Oh, I know now!" she smiled. "It was the other way about."

"The other way about? Yes," he added, "exactly."

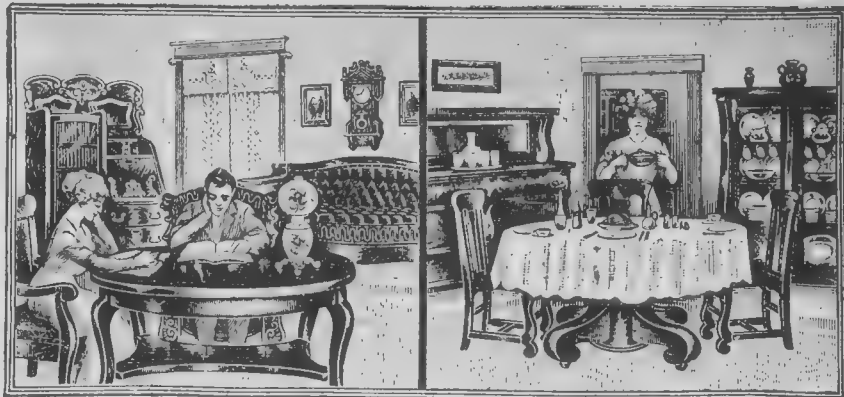
"But," asked Mrs. Van Pelt in the drawing-room, "whenever did he find time, auntie? He was so—so busy!"

"My dear," answered Mrs. Fraser, "if he had eaten one mouthful less, I would never have married him!" And that was probably true.

This anecdote shows how, when a man turns away from happiness to pursue duty, Providence will sometimes change his course secretly, so as to bring him round to the pleasant places, after all, which he has nobly quitted. Providence enjoys this game, because of the surprise in it. Therefore, if you expect the reward, you will not get it. The anecdote conveys other lessons, but this is perhaps the most useful and agreeable.

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Young People

My White-Capped Nurse

By Edward N. Pomeroy

Day by day, with unconscious grace,
You come and go, my white-capped nurse:

As light your step, as bright your face
If woes or blessings I rehearse.

Strange to your kindred, far from home,
And meeting, with unquicken'd breath,
Man's final foe, you have become
Familiar with the face of Death.

When, in the spacious void of night,
He came and paused beside my bed
Once and again, and seared my sight,
You held my hand until he fled.

Now, as I leave this sacred room
And you, I breathe a farewell prayer
That Heaven may bring you fadeless bloom
And I inhale the fragrance there.

The Circus

Jane Adams Parker

Little Red Hen ran into the barn.
"O Muff!" she cried. "Come quick!
The circus is coming down the street.
Listen! You can hear the drum."

"I don't know what a circus is," said Muff, "but it sounds fine."

First Muff had to stop and crow. Then he ran along by Little Red Hen.

"What makes you crow so loud?" asked Brown Duck.

"Because the circus is coming," answered Muff. "Hear the drum?"

"Quack! Quack! Yes, I do!" said Brown Duck, as she ran after Muff.

"What are you quacking so loud for?" asked Red Chip and Bushy Tail running out of the Wood.

"The circus is coming, the circus is coming," called Brown Duck, hurrying to catch up to Little Red Hen and Muff.

"Hurry! Hurry!" said Red Chip to Wild Bunny and Old Jim Crow. "We are going to see the circus."

Just as they were going out of the front gate, they heard a funny little squeak, and who did they see, but Father Mud Turtle and Old Hop Toad.

"Wait for us," they cried. "We cannot go so fast."

"Gray Field Mouse wanted to come," said Father Mud Turtle, "But she said sometimes they had cats at the circus; and she doesn't like cats."

"And Mr. Sleepy Frog said he would rather take a nap down by the pond."

"Boom! Boom!" went the drum.

Two Garbs

By Edwin L. Sabin

In Willie Smith, a boy I know
(His age I'll let you guess),
According as my records go,
I mark two styles of dress.
The one—'tis hardly spick and span,
In fairness I admit—
Is just his own; the other plan
His mother's is, to wit:

Hair nicely combed and face a-shine;
A loveknot at his throat;
A spotless waist with collar fine;
A jaunty little coat;
A pair of knickerbockers neat;
A pair of holeless hose;
A pair of shoes upon his feet,
Well blacked, both heels and toes.

But Willie Smith himself prefers
That fashion of his own—
Quite widely different from hers,
As in these lines is shown:
Hair matted, face streaked, waist stained,
coat torn;
The loveknot all askew;
Hose frayed and knickerbockers worn;
And shoes scuffed through and through!

So here, in brief, we have the styles
Of Willie and his mother—
But what the scheme which reconciles
One method with the other?
In answer I will promptly say
That this the program is:
He goes out dressed in mother's way—
And comes back home in his!

A Borrowed Watch

By Albert W. Tolman

"Borrowing" said the leather-worker "is a good thing not to do. It's bad enough to borrow money, but then you don't have to return the identical cash. When you become responsible, however, for some article that can't be duplicated you're likely to find yourself in a bad box. I got my lesson at sixteen.

"I was clerking that fall for Jim Silsbee who sold about all the footwear used in my town. Jim was a Civil War veteran, and owned an old silver watch he thought the world of. Its value was just about what it would have brought for the melting-pot, and every night at nine he had to push it forward to make up a minute or two it had forgotten somewhere during the day; but the back had a dint where it had stopped a bullet at Cold Harbor, and he wouldn't have swapped it for the finest gold Swiss ever made.

"My principal amusement that December was partridge-shooting. The birds were fairly plentiful in the woods along the bay two miles from town. One cold afternoon, when business was slack I asked my employer if I might go out between four and six after 'budders'. As every gunner knows partridges 'bud' in the winter between sundown and dark, flying up into the poplars and yellow birches after the tender tips.

"Good-hearted Jim couldn't refuse.

"Go ahead Billy," he assented, "only be sure to get back by six, for I want to go out myself this evening."

"My watch was at the jeweler's for a new mainspring. Without a timepiece of some sort I wouldn't know just when to start for town.

"Will you lend me your watch Mr. Silsbee?" I asked.

"The minute the words slipped out I was sorry I'd spoken, for I remembered how much Jim thought of that old watch. He hesitated just long enough to make me feel uncomfortable. Then, as if ashamed of his delay, he pulled it out quickly and pressed it into my hand. It had a leather fob, with a regimental charm of oxidized silver on the end of it.

"Take good care of her, won't you Billy?" he enjoined me.

"Sure," I replied. "I'll bring you back a partridge for the loan of her."

"Away I hurried at a half-run Scamp, my brown spaniel, frisking ahead. I had my light, twelve-gauge, double-barreled shotgun, loaded with sixes. Half-past four found me at a bend in the road, where I'd planned to strike into the woods. Jim's watch I put into the little outside pocket of my reefer with the fob hanging out; that would save unbuttoning my coat whenever I wanted to see what time it was.

"With Scamp beating the birches ahead, I picked my way very cautiously down toward the shore, looking and listening for birds. Perhaps I ought to say that there is a law on partridges now in December, but that there was none at that time. Pretty soon I could hear the surf at the foot of the steep bluffs that lined the bay. It was nipping cold, not much more than ten above. The woods were full of ice.

"Suddenly Scamp began barking. Cocking my right barrel, I crept up. He was right under a yellow birch close to the edge of the bluff, and looking down at him from the end of a limb sat a fat partridge, the partridge that was pledged to Jim for the loan of his watch. I gave him the barrel. Down he flopped on the icy slope and slid almost to the brink.

"Leaning my gun against the birch, I worked myself very carefully from trunk to trunk to the very edge where the cliff dropped steeply thirty feet to the water. Right arm round a large spruce, I stooped and picked up my bird. As I rose, rubbing against the trunk, a short, sharp stub caught the fob, and twitched Jim's watch out of my pocket. Before I could make a grab, it dropped and slid over the brink.

"Here was a pretty kettle of fish! My interest in hunting suddenly vanished. I didn't really think there'd be any great difficulty in finding it, but I saw I'd got to descend to the foot of the cliff, as it had probably slid all the way down. Holding on to the boughs of the spruce, I looked over the edge, but couldn't see it.

"It was too steep to scramble down there. Laying Jim's partridge beside my gun, I looked about until, a hundred feet or so alongshore, I found a good place to descend. Soon I was at the edge of the water. I wasn't going home without that watch, if I had to hunt all night.

"The spot I wished to search lay in a slight bend of the shore, and to reach it, one must go out round a point. The tide was rising, and a strong northwest wind drove the waves savagely against the rocks. I had to watch my chance, and run when they rolled back. Even then it wasn't much fun, for I had to wade almost to the tops of my rubber boots. Scamp, who had scrambled down by sticking in his toe-nails, started to follow, but the icy water drove him back, whimpering and yelping.

"I hurried as fast as I could over the slippery black rocks and yellow weed. I couldn't stop long if I wanted to get back round that point. Soon I was right under the spruce where the timepiece had slid over. At the crest of the cliff sparse twigs and sprays of hardhack and ground juniper projected through the glare ice, which fell sharply to the rockweed at about half-tide mark. Reasoning that the watch must have fallen into the weed, I began searching there.

"It was a dismal time of day, and my feelings made it doubly so for me. At my back was the frozen cliff while only a few yards in front white crests, whipped into spray by the chill wind, were foaming over the ledges. East and north a darkening sky overhung the bay, set with islands like ink smudges, and relieved only by two or three distant, scattered lights.

"The minute I ran my hands down through the weed and found what kind of rock lay under it I felt discouraged. It was split into deep fissures, up some of which the waves were already running. There were a half-dozen places where the watch might be.

"One crevice was especially deep. After vainly pawing everything else, I felt sure that the timepiece had dropped into it, but it was so narrow I couldn't reach the bottom. I worked with all my might, for the tide was rising, and the waves were cutting off my retreat round the point.

"Every minute I became more worried about that watch. It wasn't because of its value. It could probably have been replaced for five dollars. But the associations around it could never be replaced. Had it been my own, I wouldn't have cared a hundredth part so much.

"At last, after a long period of fumbling, prodding and poking, hoping every instant to feel the round silver rim, I gave up the search. The watch must have struck some projection of rock or ice, and bounded to one side or the other. I hated to confess myself beaten, but it was now quite dark, and the spray was drenching me. I resolved to come down early in the morning, and, if need be, hunt at low tide.

"Now I must go back to town, and face Jim. The thought made me sick, but there was nothing else to do. I glanced at the point; the seas were dashing on it feather-white. They would sweep me away if I tried to get round it. Alongshore the other way it was still worse. My only course was up the bluff.

"Up to this time I hadn't scanned it very carefully, taking it for granted that, if I had to, I could somehow find a way up. Now I felt a little apprehensive. How steep and icy it was! But I'd simply got to climb it. The tide would soon drive me off the rockweed. So I started.

"The lower slope was covered with nodules and bosses of salt ice to a height of about ten feet, and didn't give me much difficulty. After this, however, the climbing became much harder. The rocks rose almost sheer and were varnished with a coating of fresh ice, where water had trickled down over the cliff. At the top, about twenty feet above, the spruce swung down two low branches. Once I got my hand on those, I should be all right.

"By exercising the greatest care, fighting for every inch and sticking to the surface like a fly, I managed to get half-way up; then I couldn't gain another millimeter. The rock before me was perfectly even while up its icy glaze was smooth as window-glass and ten times more slippery. Holding on by each hand in turn, I felt everywhere with the other to find some rough spot, but couldn't. And there were those tantalizing spruce boughs only a yard above my head.

"For a long time I kept my precarious footing, leaning against the frigid cliff till it chilled me through and through. The spray from the rapidly rising tide froze on my clothing.

"That I could be in actual peril of my life so near home seemed ridiculous. Yet there appeared to be no way to scale the

cliff; and if I slipped back into that surf, roaring and snatching at my feet, I hadn't the shadow of a chance.

"The road was half a mile away; but my voice, rebounding from the wall close to my face, would never reach it. On the bay behind I heard a faint, muffled thudding; and screwing my head round, I saw a brilliantly lighted steamer not more than a hundred rods off. She was travelling fast. I didn't even try to shout. Against that gale and roaring surf my voice wouldn't carry a quarter of the distance; and even if they saw me, I should be to them only a black spot against the white cliff.

"A forlorn hope occurred to me; perhaps I might cut steps in the ice. But I dismissed the idea at once. My knife was in my inside pocket; I couldn't get at it without dislodging myself.

My life hung on the tips of my fingers, and they were growing numb. I could stick there but a little longer; then—Despairingly I strained my eyes, seeking the merest chance. They caught sight of a little clump of hardhack and juniper projecting perhaps three inches above the ice, just within my reach. If the stems would bear my weight but for a single second, I could seize the spruce boughs. If they weren't strong enough to hold me—I shuddered.

"But it was the twigs or nothing; and the twigs meant literally life or death, and one or the other very quickly. I didn't dare to wait any longer. If I did, I should presently drop backward, exhausted and frozen. I must do what I could while I had a little strength left.

"Stiffening myself against the bluff, I let go very carefully with my right hand, and felt among the hardhack for something to get hold of. My fingers touched a hard, round object—Jim's watch. In my peril I had almost forgotten it. In sliding down, the big link of the fob had caught on a stub, and the little jungle had concealed it from my sight.

"I fumbled about till I had freed the watch, and dropped it into my pocket. I would save it, if I saved myself. Then, summoning all my powers for one quick, tremendous effort, I caught a cluster of twigs in my right hand, another in my left, and lifted myself like lightning. Almost before the hardhack had time to feel my weight I had let go with my right hand, and shot it toward the spruce boughs.

"For the fraction of a second all hung in the balance. The twigs under my left hand were giving away. As they yielded, I suffered the bitterness of death. Then my fingers closed round the rough spruce limb, and the hope of life came back.

"Two minutes later I was swinging myself up from trunk to trunk; but I didn't feel entirely safe until I reached the tree where I had left my bird and gun. Then with Scamp capering and barking round me I hobbled like a wooden man up to the road.

"I was an hour late at the store that night, but I had the pleasure of handing Jim his watch and partridge. He didn't realize how close he had come to never seeing either, and I didn't tell him. That lesson on borrowing sunk in deep, and I've never needed to have it repeated."

Tocasa

Tocasa lived on an island in the Pacific, nearly on the equator, and on that island he still lives, sixty-five years old, which, for that land, is a great age.

On his island is a mission and a printing-press and a school; and some of the people read and sing and cut their hair and dress somewhat after the manner of civilized men; but Tocasa in his youth resisted all these influences. His savage girdle sufficed for clothing, and the culture of savage life was sufficient for him. Not so, however, the vices of savagery. To these he added such sins as the foreign traders taught, and was wild and reckless and debased.

He slipped away on a whaler some fifty years ago, and took a postgraduate course in sin. For thirty-five years he sailed before the mast. He rounded the Horn again and again, and sailed several times round the Cape of Good Hope. New Bedford and Nantucket became familiar to him and the dance-halls in the North End of Boston; and he knew the places of evil resort in almost every port on the globe.

One evening two boats got fast to a whale, and one was upset, while the other, drawn by the line attached to the harpoon,

was carried far away. Tocasa was in the capsized boat, and when he came up, got hold of the boat, and held on. By a desperate effort and the help of a wave, he righted the boat, and climbing in, bailed it out.

He waited all night. When morning dawned he could not see the ship, and gave himself up for lost. In that almost endless night and that despairing day of hunger and thirst and fearful isolation, he promised God that if he lived he would be a better man. A schooner picked him up toward night, but he forgo his vow.

Again he was in peril, and again he vowed, and again he broke the promise, and lived on in his old way of life.

At last, after thirty-five years of absence, he went home. It was a sad day for the island. He enticed the young men into evil; he set at naught the influence of the mission. He was not only a heathen, but a degenerate, too.

On that island were many titled men. And according to the custom of their past, every death in the line of succession brought each man of title nearer the throne. It was a poor little throne; but death had been busy in the years of Tocasa's absence, and on his return few men stood above him. One day Tocasa became king.

In his years before the mast Tocasa had learned to work. He had land that must be tilled, and to keep it in condition for cultivation was no small task; for there are twenty-two feet—not inches—of rain each year, and the wild growth springs up while one watches it.

Tocasa was working with other men, cutting brush with a machete. He was left-handed, and cut a deep wound in his right wrist. Blood-poisoning set in, and he came nearer death than ever before. In his pain and fear he sent for the missionary, who washed his swollen wound and then told him that he probably had not long to live. But the antiseptic dressings arrested the poison, and Tocasa recovered.

For six years now Tocasa has been a member of the little mission church. On Sunday mornings he stands at the church door, inviting young men to come in. He speaks regularly at prayer-meeting, and warns his people against the sins both of savagery and of civilization. He is striving to live what is left of life as best he can.

Such is the brief outline, to this date, of the life of Tocasa. Let us hope that when the final date and inevitable end are recorded, which must be before many years, this also may be said: that he who through such experiences came out to the light and truth was faithful to the end.

"The Common Fate of All Things Rare"

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

What is it to grow old? To fare
With gathering silver in the hair,
Unwelcome. And to see, perchance,
The bloom forsake the countenance,
The red the lip; the simple change
To something pitiful and strange;
To see the tremulous thin hand
Where the blue veins like traitors stand;
To see each morning in the glass
A gray and weary spectre pass
Across the face of youth—ah me,
We half forgot had ceased to be!

What is it, being old? To feel
Slow faltering through the footsteps steal;
To note the faint obscuring sense
Make daylight dull and darkness dense.
When sunsets glow, when stars burn cold,
When purple mists the woodland fold,
When passing wafts of fragrance make
The heart with ancient memory break,
When waves sing up the shore, to know
That these were joys long, long ago;
To see the pageant passing by,
To long for death, and dread to die!

The compensation? 'Tis to wait
Close, close upon the outer gate
That tops the last and utmost height
And guards the country of delight,—
The land already seen in gleams,
The land of all our lovely dreams,—
Conscious how slight the bar has grown
Between us and the vast unknown.
Grown old, to feel more warmly shine
Love that can only be divine;
To be no more a leaf wind-driven,
But daily drawing nearer heaven!

In Lighter Vein

Accounting for Disease

Boston children are sometimes credited with vast stores of knowledge, but one twelve-year-old girl of that city has apparently neglected her opportunities. A traveling circus was putting up its tents in the environs of Boston, when a young girl approached the leopard's cage, put her hand between the bars to stroke the animal's head, and as a result was badly scratched and bitten.

One of her companions hurried home to tell of the accident, and concluded her story with:

"O mother, do you suppose Annie will have leprosy now?"

Another story is told of an elderly woman, also of Boston, who told her neighbor that she had suffered from gastritis for nearly a year, and that the only way that she could account for it was that the sitting-room coal-stove leaked gas in a dreadful way.

He Kept At It

A gentlemanly-looking pedlar entered a business man's office and coughed slightly to attract attention. The occupant of the office kept at his work until he reached a convenient stopping-place, and then turned abruptly to his caller. "Well," he asked, "what can I do for you?" A writer in the Cleveland Leader tells the story.

"I am introducing," the pedlar began, "a patent electric hair-brush—"

"What do I want with a hair-brush?" growled the business man. "Can't you see I'm bald?"

"Your lady, perhaps—"

"Bald, too, except when she's dressed up."

"Yes, sir. But you may have at home a little child—"

"We have. It's one month old and quite bald."

"Of course, at that age," said the pedlar. "But," he persisted, "maybe you keep a dog?"

"We do," said the business man. "A hairless Chinese dog."

The pedlar dived into another pocket. "Allow me," he said, "to show you the latest thing in fly-paper."

Taking It Out in Trade

The moral of the story printed below, which is quoted from the New York Tribune, is that a young man who contemplates changing his occupation or position should take care that the bargain he makes with his new employer is definite. There is also another moral—for employers.

The proprietor of a certain Turkish-bath establishment, seeing a strong-looking young man working in a butcher's shop, and being impressed by his magnificent muscles, told him to resign and take a rubber's position with him.

"I'll give you more than you are getting now," he said.

The young butcher, resigning in good faith, turned up the next morning at the bath-house.

"Well," said the proprietor to him, "I'll put you on at once. What did you get at the butcher's?"

"Six dollars and my week's meat," returned the young man.

"What did that amount to?"

"About three dollars."

"Well," said the proprietor, "I offered you more to come here, didn't I? I'll give you six dollars in money and four dollars' worth of baths weekly. That is a dollar more than you got at your old place."

First Coal Mine Owner—"Isn't it about time to advance the price of coal twenty-five cents a ton?"

Second C. M. O.—"Just about. Then make arrangements to bring on another strike."

Not To Be Forgotten

Mr. Hammond's face was so ugly as to be almost grotesque, although nobody ever thought about his looks after hearing him talk. "If I hadn't known I was one of the homeliest people in the world, I might have been surprised at a remark made by old Pomp, the body-servant of one of my Southern friends," he once said.

"I hadn't seen Pomp for fifteen years, and as I had grown from a boy to a man in that time, I did not expect him to remember me, but he said, 'Howdy, Marse Hammond, sah!' the moment he caught sight of me."

"So you remember me, Pomp," I said.

"'Couldn't nebber forgit yo' face, Marse Hammond, sah,' grinned Pomp. 'Hit's so kinder complicated!'"

A Dubious Tribute

The young theological student who had been supplying the Bushby pulpit for two Sundays looked wistfully at Mrs. Kingman, his hostess for the time being. "Did you like the sermon this morning, if I may ask?" he inquired.

"You done real well with the material you selected," said Mrs. Kingman, with much cordiality. "As I said to Zenas on the way home, 'I've heard a dozen or more sermons preached on that text, and this young man's the first one that ever made me realize how difficult 'twas to explain.'"

Needed Her At Once

When Bonaparte Bluebell announced his engagement to Lily Dee everybody in the blacksmith's shop congratulated him on winning such a hard-working and fore-handed mate. But Erastus Coke remarked:

"'Peared lak you wouldn't never speak up, Bonaparte. It's going on six months sence you begun to fiddle roun' Lily."

"Dat's so," Bonaparte frankly admitted, "but I didn't lose mah job till las' night."

Seeing the Elephant

A few years ago, when Japan was getting a knowledge of naval and military matters in Europe, a young Japanese prince was attached to a German training-ship on a cruise in tropical waters. The ship called at Trinidad while Lady Broome was mistress of the Government House, and a state dinner was given the ship's officers and their Japanese cadet. The latter was accompanied by his interpreter, and the colloquial part of the entertainment is described by Lady Broome.

He did not dance, nor seem to care about music or anything else which was going on, so it fell to my lot to walk with him round the large salon and show him whatever I thought might possibly interest him. Of course his two gentlemen were in close attendance, or we should indeed have suffered conversational shipwreck.

When I arrived at an enormous elephant's foot, I thought that we had now certainly reached a turning-point in the tide of boredom which had evidently set in for the poor youth. But in spite of my explanation of how the big beast had fallen to my eldest son's rifle, and various exciting details, all duly passed on by the other gentlemen, I could not see the faintest trace of interest or even of comprehension in that immovable ivory countenance.

At last the secretary murmured, "Highness not know elephant ver well." This was indeed despairing, but my eye was caught by a clumsy little ebony model of an elephant, which I seized as an object-lesson, handing it to the secretary and saying, "Please explain to his highness that this is an elephant." The prince murmured some words in reply, which were translated to me as: "Ah I see! A large sort of pig."

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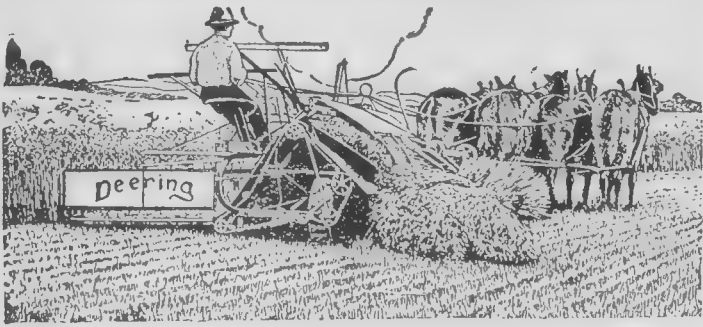
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Beautiful Paper Cut-out Dolls

Any little girl will be delighted with this lovely paper family. The set consists of six handsome dolls: three girls, two boys, and their nurse Marie. They range in height from eight to twelve inches and are printed in several bright colors on excellent paper manufactured especially for this purpose. There is a complete paper wardrobe for each doll, permitting of several complete changes of costume for all occasions. In all there are 43 hats, dresses, etc. The set complete is enclosed in a large attractive envelope.

It is necessary for those wishing sets of the dolls to order promptly as the comparatively limited number which we are able to obtain at a price which enables us to make this very liberal offer, will be disposed of in a very short time. These dolls sell everywhere for 60¢. Send in your subscription while our stock lasts.

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About the Farm

Causes of Indigestion in Calves

Indigestion may occur from many causes, as costiveness, a too liberal supply of milk; too rich milk; the furnishing of the milk of a cow long after calving to a very young calf; allowing the calf to suck the first milk of a cow that has been hunted, driven by road, shipped by rail, or otherwise violently excited; allowing the calf too long time between meals, so that, impelled by hunger, it quickly overloads and clogs the stomach; feeding from pail milk that has been held over in unwashed (unscalded) buckets, so that it is fermented and spoiled; feeding the milk of cows kept on unwholesome food; keeping calves in cold, damp, dark, filthy or bad smelling pens.

Foot-and-Mouth Remedy

Cablegrams from Germany say that a cure has been found for the dread foot-and-mouth disease. We hope so but we doubt it. The discovery is said to have been made by Prof. L. Brieger and Prof. M. Krause of Berlin. A preparation from saffron, termed tryposafrol, according to the Atlantic cable, cured practically every case in which it was administered last year by the experimenters. The report states that in one herd of 80 cattle critically ill with foot-and-mouth all were cured in ten days and that in another instance 200 cows "began giving milk again in three days," whatever that may mean. If this is a bona fide cure it will mean a great boon to the live stock industry of the continent where the scourge is really epidemic, and also in South America where it has to be frequently combated by slaughter of the afflicted animals and drastic quarantine regulations. The disease is seldom or never fatal but often leaves the animal a wreck with its future usefulness seriously impaired or ruined. Our own quarantine measures against imported stock have so far kept the disease from gaining a foothold in this country.

Bacteria on the Farm

Although not so numerous or so destructive to field and garden crops as are certain parasitic fungi and various insects, they are nevertheless of considerable importance from an economic point of view. The list includes the bacillus of "pear blight," a bacillus which causes "wilt" in cucumbers and melons, a bacillus which causes "brown rot" in cruciferous plants, such as the cabbage and turnip, and a bacillus which invades the leaves of the tomato, the eggplant and the Irish potato.

But there are other bacteria which have still greater interest for the farmer, and which he must learn to regard as among his most efficient allies in preserving the fertility of the soil. Nitrogen, a gas which constitutes nearly four-fifths of the atmosphere, is an essential element of plant food, but it cannot be utilized directly, and it is mainly through the agency of bacteria that nature restores this element to the soil in combinations suitable for plant assimilation.

This is done partly by the bacteria already referred to, which cause the decomposition of complex nitrogenous substances constituting the tissues of plants and animals, and partly by bacteria which are able to fix the nitrogen of the atmosphere by causing it to combine with other elements to form plant food, or perhaps by directly assimilating it for their own use.

Again it has been demonstrated that certain parasitic bacteria which grow in masses upon the roots of clover and other leguminous plants are able to fix the nitrogen of the air, and in some way make it available for the use of

these plants. Farmers have long known the fertilizing value of a crop of clover upon the soil exhausted by other crops. This is chiefly due to the restoration of nitrogen through the agency of bacteria attached to the clover roots.

This is a very brief and incomplete outline of the progress of bacteriology as regards soil bacteria. Another phase of the subject concerns the bacteria which have been shown to be useful, and those which are injurious, in the preparation of dairy products.

The souring of milk and its coagulation result from the development of certain acid-forming bacteria, and especially of one well-known species—the lactic acid bacillus. Every one knows now that milk which has been completely sterilized can be kept indefinitely without turning sour or forming a coagulated mass.

Some bacteria cause milk to undergo changes which result in the development in it of a bad taste or a disagreeable odor; several species cause it to become thick and glutinous; some give it a blue, red or yellow color. Of course all such milk is unfit for food, as is also milk from tuberculous cows. The typhoid bacillus, the cholera bacillus, the bacillus of dysentery—and infantile diarrhoea—and various other disease-producing bacteria are able to multiply rapidly in milk, and it has been demonstrated that these diseases are, not infrequently, contracted as a result of the use of such contaminated milk—usually contaminated by the addition of impure water.

But not all bacteria are prejudicial to the interests of the dairyman. Certain species are essential for the production of various kinds of cheese and for the agreeable flavor of good butter. The disagreeable taste and odor of rancid butter and of "cheesy" butter are due to the presence of other species.

Finally, I would say that while wonderful progress has been made in our knowledge of bacteria during the past thirty years,—progress which has increased in arithmetical if not in geometrical proportion since the early researches of Pasteur and Koch and other pioneers in this field,—many questions remain to be solved, and new problems are presenting themselves almost daily.

These are being subjected to investigation in bacteriological laboratories all over the world by men of scientific tastes and training, and as a result of their zealous efforts there will, no doubt, be continued progress for many years to come in our knowledge of this interesting and important class of microscopic plants.

Individuality of Cows

Economy in milk production is of prime importance both to the producer and to the consumer. Examples of the wide range in the cost of production, due to a large extent to the individuality of the cow, have been previously given in this series. The cause of this difference in individuality has been studied by the Missouri station where careful comparisons were made of good and poor cows. Two Jersey cows from the same sires were found to digest their feed equally well, and both required about the same amount of feed for maintenance.

The real cause in the difference in production was found to be in the amount of feed consumed above that required for maintenance. During the year the better cow consumed 3,424 pounds of grain, 2,904 pounds of hay, 8,778 pounds of silage and 4,325 pounds of green feed. The other cow consumed 1,907 pounds of grain, 1,698 pounds of hay, 5,088 pounds of silage and 2,102 pounds of green feed. In general, the better cow consumed 1.7 pounds of feed for one pound consumed by the other cow, and produced 2.67 pounds of milk and 2.77 pounds of fat for each pound



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produced by the inferior cow. The better cow consumed 3.27 pounds of grain per day for maintenance and the other 2.92 pounds. Both took hay and silage in the same proportion. The better cow required for maintenance for the entire period 1,200 pounds of grain, 1,204 pounds of hay and 4,818 pounds of silage, which left available for milk production, 2,233 pounds of grain, 1,699 pounds of hay, 3,960 pounds of silage, and 4,323 pounds of green feed. The inferior cow required for maintenance 1,065 pounds of grain, 1,065 pounds of hay and 4,292 pounds of silage, leaving available for milk production 841 pounds of grain, 632 pounds of hay, 795 pounds of silage, and 2,102 pounds of green feed. These figures show the large amount of food left for milk production in the better cow, which was 8,522 pounds of milk, containing 5.51 per cent fat. The other cow produced 3,188 pounds of milk, containing 5.31 per cent fat.

A further illustration of the difference in the individuality of cows is shown in the records of a herd kept at the New York station. The best cow in the herd averaged 10,150 pounds of four per cent milk annually for three years on \$58 worth of food. The poorest cow averaged 3,350 pounds of 5.85 per cent milk on \$52.40 worth of food. If in one year the poorer half of the herd had been replaced by animals equal to those in the better half, it would have increased the yearly station revenue \$237.40, if the milk had been sold at current shippers' prices, or \$379.90 if the milk fat had been sold,

spring until they are too high to allow of further cultivation. The spiketooth harrow is used for the earlier workings; as the grain grows larger the weeder is substituted. By means of the latter implement grain may be cultivated almost up to the time when it begins to head.

The advantages of this cultivation are twofold. In the first place it serves to break the crust which is so likely to form after the spring rains, and to close the cracks which the frost has made in the winter grain fields. This lessens the evaporation of moisture, which is most rapid from crusted or cracked soil, and conserves it until it is most needed by the growing crop. The advantage of this precaution is most apparent in the semi-arid districts, but in dry seasons it is noticeable anywhere.

In the East rolling winter wheat as soon as it is safe to go on the ground in the spring is perhaps to be preferred to harrowing. If clover is planted with the wheat it should be sown before the rolling is done. The rolling covers the clover seed and also firms the soil about the roots of the wheat plants where it has been loosened by heaving. The other effect of cultivation is in the keeping down of weeds, and for this purpose it is just as useful and just as necessary in the East as in the West. Small weeds are very easily killed with the harrow or weeder, and if the work is properly done the grain will not be injured.

Three precautions are necessary in harrowing small grain. Drilled grain

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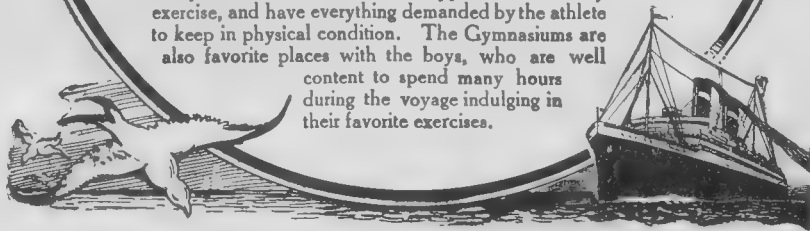
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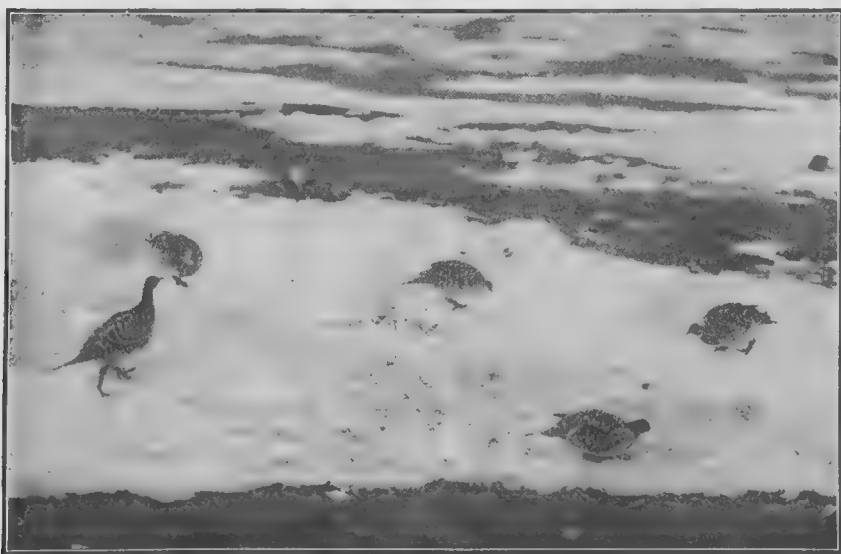
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Prairie Chickens.

with an added expense of only \$40, the cost of the extra food consumed by the better cow.

The practice of officially testing dairy cows has proved to be an efficient factor in weeding out the unprofitable members of the herd. The Wisconsin station has published during the year results of official testing in that state for the past 10 years. During the first five years of the decade the average production of aged Holstein cows on seven-day tests was 379.5 pounds of milk and 13.9 pounds of milk fat, while in the last five years of the decade the average production of this class was 432.9 pounds of milk and 15.3 pounds of milk fat. This gain was due in large part of improved breeding, feeding, and selection of the dairy stock.—Farmers' Bulletin 465.

Lessons from Dry-Farming

From the dry-farming methods which are so necessary to success throughout the West, farmers in the more humid districts of the East can often gain valuable suggestions with regard to the proper conservation of moisture. One lesson which may be learned is in reference to the treatment of the small grains. The Eastern farmer usually considers wheat, oats and barley as crops which cannot be cultivated. Consequently no attention is paid to them from the time they are sown until they are ready to harvest. Not so with the up-to-date dry-farmer. He cultivates his grain fields after every rain from the time they are well started in the

only should be harrowed, for cultivation destroys a portion of the stand of that which has been sown broadcast and so lessens the yield. For the same reason the harrowing should be done in the direction of the drill rows rather than across them. Fields on which grass or clover seed has been sown should not be harrowed, for the young plants are as easily killed by this treatment as are the weeds. None of these precautions need be observed if the roller is used on winter grain, but the roller is of little or no use in killing weeds. In the East, except in the driest seasons, it will not usually be profitable to harrow grain fields more than once.

Another lesson which may be learned from the dry-farmer is the disking of land which is to be plowed later in order to keep the soil from baking until the plowing can be completed. This practice was begun in the West on grain stubble after harvest in order to hold whatever moisture was in the soil, for usually little rain falls after that time. Since the disking can be done much more rapidly than the plowing, there is less chance for evaporation and the land then remains for some time in good condition for plowing. For several years a Maryland farmer has applied this method to his spring plowing, disking all his stubble and cultivated fields which are to be plowed just as early in the spring as he can get on to them. He is then able to plow his land at any time, whereas his neighbors are often compelled to postpone their plowing until the hard clay soil is softened by rains.

In addition to remaining in condition to plow for a much longer period, land

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The Lawrence-Williams Co., Cleveland, O.

which has been disked is much less inclined to break up in clods and lumps than undisked soil, and hence is more easily put in condition for planting. The loose earth which is thrown to the bottom of the furrow unites much more readily with the furrow slice and no large air spaces are left.

Pin Money at the Farm Sale

When in the early spring or late fall the local papers begin to publish the notices of sales of livestock and farming utensils the time is come for the housewife or neighbor or group of neighbors to get in line for the pin money to be had by serving lunches at the different places where the sales are held. If there are to be several sales in a township it takes but little more effort to attend them all after the simple outfit is arranged and would mean a nice little sum of money for the pains if there is no expense for transportation.

The amount of food to be provided can be approximately estimated by inquiring of some one who attends such sales as to the probable attendance; also taking into consideration that the weather plays an important part in the number present. Sandwiches, cookies, doughnuts, and pie and coffee make up the usual and acceptable bill of fare for the occasion. With buns from the bakery and "wienies" and hamburger steak fresh from the butcher a large part of the work can be done the morning of the sale and the chance for loss

jars to prevent drying out. When ground the cracklings somewhat resemble peanut butter and can be used to season beans, sauer kraut, cabbage or any vegetable requiring pork. They are excellent for frying left-over potatoes. Make good sandwiches for working men. They are especially good when used with corn meal. Crackling corn bread and crackling corn cakes are old southern dainties that are always favorites. Cracklings mixed with meal and made into mush for frying make a delicious breakfast in cold weather. Instead of suet use cracklings in your favorite pudding recipe, substituting in the proportions of one cup and a half of cracklings for one cup of suet. Cracklings can also be used for shortening in any kind of fruit cake with good results. If one has no meat cracklings can be substituted when making mince pies. Ginger cookies, biscuits, dumpplings, shortcake, potpie, etc., are all of excellent flavor when shortened with fresh cracklings.

The Communistic Chicken

Mr. Sanderson and his wife were picking their way across the small plot of ground which separates their home from that of the Mitchells, at whose house they had just had dinner.

"Most agreeable people," commented Mr. Sanderson, genially, "and an excellent dinner."

"Y-es," said Mrs. Sanderson, not very enthusiastically.



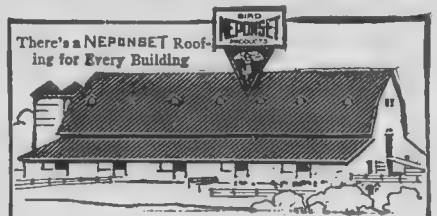
Prince Rupert of the G.T.P. S.S. Co.'s line.

on account of the weather reduced. Hot roast beef sandwiches, hamburger and "wienies" may be prepared at home and covered closely in a pan or a kettle; baked beans can also be used as filling, as can bacon and fried eggs.

This is a splendid place to demonstrate the possibilities of a fireless cooker and portable coffee urn, but these are by no means necessities, as a folding table and a small gasoline or oil stove meet every need in case the kitchen range at the house where the sale is held is not available. Wooden plates and paper napkins add to the comfort of the buyer and tin cups are very satisfactory for serving coffee.

Cracklings

Nothing of the hog is lost but the squeal, is the proud boast of the packing-house. For the housewife to adopt the above plan and waste nothing is one way to cope with the high cost of living. Use the cracklings in cookery instead of making soap or feeding them to chickens. Cut the rinds from the lard and render them in the oven, then the cracklings from rendering the lard should be nice and crisp. Run these cracklings through the sausage mill or food chopper, salt slightly and pack into



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Fort Whoopup and the Old Traders

By Max McD.

BEFORE the Canadian Pacific Railway constructed a viaduct across the Belly River at Lethbridge in Southern Alberta, the westbound train on the Crow's Nest branch, zig-zagging across sloughs, wiggling link by link, like a measuring worm around deep cut ravines, crawled across twenty wooden bridges in the St. Mary's river bottom ere it reached the Blood Reserve of the Blackfeet Indians. The traveller, peering through the coach window at the browned hills to the north and heaving sea of prairie to the south, feels that civilization is receding farther and farther rearward, and that the fenceless fields of the last west have been reached. An owl flops up from a knoll by the roadside, and buzzards and eagles are liting overhead in a sort of dreary enjoyment of desolation. A lone coyote is retreating beyond the hills, and equines of non de script breeding, with patches of white and brown for coloring, are feeding at intervals on the prairie grass. Indian encampments with blanketed braves and red-skirted squaws lounging against the white teepees only increase the impression of utter primitiveness.

In 1867 gold was uncovered in Last Chance gulch, Montana, and what is now the main street of Helena, the capital of the state, was merely the chief artery of the flow of gleaming yellow metal, the pay streak of Last Chance gulch.

All Western Canada once received its supplies from Fort Benton, the end of navigation on the Missouri river, and Fort Benton's only reason for existing at all in the first place was that the head of navigation necessarily was the distributing point for all the mining towns in the mountains.

It is quite generally believed that Southern Alberta was first penetrated by whitemen who sought trade among the Indians, but pioneer placer miners of Montana tell of adventurous and restless prospectors who left the mining camps at Helena, and travelled north and west, "panning" every stream in search of another Last Chance deposit of placer gold. These prospectors, returning, told of failure in their quest for gold, but related tales of vast prairies where buffalos made their breeding grounds and where their skins could be secured from the Indians. Soon traders followed in the footsteps of the prospectors, allured by the stories of the wealth of furs and the limitless range. These traders entered the country from Fort Benton and debauched the Indians with whisky, but they did not obtain possession of the land without many a hard fought fight with the aborigines. All the country, at that time from the Cypress Hills to the Rockies was controlled by the Blackfeet Indians, but their activities centered around trading posts which had been established at Whoopup, Stand Off, Slide Out, and Freeze Out, each name being fairly indicative of its derivation.

Most famous of all these trading posts was Whoopup, on the Belly River near Lethbridge. The fort was built of square timber, surrounded by a palisade twelve feet high, loop-holed for musketry, with bastions and an alarm bell, and was about 100 yards square. The fortifications of this place, it is said, cost \$12,000, and it at once became the metropolis of the whisky smugglers. It was very comfortable, and much good food, as well as drink, was stored there. It derived its name from the fact that it was a central meeting place for traders where they had great carousals and were accustomed to "whoop it up," hence the name, "Whoop Her Up," which has for decency sake been changed to "Whoopup."

Old timers relate many incidents about the liquor traffic in those early days at Whoopup. It was, of course, illegally sold. If an "informer" was caught, his punishment was sudden and summary. One such fellow was let down over a cliff by a rope. The traders did not enquire whether or not he could swim.

He was never heard of again. If he escaped, he never came back.

Mayor Steadman of Macleod tells a good tale of the early whisky days. Mr. Conrad (afterward Senator Conrad, after whom Conrad, Montana, was named) when manager of the trading post of the I. G. Baker Company, put five gallons of whisky into the safe to keep it secure from Indians and prowling whites. At the same time he slipped a roll of \$5,000 into a gunny sack and threw it into the corner of the store. Whisky was more precious in those days than hard cash, and much more likely to be stolen.

Whoopup was the centre for the whisky smuggling for the whole of south western Canada. The trail by which it came in from Fort Benton, zigzagged over the rolling prairie mainly following the bottoms of precipitous coulees and ravines for a distance of 100 miles. Heavy wagons with canvas tops and yokes of 15 to 20 oxen drew the freight of liquor through the devious passes that connected ravine with ravine. There were places where the defiles were exceptionally narrow and where the wagons got mired. Streams and swollen sloughs had to be crossed and it was often necessary to raft both freight and oxen.

Law, there was none. The traders, till the coming of the North-west Mounted Police were a law unto themselves. They entered upon mutual agreements, something after the modern trade combinations and trusts, to regulate the prices of hides, and anyone caught breaking the compact was tried

and sentenced by a court and jury of his associates in the agreement. As an illustration of the method followed in such cases, the following story is told and vouched for by pioneers, fictitious names being used for various reasons:

It was at Whoopup. Smith had been accused of cutting prices. Possibly he had put more water in the whisky than the agreement permitted. No one seemingly knows or cares to remember the exact nature of the offence. The trial was held in the post store, where whisky, flour, powder in kegs, and everything else pertaining to a trader's stock was jumbled about in disorderly hodge-podge. The evidence appeared conclusive that Smith had broken the compact, and Brown delivered the sentence which was to the effect that Smith should be taken out and shot.

The accused, who was sitting upon an upturned powder keg, listened calmly to the decree which did not suit his idea of justice to at least one person con-



The Boys Like Them

"We like Buster Brown Stockings because we are not afraid to play hard and then have to go home and show mother the holes we have rubbed or torn in our stockings. And the stockings are mighty comfortable too."



The Mothers Like Them

"Every spare minute used to be taken up with the darning basket before I bought my boys Buster Brown stockings and the girls Buster Brown's Sister's stockings. They are the nicest looking stockings they have ever worn, and they have certainly saved money for me."



Girls, Too—

Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking for the girls is a splendid looking stocking at a moderate price. A two-thread English mercerized lisle stocking, that is shaped to fit and wears very well indeed.

Colors—Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.

BROWN STOCKINGS

Buster Brown stockings for boys are made in Black and Leather Shade Tan, of the best long fibre cotton specially twisted and tested for durability, with double leg and three-ply heel and toe.

Your dealer can supply you.

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Also makers of the celebrated "Little Darling" and "Little Daisy" Hosiery for Infants and Children



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For 30 years Tanglefoot has been America's surest, safest, most sanitary fly-destroyer. It is non-poisonous, easy to use, and costs but a trifle. Each sheet is capable of killing 1,000 flies. And Tanglefoot not only kills the fly, but seals it over with a varnish that destroys the germs as well. In buying, ask for the genuine "TANGLEFOOT"—it costs you no more and lasts twice as long as the no-name kinds sold merely as fly-paper, or sticky fly-paper.

Made only by the O. & W. Thum Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Gasoline will quickly remove Tanglefoot from clothes or furniture.

How to Use
 Open Tanglefoot slowly. In cool weather warm slightly. For best results place Tanglefoot on chair near window at night. Lower all shades, leaving one at the Tanglefoot window raised about a foot. The early morning light attracts the flies to the Tanglefoot, where they are caught. (31)



When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

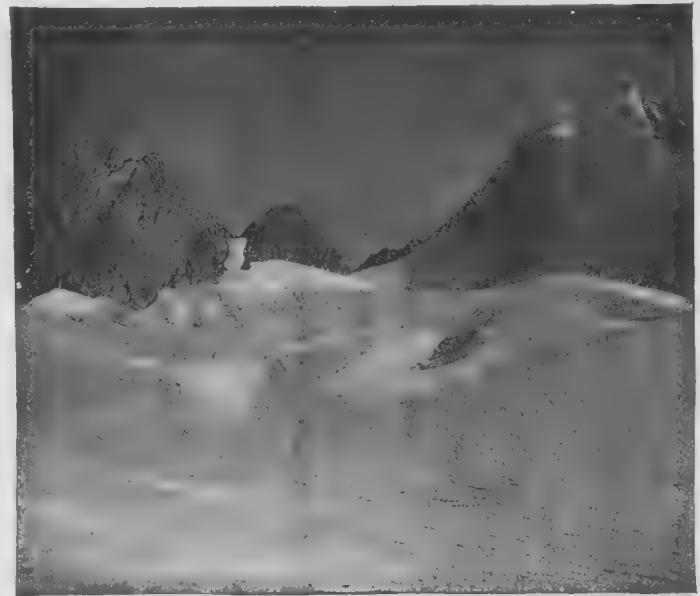
cerned. He jumped to his feet, seized a lighted brand, and holding it over the powder keg loudly declared that if he was going to be shot, he and his partners should go together to —. By unanimous consent of the jury the sentence was suspended indefinitely.

Many tales of daring and nerve, yes, and of heroism too, are told; of Indian attack and reprisal; but all is legend now for the country is given over to the peaceful settler.

The Blackfeet were excellent horsemen, perhaps the best in the world. The trail of the whisky smugglers led across their territory. Often in the difficult places on the trail the Indians would swoop down upon the troubled drivers with the yelling of incarnate fiends that would have stampeded more sober brutes than oxen driving kegs of whisky. Sometimes the raids took place at night when pickets would be cut and

dressed in civilian clothes haunted the south side of the line and sent word for patrols to look out for bands of smugglers nearing the boundary along the Benton trail; but instead of smugglers, behold four priests with their personal belongings on train of pack mules to the fore! But the men who entered "Slide In," dressed in the black robes of the priest, left "Slide Out" in the buckskin regiments of frontiersmen.

The police, of course, exercised the right to search the incoming freight of the ox trains for dutiable goods. In goods billed for Whoopup some interesting discoveries were made. Liquor was found in every imaginable disguise—in piano boxes, in stoves, in barrels of coal oil, in bags of flour, inside the yellow rim of cheese, yes, and inside what were ostensibly hymn books and coffins. The most common form of smuggling whisky into Whoopup was in bottles labelled



Curious Snow Formation on Moloche Glacier, B.C.

the oxen stampeded with the bellowing of a frightened buffalo herd. If the smugglers made a stand there was a fight. If they drew off, the savages captured the booty, and there was also a fight, but, in this case, the victims were the Indians killed in their own drunken brawls. Then the smugglers organized their famous Spitz Cavalry to escort the freighters and defend the fort. Officers were named and regulations drawn up after which the demoralizing trade went on merrily for the smugglers, but to the utter degradation of the natives.

Whoopup lay in the bottom of a deep ravine. On one side was a defile through the hills named "Slide In." On the other side was a narrow pass called "Slide Out." When officers of the law rode clanking through "Slide In," the smugglers quietly slipped out through "Slide Out." Patrols scoured the boundary country to the south. Scouts

"Perfume," "Painkiller," "Ginger," and "Medicine."

The smugglers were on friendly terms with the police and visits were interchanged between Fort Macleod, the police headquarters, and Whoopup. Sometimes surprising discoveries were made during these friendly visits. The story is told of an officer absently poking his cane in the ground as he stood talking to an old trader in front of his store. What the sensations of the trader were when the officer's cane suddenly clicked against the iron hoop of a buried barrel, one may guess. An excavation in front of that store resulted in the spilling of several kegs of liquor.

To-day Whoopup is a quiet little fort without life or interest, save that which comes down from the days of the old traders and smugglers. The timber is falling into decay and soon all will be wreck and ruin.

The Baltimore Oriole

By Arthur Guiterman

Lord Baltimore has come! I know
 That mellow-noted bugle-horn!
 He hunts the bee above the sloe,
 The snail upon the thorn.

Then curl beneath the wasted leaf,
 Base caitiff slug! thy doom is nigh
 Marauding worm, thou orchard thief
 Beware his eager eye!

Lord Baltimore is gay, I ween,
 In livery of black and gold;
 He flits among the branches green
 Right gallant to behold.

A feathered athlete, lithe and light,
 He frolics, hovers, lirts and swings;
 Anon, anon, in pure delight
 Of air-borne life, he sings.

Lord Baltimore, a lover true,
 Has hither brought a gentle bride
 Of softer note and sadder hue;
 Together, side by side.

Where wattled branches lift a roof,
 With creeper, withe and raveled string
 He weaves the warp and she the woof
 To frame a cradle-swing;

And there, beneath the mother's breast,
 All warm and safe from lurking wrong
 Her purple-tinted eggs shall rest—
 Four spheres of future song.

Lord Baltimore is stern in fight
 Should danger menace brood or dame,
 As well befits the doughty knight
 Who bears that lofty name;

His rush is swift; and strong the blow
 And sharp the beak when honor calls!
 Then, braggart jay and thievish crow,
 Avoid his castle walls!

The prince of summer's tuneful bands,
 He cleaves the air with golden oar;—
 Thrice welcome to thy northern lands,
 O brave Lord Baltimore!

Household Suggestions

Jellies for the Invalid.

To begin, not with the food which often is only a glass of milk or a taste of jelly, but with the service, special dishes should be kept for the invalids. Everything should be on a miniature scale, having tiny moulds for everything in the way of jellies, blancmanges, etc. An untidy helping from a dinner, or breakfast table, is often quite sufficient to drive away what little appetite there is; if, however, a tiny cutlet is brought on a tiny dish, garnished daintily on a spotless traycloth, it makes all the difference. The invalid is delighted, and eats her dinner without a murmur.

For the same reason in a busy house, the invalid's food should be prepared a few minutes before the household meals, as then it can be served nicely and attended to, without the feeling of trying to do two things at once, which will happen if the meal is served at the same time as the other meals in the house. If the invalid has a fancy that she must have her meals at the same time, just put her clock forward a little. She will be satisfied and no one the worse.

When a milk diet only is allowed it is difficult to make much change in it although in cases where the doctor will permit the use of isinglass and rennet you can vary the monotony with junkets and milk jelly. Then the changes may be rung on barley, sago, and rice water and a little flavoring added.

In making dainty food for the sick room it is well to recollect the fact that raw meat always lends itself to savoury cookery better than cold meat re-cooked. In fact, no invalid cookery should, in the early stages of convalescence, be made from previously cooked food. By savoury cookery I mean the natural flavor of fresh meat just cooked enough and no more.

As all flavorings have to be more or less left out in cookery for the sick it is wise to endeavor to retain this natural flavor as much as possible.

Isinglass blancmange is also nice. This is an old recipe used before corn-flour became popular. Take one ounce of isinglass and pour over it a quart of sweetened milk and let it stand for half an hour. Boil up gently until the isinglass is dissolved. Take care the milk does not burn. A double saucepan is best for boiling the blancmange in. Flavor with a piece of lemon peel boiled with the milk. Pour into tiny moulds and allow to set. A little cream may be added if it is not too rich for the invalid.

The small glass moulds in which various preparations of preserved meats are sold, or egg cups or after dinner coffee cups, make nice shapes for sick room cookery. Always aim at serving just enough and no more.

The addition of an ounce and a half of grated chocolate to the above makes a nice change. The chocolate must be dissolved in a wineglassful of water and boiled for a few minutes until perfectly smooth before it is added to the blancmange.

A well beaten egg added just after the blancmange is taken from the fire makes the old-fashioned dish "Jaune mange." This makes another change. The varying of the color in a dish plays a most important part in the tempting of a sick appetite.

In making jellies it is best to use those prepared at home from calves' feet. This has much more nourishment than gelatine. It is naturally a great deal of trouble to make, but sufficient can be made at one time to last for a week if kept in a cool, dry larder. Take four well-cleaned calves feet, and place them in a large pan with a gallon of water. Bring it to a boil slowly and then draw the pan to the side of the stove and let it simmer until the water is reduced to half the quantity. This generally takes six or seven hours. Skim off all the fat, and strain through a sieve into a basin large enough to hold the whole. This is the foundation of all jellies, and can be varied in numberless ways.

Fresh Vegetables and their Preparation.

There is only one drawback to a dinner of herbs and that is the time it takes to prepare it. It is a drawback to busy housewives and cooks, but one that should never be allowed to stand in the way of our use of the wealth of fresh vegetable food at our command during the summer.

One housekeeper with a large family calmly told me, that with canned stuff so cheap, she never troubled to prepare fresh vegetables. There could hardly be a greater mistake, and I was not surprised when I heard later on that F. and A. would not eat beans or tomatoes and father did not care for anything but meat, and the others were fussy, and ate more pudding than anything else for their dinner.

Another serious error is carelessness in preparing the green vegetables. A grit of sand in the spinach, a slug in the cabbage, a little green aphid on the lettuce, will set the younger members of your family against those particular things for the rest of their lives.

Make a pleasure of preparing your vegetables, do it in the cool of the morning, while they are crisp and fresh. Use common sense and cut and brush off all the faded leaves and rough sand before putting them into the water. Then don't forget to put on your glasses, if you can use them, and sit comfortably down. Do it out of doors if you can, in a shady spot, and get some of the joy of a summer morning into the work. You will do it faster and better than if you stand nervously with your back to a hot stove, and one eye on the clock.

Even the lettuce and greens will keep better and be crisper if washed as soon as brought in. Crush them as little as possible and rinse thoroughly, then put them on a plate or on a large pan and turn over them a bowl or tin pan. Lettuce will keep fresh and crisp for days if treated in this way and set in a cool place. The inverted bowl keeps the moisture in, and do it without making the leaves mushy as laying them in water would.

Peas should be cooked as soon as possible after being shelled, and should be kept no longer than is necessary, as they quickly lose their sweetness. They will have a better flavor if cooked within an hour of picking from the vines and then reheated than they will if kept over for a day before cooking.

Have a small corn scrubbing brush for cleaning potatoes and a coarse nail brush for more delicate vegetables. A small corn whisk will take the place of the nail brush and I personally like it better, but one thing must be insisted on: whatever brushes you buy for this use must be kept exclusively for it. They should have a brass ring to hang them up by and should always be hung up to dry when not in use. It is anything but clean to scrub vegetables with a wet, smelly, slimy brush.

New Green Peas.—Wash the pods thoroughly in cold water; shell out the peas and put the pods into a stew pan and cover with water. Boil thoroughly, then strain the water over the peas and put them on to boil. Boil them tender. Season with a teaspoonful of butter, salt and pepper, and serve. In this way the peas have a much richer flavor and nothing is wasted. The water will make a delicious cream soup for the following day or may be used for making sauce for other vegetables.

Scrambled Green Beans.—Cold boiled string beans, cut in small slices, may be mixed with beaten egg; the mixture seasoned with salt and pepper to taste, and scrambled to a soft custard. Nice served with crisped strips of bacon.

Onions on Toast.—Mince a bunch of onions rather fine and cover with cold water and set over the fire. When the water is at boiling point drain and cover with cold water. Boil ten minutes, then drain and season to taste with salt and pepper. Add a small piece of butter rubbed in flour, and a few spoonfuls of milk. When it boils up heap on rounds of toast, sprinkle a little minced parsley on each mound and serve very hot.



Now Come Roses And Strawberries And Puffed Grains

With June, in the North, come the roses and strawberries. And to millions of tables Puffed Grains will come with them.

Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice adds as much to the berries as the sugar or the cream.

Puffed Grains have an almond flavor, much like toasted nuts. With the tart of the berries it forms a delightful blend.

The grains are like bubbles—so fragile, so thin. At a touch of the teeth they crush into millions of granules.

Always serve them with berries. Let your folks mix them just before eating, so the grains stay crisp.

Of course, Puffed Grains are good without berries. And the berries are good without Puffed Grains. But the two together form a royal dish.

For Summer Nights

For suppers in summer serve Puffed Grains in milk. They are crisper than crackers—more porous than bread. They are nut-like and toasted. And they are whole-grain foods.

Use them like nut meats to garnish ice-cream. Use them in candy making. Let hungry children eat them, like peanuts, between meals. These are two of the greatest of summer delights. Let the young folks revel in them.

Puffed Wheat, 10c Except in
Extreme
West
Puffed Rice, 15c

But these foods do more than please palates. In the making there occur—inside each grain—millions of steam explosions. Every food granule is blasted to pieces for easy, complete digestion.

They are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods. Served at any hour—between meals or bedtime—they do not tax the stomach. Never before, in all the centuries, have wheat or rice been so fitted for food.

Order both of the Puffed Grains. They will give you variety. For some ways of serving the Rice is better, for some the Wheat. Before the summer is over we will supply you another, called Corn Puffs.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers



A skin you love to touch

Why it is so rare

A skin you love to touch is rarely found because so few people understand the skin and its needs.

Begin now to take *your* skin seriously.

You can make it what you would love to have it by using the following treatment *regularly*

Make this treatment a daily habit

Just before retiring, work up a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the skin gently until the skin is softened, the pores opened and the face feels fresh and clean. Rinse in cooler water, then apply cold water—the colder the better—for a full minute. Whenever possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. Always dry the skin thoroughly.

Use this treatment persistently for ten days or two weeks and your skin will show a marked improvement. Use Woodbury's regularly thereafter, and before long your skin will take on that finer texture, that greater freshness and clearness of "a skin you love to touch."

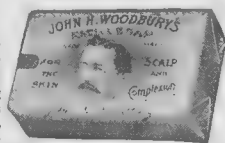
Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. It costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. Tear out the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast including Newfoundland

Write today to the Canadian Woodbury factory for samples.

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. 101G Perth, Ontario.



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WIGS, TOUPEES AND
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When in Winnipeg do not fail to visit our up-to-date Hairdressing, Manicuring and Chiropody Parlors. Correspondence invited on matters relating to hair. Advice free.

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Hall-Borchert Dress Forms simplify the most difficult part of home dressmaking—the fitting on. The form exactly duplicates your figure, whether stout or slight; fitting on becomes a pleasure—your dresses a success.

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Attractive Embroideries

We are sure our readers will be interested in the articles illustrated in this column, as they show a new line of goods, which come already made up and the only work required is the simple effective design stamped for embroidery. The materials used are of the highest quality and the workmanship good.

No. 14 Nightdress comes in four lengths, No. 54, 56, 58 and 60, and the advantages of this garment will be easily understood, as the embroidering of scalloped edges usually supplied on stamped nightdresses requires much time and patience, and unless beautifully worked, the garment is completely spoiled, this nightdress as well as the corset cover and envelope combination, may be supplied made up from Nainsook or the popular Plisse Crepe, the latter material is very much in favor, as it does not require ironing so one need not explain its advantages, being particularly adapted for travelling purposes. There is a strong fancy for colored embroidery carried out on almost every garment, and these crepe nightdresses are very dainty, embroidered in colors, pale blue, pink, etc., being very effective, ribbons matching the embroidery being drawn through the lace. The Lonsdale is, of course, embroidered in white, and corset covers also made up and trimmed to match the nightdresses.



Two dainty articles which follow this "Ready to Embroider Series" are No. 20, Dressing Sacque and No. 21, Boudoir Cap, both made from fine sheer lawn, trimmed with pretty lace edgings, the embroidered design is simple and after being embroidered, soft ribbons may be laced through eyelets to form the waist line, or ribbon ties may be sewn on the outside of the garment, thus drawing the fullness into place. The Boudoir Cap is supplied with a casing for a draw string, and is easily trimmed with pretty ribbon rosettes.

Nos. 20—21
Lace Edged Dressing
Sacque\$1.15
Lace Edged Boudoir Cap .60
Cotton to embroider .. .15



No. 6406 American Beauty Rose
Front and back\$.60
Cluny lace to edge75
Silk to embroider75
Fringe for ends is preferred .60
Ribbon frill 1.00

Following the series of Birthday Pillows, the one for June is illustrated here. We are sure our readers will be interested in the floral sprays and suitable sentiments conveyed by these pillows.

If you cannot obtain these articles from your dealer they will be sent post-paid on receipt of the prices quoted, the address is given below.

Readers will please understand that the prices quoted are for the articles as described, we do not supply embroidered pieces, and unless otherwise specified, materials to embroider will be supplied as mentioned, if special shades are requested, full information regarding these must be attached to the order. Write addresses plainly and allow at least a week from the time the order is received for filling.



No. 14
Made Up Nightdress, Lace Edged
Nainsook\$1.50
On Crepe 1.50
Lustered cotton to embroider .15
Corset Covers to match in
either material50
Lustered cotton to embroider .15



No. 15
Corset Cover, Lace Edged Lonsdale\$.50
Corset Cover, Plisse Crepe50
Cotton to embroider15

No. 15 Corset Cover shows the ready to embroider idea and it will be noticed that a different design appears on this, but of course these garments may be all had to match if preferred, the corset cover is completely finished with lace trimmed beading, buttons and buttonholes, is a well fitting garment, and comes in sizes from 34 to 42.

Mr. Hogan (after hammering on the door for five minutes): "Is it dead or alive ye are?"

Mrs. Hogan (within): "Nayther; I'm shlapin'."



No. 211. ROSES
TINTED IN SHADES OF PINK, BROWN
AND GREEN

GIVEN

Pillow Top and Back

This handsome conventional design pillow given away absolutely free in order to introduce Belding's Pure Silk Royal Floss into every home. Pillow Top is made of Pure Linen Russian Crash; stamped and hand tinted ready to be embroidered. Outfit sent free and prepaid if you send us 35 cents to cover the regular retail price of 6 skeins of Belding's Pure Silk Royal Floss to commence the work with and 5 cents for postage. Outfit includes:

One Pillow Top, size 17 x 22 inches, stamped and hand tinted on pure linen Russian crash.

One Pillow Back.

One Easy Diagram Lesson, showing you just exactly how to take every stitch.

Six Skeins Belding's Royal Silk Floss.

ALL SENT FOR ONLY 35c. AND YOUR DEALER'S NAME.

HOW TO GET THE COMPLETE OUTFIT.

Just enclose 35 cents in stamps or silver and the name of your dealer. This exceptionally attractive offer is made to introduce BELDING'S PURE SILK ROYAL FLOSS into every home in Canada, and may be withdrawn any time.

SEND TO-DAY. Do not delay. Just send 35 cents in stamps or silver and the name of your dealer and we will send you the entire outfit. Write TO-DAY.

Silk for Fancy Work

32 Skeins

Assorted Colors

50 cents post paid

Suitable for all kinds

of

Art Needlework

Order to-day as supply

is limited.

Belding Paul Corticelli Ltd.

Dept. 306, MONTREAL.



WILSON'S FLY PAD. POISON

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Fashions and Patterns

Any pattern mentioned on the following pages will be sent. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

Raglan sleeves are very popular this season. They appear on gowns, coats, wraps and blouses. A pretty costume in peach colored chiffon taffeta has this style of sleeve in full length, and cut in one with the back. The waist fronts open over a vest of striped silk in pretty, light tones. A Japanese collar and broad cuffs are also of the silk. A collarless chemisette of shadow lace is worn with this model. The skirt has plaits over the hips, and is finished in raised waistline.

Fine French serge in a new shade of brown was used for a smart frock that has a waist with Gibson plaits over the shoulders, and the fronts with diagonal closing. A design in brown soutache braid trims waist and skirt front edges. Collar, cuffs and a neat little vest are of white crepe de chene. The skirt is a three-piece model, with gathers at the back.

A stylish wrap is made of black moire. It has a raglan sleeve, and the fulness at lower edge of wrap is joined to a circular band five inches wide over the front and graduating to twice that

A new collar is shown that is called the Normandy or Gladstone collar. It flares at the edges and forms a sort of vest over the fronts.

Plain and flowered or figured materials may be combined effectively. One sees for instance a tunic and waist of plain voile, with skirt of flowered crepe or silk.

A pleasing afternoon dress was made of figured batiste in dainty pink and white for waist, and a tunic cut in deep vandyke points and lengthened by a gathered flounce of plain pink batiste; the skirt and waist trimming are also of the plain material. A vest of fine tucked net goes nicely with this cool summery frock.

How welcome and practical a style is that of the separate blouse and skirt. With a little ingenuity they may represent several changes in costumes. A charming blouse of this kind is made of flowered silk, with under vest-blouse of net faced with the silk. The raglan sleeve and Japanese collar are distinctive features of this model.



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width at the back. The fronts are turned back to form revers facing of white faille which meet a collar of taffeta, topped by one of Irish lace.

Green and white striped taffeta made a pretty little suit, composed of a short loose fitting coat, that is finished with a collar of white embroidered linen. The four-piece skirt has a tuck lap at side front and side back, and is cut with raised waistline.

A simple but becoming gown is made of new blue foulard dotted with white. The unlined blouse with set-in kimono sleeve is finished with collar and cuffs of Madeira embroidery. The skirt is in "peg top" style, and finished with a gracefully draped girdle and sash ends.

Terra cotta charmeuse was selected for a blouse waist with Japanese collar, and a skirt made with uplifted drapery and headed ruffles over the hips. Frills and a narrow inserted vest of batiste supply the only trimming and contrast. The effect is neat and charming.

The newest departure in tunics are those in ripple and corkscrew style.

Paris shows coats so short they can hardly be termed boleros. These are fashioned in all kinds of materials, but are much favored for general use, in shepherd checks, mixtures and woolens. The sleeves in these coats vary from full length to elbow length; some are set in, others are in raglan, and others in kimono style. Some indeed are sleeveless with the armseye edges piped in a contrasting color.

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9923—Ladies' Two-Piece Skirt, with Fold.—This simple but practical model is splendid for a separate skirt. It may be finished without the flounce, and in raised or normal waistline. Serge, voile, crepe, duvetyne, eponge, challie, gingham, ratine, or linen are all suitable for this model. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. The skirt measures about half a yard at the foot. Pattern requires 3 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 24 inch size. Pattern 10c.

9919—Ladies' Costume with Long or Shorter Sleeve.—Embroidered poplin in a new shade of nell rose would be pretty for this design, with a vest of white chiffon or shadow lace. The design is also good for voile, batiste, gingham, linen, crepe, duvetyne, cloth or silk. Navy blue chiffon taffeta with trimming of tan or green, or bordered goods in any of the prevailing materials, are also nice for this. The waist is in surplice

fullness at the waistline in back is held under the belt which fastens under the arm. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

9906.—Ladies' Night Dress in Round or Square Neck Edge.—Cambric, crossbar muslin, dimity, nainsook, crepe or silk are popular materials for garments of this kind with trimming of embroidery edging or lace. The design is made with kimono sleeve and deep armhole and has graceful and simple lines. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. Pattern 10c.

9921—Girl's Dress with Surplice Front and Three-Piece Skirt.—This model was attractively developed in blue linen, embroidered in white. It is simple in outline and easy to make. The collar is unique in its shaping and the pretty



style, and may be finished with short or long sleeve, and with a plain or tunic skirt. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

9970—Ladies' Kimono.—Figured crepe in blue tones, is here shown, with trimming of blue sateen. The model is good for cashmere, silk, flannel or flannellette. The waist is in Empire style, and is finished with a pretty collar. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

9931—A Good "Over All" Apron.—This simple serviceable model may be used as a dress. It is suitable for seersucker, linene, galatea, gingham, chambray or lawn, and with the short sleeves and round neck is quite comfortable. It is easy to adjust and simple in the making. The closing is at the side front. The

girdle that may be of soft silk or poplin, forms a neat finish. The design is also suitable for poplin, crepe, seersucker, gingham, lawn, chambray, voile, challis or cashmere. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Pattern 10c.

9924.—A New and Popular Waist. (In Blouse or Unbloused Style).—With or without peplum with two styles of collar and with long or short sleeve. Mercerized madras in white with blue figures is here shown. The model which is a good style for sport, outing or business wear, may be developed in linen, lawn, linene, ratine, crepe, percale, gingham, tub silk or flannel. The design shows some variety in collar and sleeve finish, and will look well with or without the peplum, and in blouse or unbloused style. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.



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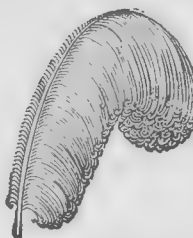
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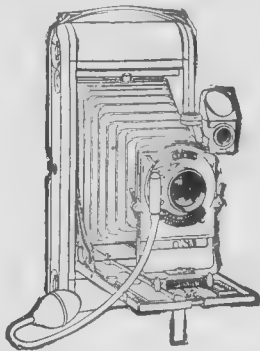
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9895.—Girl's Coat.—This model as here shown was developed in two toned, brown woolen. It is also suitable for velvet, silk, linen, linene, eponge, or ratine. The fronts are slightly lapped, and may be closed low or high at the neck edge. The design has good lines and is comfortable. It is easy to develop. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Pattern 10c.

9925.—Girl's Dress with Long or Short Sleeves.—White linene combined with blue and white percale was used for this model. Crepe voile, with ratine for trimming in the new blue or rose shade is also pretty. The front waist portions are joined to a yoke, and the neck edge is finished with a sailor collar. A shield is given which may be omitted. The long sleeve has a band cuff, while the short sleeve, ideal for warm weather, is cool and comfortable. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Pattern 10c.

lawn. It is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

9914.—Ladies' Apron.—This attractive model is cut with waist portions, and a yoke that combines a short sleeve. The effect is very pleasing, and the garment is comfortable and affords ample protection for the dress worn beneath it. The skirt has a front, side fronts, and back portions and is joined to the waist under a belt. The design is good for lawn, percale, gingham, seersucker, sateen or brilliantine. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

9915.—Ladies Kimono or Lounging Robe.—There are such pretty materials suitable for this style of garment, crepes, lawns, dimities, silks, soft woollens and challies. The design here portrayed is finished with raised waistline. The right

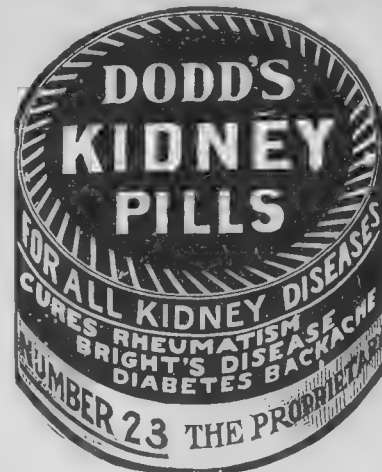


9930.—Girl's Apron.—This simple little design is so easy to develop, that "mother's" girl will be glad to do it alone. The deep armscye is so comfortable and the effect so neat, to say nothing of the good covering which the apron will give to the dress beneath. For home, cooking school, for play time, this design will prove very satisfactory. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Pattern 10c.

9912.—A Neat and Comfortable House Dress.—This design is cut with the waistline slightly raised. It has a blouse waist, with shaped front and a sleeve that will be good in either wrist or shorter length. For the wrist length a band cuff is provided, while for the shorter length a neat shaped cuff, supplies the finish. The skirt is cut on prevailing straight lines, and with a panel back. Ample pockets may be added on the fronts. The pattern is suitable for percale, chambray, gingham, linene, ratine, cotton or wool voile, tub silks or

front is shaped and lapped over the left, and trimmed with a pretty collar. The skirt is cut on prevailing lines and fitted with tuck darts at the back. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

9928.—Costume for Misses and Small Women.—Pretty bordered goods, embroidered crepe or voile, silk chiffon, batiste, dimity, lawn or cotton duvetyn, are all suitable for this style. As here shown white voile was used embroidered in pale blue with here and there a touch of embre. The waist is simple and becoming. It is closed at the back, and may be finished with sleeves in wrist length, or short, as in the large illustration. The tunic may be made with or without one or both ruffles. The skirt is gracefully draped in front and finished at the back with plaits. The pattern which is also good for a combination of materials is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. Pattern, 10c.



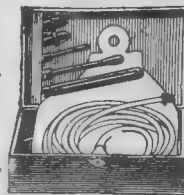
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9932—Dress for Girls and Young Misses.—This design may readily be developed in any of the materials now popular. It will be pretty in blue voile or crepe with trimming of embroidered bands, and equally effective in white linen with embroidery in self colors in some simple design. The skirt has plaited fullness over the hips, and is finished at the back with a deep lengthwise tuck. The waist and skirt are joined and finished to close at the centre front. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14, and 16 years. Pattern 10c.

9934.—Ladies' House Dress.—Checked gingham in black and white with facings of white are here combined. The design is made with a panel on the skirt front and back, and the right waist front is crossed over the left at the closing. The neck is collarless, but finished with a shaped facing. The sleeves are desirable in either wrist or shorter length. It will develop well in lawn, chambray, seersucker, ratine, linen, percale, voile, pop-

9927.—Girl's One-Piece Dress.—Such a pretty dress was developed from this design in blue and white dotted tub silk. It is equally effective in gingham, percale, galatea, challie, lawn, dimity, voile, or crepe. Feather-stitching or insertion would form a pretty trimming on this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Pattern 10c.

9926.—Ladies' Apron.—Gingham, percale, cambric, drill, lawn, galatea or alpaca are all suitable for this style of garment. The front is cut high over the bust, meeting strap ends that cross over and form part of the back. This apron is a comfortable model, cool and affording sufficient protection for the dress worn beneath it. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. Pattern 10c.

9909.—Child's Rompers with Long or Short Sleeves. — Brown galatea with



lin, or tub silk. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

9933—9929—A Splendid Three-Piece Costume. — This attractive creation is composed of Ladies' Bolero Waist 9933, and Ladies' Skirt, 9929. For the waist dotted net, dimity, crepe or silk would be nice, with voile, crepe, linen, lawn or taffeta, for the bolero and skirt. A chemisette of tucked batiste or net may be added. Blue linen embroidered in self color would make a smart outing suit, with the waist of sheer batiste embroidered with blue dots. The skirt is draped in deep folds over the back, and may be finished with or without the flounced tunic. The waist sleeves are pretty either in wrist or elbow length. The bolero may be omitted. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, and the skirt in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Two patterns, 10c each.

9911—Ladies' Princess Slip (With or without Flounce).—What is prettier than a garment of this style developed in soft nainsook or lawn, and trimmed with insertion and lace, or with embroidery, or better still, to decorate with hand embroidery in some simple easily worked pattern. This model is not difficult to develop, and may be made of long cloth, crepe, silk or batiste as well as other lingerie fabrics. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

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Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. Kindly note we cannot send any correspondents the names and addresses of the writers of the letters published. Persons wishing to correspond with others should send letters in stamped, plain envelopes under cover to the Correspondence Department and they will immediately be forwarded to the right parties.

Signs of Life Everywhere

Bruce County, April, 1914.

Dear Editor and Readers: Here is another Ontario girl who would like to join your merry crowd. We have seen a number of letters from Ontario in your columns, but do not remember of having read any from Bruce County. We young people here are interested in the letters written by the boys and girls of the West, for most of us have friends or relatives living on the Prairie. I used to think life in the West would be very lonely, but think differently of it now. Although you must surely miss the green trees and the birds. It was very cold here, this last winter, colder we believe than it has been for a number of years. This is a beautiful time of the year, is it not? There seems to be signs of life everywhere. The trees will soon be out in leaf and blossom. It certainly is splendid to live in the country, for we see so much of Nature. I have spent considerable time in the city, and enjoyed it while there, for I was studying music; but after all, the country is best, in many ways. Just at this time we begin to think about cleaning up our grounds and decorating for summer. My sister and I intend to have an arbor and some shady nooks made, by getting our brother to do the carpenter work for us and we will decorate with flowers. Then we are going to make a screen by sowing seeds of morning-glories or sweet peas in quite a long box, and making a rack about three feet high for the vines to climb on. I think all farmers' daughters should be interested in beautifying the home and surroundings. The April number of your paper came to our house to-day, and it certainly contains much good information and instructive reading. My brother was given a year's subscription to 'The Western Home Monthly' for a Christmas present a few years ago, and we have taken it ever since. We have been telling the other young people what a splendid magazine it is, and some of them may subscribe. Am interested in Trixie, whose letter is in the March number, and would like to correspond with her. Also would be pleased to hear from some of the other Western young people. We have noticed that quite a number of the boys and girls in the East who write are not in favor of dancing. Well, we are a jolly bunch here, and enjoy many good times together, but do not dance or play cards. Will close, as this is my first letter, wishing the paper and all its readers every success. My address is with the Editor and will sign myself,

Adele.

Happy Healthy Bachelors

Benito, Man., Mar. 30, 1914.

Dear Editor: If you have any space for the clumsy scroll of a homesteader I would like these few lines inserted as I am very much interested in the discussions going on in your correspondence columns. In nearly all the letters I have read, great pity and sympathy has been handed out to the homesteaders on account of their loneliness. Now, that healthy, happy bachelors (who are not afflicted with dyspepsia) should need pity is certainly information for

From
Girlhood

THE change may be critical and cause untold suffering in after-life. The modern young woman is often a "bundle of nerves"—"high strung"—fainting spells—emotional—frequently blue and dissatisfied with life. Such girls should be helped over this distressing stage in life—by a woman's tonic and nerve—that has proven successful for over 40 years.

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DR. PIERCE'S PLEASANT PELLETS regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar coated, tiny granules easy to take as candy.

to
Womanhood

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me, but being a mere lad of twenty, perhaps my ideas are not of much account. I think that anyone who is lucky enough to be able to call himself a native of our glorious Canada, has a good homestead, and is inclined to look at the brighter side of life has no reason to be pitted, even if he is a half-starved bachelor. This glorious Canada of ours (of whom all Canadians who are worth a snap are justly proud), affords all kinds of opportunities to the willing and dauntless, lonely or otherwise. I think "Prairie Sunshine's" ideas of the way a home should be made are fine, only a little more weight should be thrown on the man's side of it. Although not a subscriber I am a constant reader of your paper, and I find it very helpful to me, especially Doctor Gordon's "The Young Man and his Problem." I should like to correspond with "Prairie Sunshine" and "Maple Bud" if they will please write to me. I will sign myself, Canadian Frank.

From The Melting Pot

Winnipeg, Man., April 10th, 1914.

Editor, The Western Home Monthly,
Good evening, dear Editor. Can you make room for a new-comer at your fireside? One who has often listened through the keyhole but feared to venture in. You're right "Northonia"—for fear of "What would people think." And now they think me rude, I'm sure, and, yes, I hear them say "Who is he anyway? Another lonesome bachelor, I suppose!" Not this time, Miss, and if I were I do not think I should come here toadying for sympathy on that account. I think the average Western homesteader much too manly and far too busy to think of such a thing. No, I'm a city boy and come from "the melting pot"—the Gateway City to the Golden West! "Aha! some country pedagog looking for a Miss!"—Missed again, but never mind your guessing. It doesn't matter anyhow so long as I can sit beside the fire and hear you talk. I like your golden hair and deep blue eyes, fair Miss, so please sit beside me here and let me hear you laugh. The truth is I am feeling blue and disappointed with the world. I need your sunny smile to help me to forget. Now, don't be afraid; I have no golden ring to steal your hand with, nor even one with sparkling diamond chips—cut from window glass mostly. No, just a plain, tall, gawky boy of 25 or thereabouts, with brown hair and brown eyes and a big mouth with a taste for apple pie. Music hath charms, and so has poetry, but most of all I want your wine of laughter, full of the rich sweet joy of life—the joy that somehow I have missed. Do you want my story? No, there isn't enough of one to tell, mostly dry psychology, or perhaps its merely growing pains—but never mind. I know the cure even as Saul did when he found it in the music of a boy. The cause—I leave you to guess that; only let me hear you laugh. My address is with the Editor,
Arthur-at-the-Gate.

An Example Worth Following

Sask., Canada, April 14th, 1914.

To, the Editor,

Dear Editor: I have been a reader of your paper for three years and have found much pleasure in the perusal. I have enjoyed reading it so much that I wish to send it to a friend of mine in the Old Country, whose address I enclose together with a dollar for payment of subscription. There is a great deal of discussion in your correspondence column re "Woman's Suffrage." I have read both the pros and cons with interest. In my first year at College I was a supporter of the cause, but that was before the militants committed so many outrages. I have been so disgusted with their programme of campaign and their utter disregard of other folks' property, that I would not care to be associated with them. I firmly believe they have ruined the cause instead of helping it forward. If they had spent their energies and money in trying to relieve the sufferings of their poorer sisters, encouraging them to rise above their surroundings and helping them in

their struggle against poverty and the evils of their environment, they would have accomplished more in a month than legislation would have accomplished in a year. There is a great deal of talk about the loneliness of the Western bachelors. We spinsters have a touch of the complaint also, especially in the winter. I came from London, England, three years ago and have lived on a homestead east of Moose Jaw most of the time, with the exception of three months I spent in Alberta. I am a teacher by profession, but I have discovered, that in order to be successful in this prairie land, one must be prepared to do anything in reason. I have lived in the country and I have lived in the city, and although the latter has many advantages, such as Church fellowship and social intercourse, I think life in the country is the healthier of the two. Last summer I stayed on a farm and got a glimpse of life on a Canadian farm. The work is hard and the hours are long, but there are many compensations. I should be glad to correspond with readers of either sex, who care to write. I am fond of music and in the long winter evenings I do a great deal of reading and needlework. I see that most of the correspondents give a description of themselves. I will not, however, because I should find the task somewhat irksome. I am still in the twenties, rather short and a blonde. I do not dance, but do not grudge others the pleasure. I enjoy a drive but am not an accomplished horsewoman by any means. I have no great objections to a man smoking, but I have no use at all for a man who drinks or gambles. As to a man or a girl who flirts, all I can say is, I do not want to make their acquaintance. I have seen the terrible tragic effects of the affections being played with by heartless people. This Western land needs earnest men and thinking women if it is to become truly great. In these days of the "Hobble Skirt" and the "Suffragette," men are losing their chivalrous attitude toward the weaker sex and it is not to be wondered at. Still there are women who are not slaves to the prevailing fashion, who prefer comfort and modesty to style. Trusting that you will find a space in your columns for this epistle, I will sign myself,

A London Lassie.

A Reader and a Poet

Medicine Hat, Alta., April 20, 1914.

Dear Editor: I would like just a little wee space in the column, wherein I can pass a few remarks, regarding the letters written by other writers in the Column, so I hope you won't refuse. I'll take "Spartan," first. I guess he's an Atheist, and religion never appealed to him. Eve was the only sex for ages, eh! Now Mr. Spartan turn to your Bible, if you possess one, the oldest historical book a-going, and read in Genesis thus: "And God made Man in His own image," then farther on we read: "And God saw it was not good for man to be alone, so He made woman to be an help-mate unto him." So there it appears, man was the first, and I presume all those who read the Bible, as a rule, believe the Bible to be true, or otherwise they are not Christians. I guess you lay under a tree, and smoked your pipe when you thought that letter out. I guess you have tried that fishing invention, you seem to know all about it. I used to do a little of it years ago, and I found it hard work to get my breakfast before I went to my regular work at 7 a.m. I guess you didn't get a long enough start in idleness, or you may have been a philosopher, and that is where the kick comes. You and Christobel Pankhurst would just fill the barrow, and it would wheel along fine. I would dearly love to see you under "Petticoat Government." What do you say, brother bachelors. Now lie quiet and take your medicine. I'm glad to see "Sammy" on my side regarding marriage failures, with a little sensible talk on it. "Northonia" talks good sense too. I see "Canadian Girl" and "Contented" both find The Western Home Monthly a great benefit. Glad to hear it. Well now I'll have to quit, there's some poetry to come. Well, keep smiling all.
Dido.

A COLD Developed Into BRONCHITIS.

However slight a cold you have, you should never neglect it. In all possibility, if you do not treat it in time it will develop into bronchitis, pneumonia, or some other serious throat or lung trouble.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is particularly adapted for all colds, coughs, bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma, whooping cough and all troubles of the throat and lungs. Three points in favour of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup are: 1. Its action is prompt. 2. It invigorates as well as heals, and soothes the throat and lungs. 3. It is pleasant, harmless and agreeable in taste.

Mrs. Albert Vait, Brockville, Ont., writes:—"Just a line to let you know about Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Our oldest little girl is now six years old. When she was four months old she got a cold which developed into Bronchitis, and we tried everything we could think of and had two doctors attending her, but it was no good. One day I read in your almanac about Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, so I tried it, and before she had finished one bottle of it, the dry hacking cough had nearly all gone. There is nothing equal to it, and we are never without it in the house."

See that you get "Dr. Wood's" when you ask for it, as there are numerous imitations on the market. The genuine is manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Price, 25c.; family size, 50c.

When through old age the bodily functions become sluggish, **Na-Dru-Co Laxatives** give gentle, timely and effective aid, without discomfort or distress.

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Eddy's Fibreware Tubs

will gladden the washer-woman's day. They are made in one solid piece and cannot fall apart and

**They Retain
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much longer than the old wooden variety

Guilty Gold.

Guilty gold, what can it buy?
From the depths of Hell comes an
ans'ring cry:

Guilty to grind the poor, and crush
The fallen, in life's frantic rush;
Guilty to pillage, grasp, and rob
Heedless widow, or orphan's sob,
Guilty to cut off youth in bloom,
Starve it into an early tomb:

Overworked—a pitiful wage,
Victims all of a grasping age,
Lies upheld to stifle truth,

Youth and beauty; beauty and youth.
(Maidens you know are daily sold,
Sordid mothers like Guilty gold.)

The monkey-like desire to please,
Pose and strut, as a magnate great,
Till "Nick" himself, in his warm spot
Marvels "Am I devil, or what?"

Guilty gold, what can it buy?
List to another ans'ring cry:

No matter how men count their
wealth,

All their gold won't purchase health,
The sweet joy of a mother's love,
Dearest gift from God above.

It cannot—though with age they're
bent,

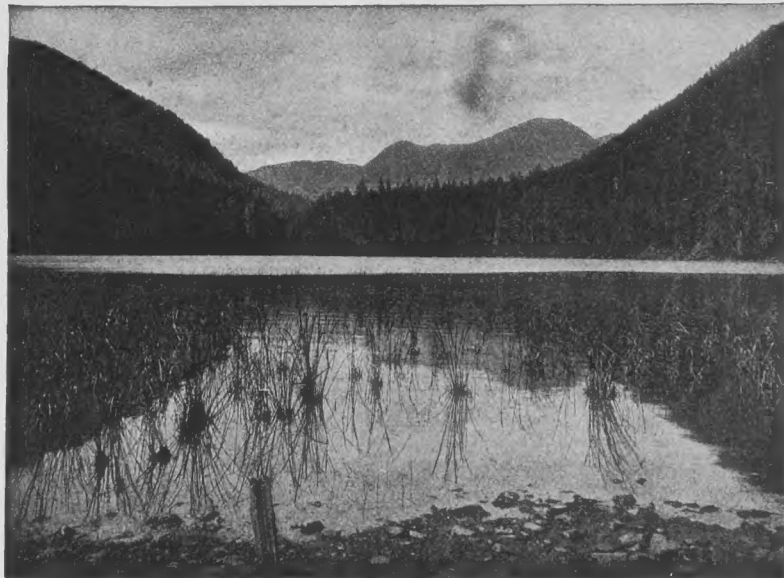
Buy the repose of a life well-spent.
Doing your best each day you live,
Some kindly act to pleasure give,

An honest heart and noble mind,
Better than all the wealth combined.
The Laborer in his humble cot,
Happier in his lowly lot.

With merry babe, and loving wife,
Leading a quiet healthy life.

Then, why sigh for guilty gold?

Interesting letters in the Correspondence department of The Western Home Monthly that I will write a letter to them sometime, but I never got it started. I enjoy so much reading letters from other people telling of their experiences, likes and dislikes. I am a member of that lonesome tribe "the bachelor homesteaders," and when The Western Home Monthly comes along it's like an old friend come back from a trip around the world. Everybody seems to have a word of pity for us poor bachelors, but why pity us? I think most of us are bachelors from our own choice, and it seems to me being a bachelor is O.K. Have lived on a homestead only since last fall, but I am well initiated in bachelor affairs. Of course I think most bachelors would prefer to change their state if they could find the right woman, but until they do they are well content to remain a bach. I have learned how to bake bread—good bread too, mind you—make flapjacks, pancakes, etc. But I do not care to show my bread to any of the women folks for their opinion. I am located in Southern Sask., five miles from the new Lethbridge-Weyburn C.P.R. line, in a stretch of the very finest farming country. I notice the girls like to give their idea of an "Ideal Man." I think they ought rather to think about how to make an "Ideal Woman" out of themselves. An ideal woman must, of course, be healthy, but above all she



Sedges in Drumm Lake, B.C.

Good Wholesome Sport.

Man., May 14, 1914.

Dear Editor: Having been a reader of your paper for three years, and having taken great interest in the Correspondence section, I will try a short letter myself. Being a Saskatchewan bachelor I am much interested in the letters of the homesteaders. I see a lot of discussion on the subject of sport. Now I think that any sport that is clean and wholesome is not in any way harmful to anyone. I enjoy dancing, card playing, and parties of all sorts as indoor sport, and am a lover of all sorts of athletics. Nothing tends to brighten one's spirit and make him feel the joy of life more than football, baseball, lacrosse, hockey, swimming, rowing, sailing, or a canter across the prairie. But before sport comes work and enterprise. This glorious West with all its advantages is all the inducement a young fellow needs to cause him to buckle in and fight the few so-called hardships that stare most fellows down. There is no reason why any young fellow with good Canadian ambition should not succeed as well as could possibly be expected. Well, if this is printed I will have exhausted all the space I can reasonably expect. So I will close wishing you all the best returns of the month and asking for correspondents,

An Athlete.

Back From a Trip.

Saskatchewan, May, 1914.

Dear Editor: I have often said to myself when I have read the many in-

must be of a cheerful and amiable disposition, always looking at the bright side of things. Nothing is so depressing to a man as to have a gloomy, foreboding wife. A man likes above all to be in a cheerful atmosphere. Girls in general are apt to place too much importance on good looks. Knowing how to prepare a good meal is worth more than all the styles that ever came from Paris. You will find the best girls in their mother's kitchens. Steer clear of the girl who lets her mother do all the work. Wishing you all success,

Bismark.

[Please send name and address.]

Twelve Miles from Town.

Kamsack, Sask., May, 1914.

To the Editor of The Western Home Monthly,

Dear Editor: I have started reading your magazine lately, and have found the Correspondence page. This being my first letter I suppose it may not be taken into consideration. We live on a farm twelve miles from town—we have a section of land. Although we don't go into mixed farming to a great extent we have quite a few horses and cattle. I never do any trapping like my other neighbors, but do some hunting. I like being around machinery very much. I see by "Engineer" in your paper that he wants to correspond with others about gasoline engines. I would like to do the same, as we have one traction engine and a separator. Would like to write him if he will communicate with me,

Machinist.

"MY ONLY MEDICINE"

Says Mrs. Corbett, Are "Fruit-a-tives"
"They Keep Me In Perfect Health"



MRS. ANNIE A. CORBETT

AVON, ONT., May 14th, 1913

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Before taking 'Fruit-a-tives' I took salts and other pills but the treatment was too harsh. I thought I might as well suffer from the disease as from these treatments.

Finally, I saw 'Fruit-a-tives' advertised with a letter in which someone recommended them very highly, so I tried them. The results were more than satisfactory and I have no hesitation in recommending them to any other person. They have done me a world of good. I get satisfaction from them, and that is quite a lot". ANNIE A. CORBETT.

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Discounts: 250 doses, 10 p. ct.; 500 doses, 20 p. ct. Use any injector, but Cutter's simplest and strongest. Every package dated, unused pills exchangeable for fresh after date on package. Do not use old vaccine (ours or any other), as it affords less protection than fresh. Insist on Cutter's. If unobtainable, order direct. Send check or M. O., we pay charges and ship promptly. Vaccine and injectors pass duty free.
THE CUTTER LABORATORY, Berkeley, California.

Woman and the Home

My Neighbor's Confession (After she had been Fortunate)

Yes, this is what my neighbor said that night,

In the still shadow of her stately house,
(Fortune came to her when her head was white)

What time dark leaves were weird in withering boughs,
And each late rose sighed with its latest breath,
"This sweet world is too sweet to end in death."

But this is what my neighbor said to me:
"I grieved my youth away for that or this.

I had upon my hand the ring you see,
With pretty babies in my arms to kiss,

And one man said I had the sweetest eyes,
He was quite sure, this side of Paradise.

"But then our crowded cottage was so small,

And spacious grounds would blossom full in sight;

Then one would fret me with an India shawl,

And one flash by me in a diamond's light;

And one would show me yards of precious lace,

And one look coldly from her painted face.

"I did not know that I had everything Till—I remembered it. Ah me! ah me!
I who had ears to hear the wild-bird sing

And eyes to see the violets. It must be

A bitter fate that jewels the gray hair,
Which once was golden and had flowers to wear.

"In the old house, in my old room, for years,

The haunted cradle of my little ones gone

Would hardly let me look at it for tears.

. . . Oh, my lost nurslings! I stay on and on,

Only to miss you from the empty light
Of my lone fire—with my own grave in sight.

"In the old house, too, in its own old place,

Handsome and young, and looking toward the gate

Through which it flushed to meet me, is a face

For which, ah me! I never more shall wait—

For which, ah me! I wait forever, I Who, for the hope of it, can surely die.

"Young men write gracious letters here to me,

That ought to fill this mother-heart of mine.

The youth in this one crowds all Italy!
This glimmers with the far Pacific's shine.

The first poor little hand that warmed my breast

Wrote this—the date is old; you know the rest.

"Oh, if I only could have back my boys,
With their lost gloves and books for me to find,

Their scattered playthings and their pleasant noise!

I sit here in the splendor, growing blind,

With hollow hands that backward reach and ache

For the sweet trouble which the children make."

Wise and experienced mothers know when their children are troubled with worms and lose no time in applying Miller's Worm Powders, the most effective vermifuge that can be used. It is absolute in clearing the system of worms and restoring those healthy conditions without which there can be no comfort for the child, or hope of robust growth. It is the most trustworthy of worm exterminators.

Children's Parties

Many a country mother would like to have parties for her children occasionally, but she hardly knows how to go about it. She thinks if she were only in town where the little folks could come and go easily parties would be very enjoyable, but in the country it is impossible to do anything. She knows little children are delighted with the idea of a party, and that asking in a dozen or more children to play games and eat a few simple articles of food will pass for a party with the average child, yet she shrinks from the undertaking.

Now a party in the country for little children is one of the easiest things imaginable, and it can easily be made a double social affair. Either the mothers may be asked with the children, or the big sisters, and thus two "parties" are in progress at once. The ladies can amuse

good together as they are all sweet, while custard, cocoa and oranges are too soft and mussy. A little forethought will enable the mother to work out a good combination and one that will not be expensive or hard to manage.

And, last but not least, have your party hours short. Do not expect to entertain the children from one o'clock to six, no matter how beautiful the day nor how much they may be out of doors. Two hours is a long enough period to have a group of little folks together, and the party will be more successful if it is short. A happy, enjoyable little time with good things to eat and a desire to stay longer makes the ideal children's party and surely this is within the reach of any country mother.

Preparing our Boys for Fatherhood

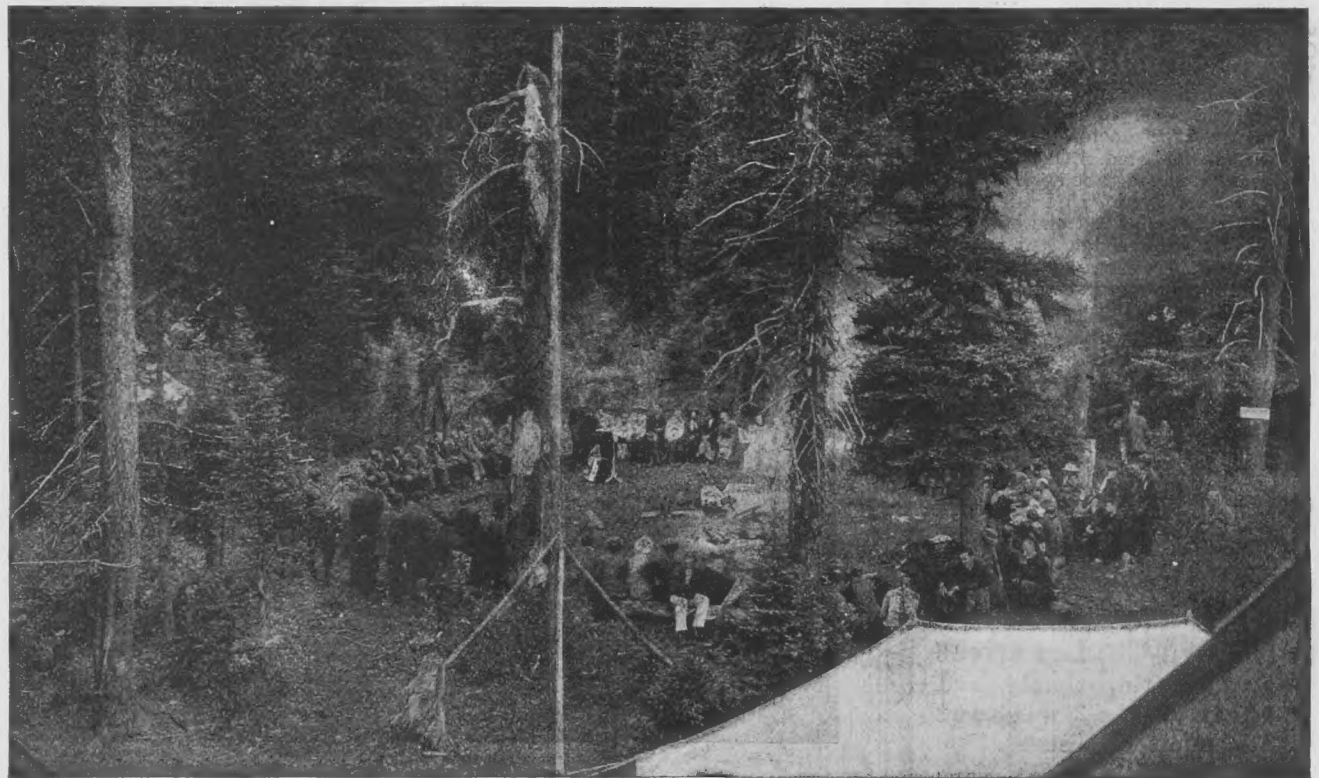
By Ida M. Haliburton, Calgary.

When we consider the question, I think we will admit that most of our knowledge of children is derived from study of them and their actions. They cannot explain their thoughts and their reasons well enough to enable us to solve our problems concerning them. They

always gives an exultant thump when strangers remark of him "He's a boy, isn't he?" I like to see him make all the noise he can with his toys. I like occasionally to see him break things. Most of all, I want him to be boyish; but I want him to cuddle dolls and love them as fervently in his boy way as my little girls do in theirs. In my estimation, it will not detract one iota from his manliness.

We all admit that the germ of mothering is innate in every little girl's heart. We foster it and coax it into bloom. Very wisely, I think. The little girl may never be a mother but she's better for the development. Some one or some thing will benefit by that growth and she herself is wider and richer for it. I believe also that your little son's breast holds a similar germ; just as capable of growth, unless it is chilled and discouraged.

Very small boys, it seems to me, are. I know a seven-year-old who has a teddy bear which he has taken to bed with him every night for four years. He loves that teddy just as fervently as his sister loves her dolls. Once while she was sewing for her dolls, he made his teddy a pair of overalls, which showed that he had the same desire to "do" for the



Members of the Alpine Club around a camp fire.

themselves with fancy work or other sewing and the young girls are delighted to help with the games, so the hostess really has very little responsibility. She can even ask several friends to help with serving and the afternoon will be as pleasant to her as anyone.

The games should include all the dear, noisy, romping ones in summer and the more quiet ones in winter. Just now picture puzzle, checkers, dominoes, donkey contests, bean bags, parlor croquet, I spy, and all the other things children delight in may furnish the amusement. Pictures cut from advertising pages and given to children to fit together furnish much amusement, and block building, dolls, and mechanical toys may all be used effectively. If it is a boys' party marbles will be liked, while the little girls like dolls or doll sewing.

The refreshments should be simple and wholesome as a healthy little lunch at four o'clock will not spoil the child's supper, and a heavy meal would. Sandwiches made of good bread and jam, bread and boiled ham, bread and preserves, or bread and butter only are all good. Chopped nuts for a sandwich filling or nuts and cottage cheese are liked by some children but not by all. Plain cookies, plain cake with frosting, and candies, the frosting decorations making it look festive, raisins, figs, oranges, apples, popcorn, home-made candies or individual custards may all be used, depending upon the season. Two or three articles should comprise the menu, and they should be the kind to combine well. For example, jam sandwiches, cocoa and candies are not

express themselves most clearly by actions and by these actions we must read the thought that lies behind.

You will pardon me then if I speak chiefly of what I have learned by personal observation of them in my eight years' experience in teaching school, and in fifteen years as a mother. Because of these associations I love and respect children and I would like to see each one helped instead of hindered by the impressions he receives. No one can study children without loving them; no one should love them without studying them.

A few days ago I was making a call in a home in which there were twins. These twins, Jack and Phyllis, had just celebrated their fourth birthday. Before I left they were called in to show me their presents. Jack had a fine drum and Phyllis an expression baby doll with a face so natural it made something stir within me. I loved and cuddled the doll (who wouldn't), and admired and sounded Jack's drum. When the children were left to themselves I noticed Jack coax Phyllis' doll from her and hold it lovingly under his chin while he patted the little feet. But his mother noticed him also and said: "Why Jack! For shame! give Phyllis her dolly. Boys mustn't play with dolls." Jack's "Why mamma?" receiving a lame answer, found an echo in my mind; but his mother turned to me with the explanation: "I want Jack to be manly for I can't endure a girlish boy."

Now neither can I endure a "sissey." I have a little son seven months old and I want him to be all boy. My heart

object of his affection as the mother instinct had prompted in his sister. He was a very manly little fellow too.

I also know a thirteen-year-old boy who, his mother tells me, is very much attached to his baby sister. He was delivering our paper one night and I remarked to him: "Well, George, you have a nice little baby at your house, haven't you?" George colored, looked shy but pleased and, twisting his bare toe around in the sand, said, as unconcerned as he could: "Aw, she's all right!" Now, why should George feel ashamed to show his pleasure over an inquiry that would have delighted his sister? Just because he is a boy and has been taught that dolls and babies are beneath a manly boy's notice.

Then, again, did you ever observe the difference between the attitudes of the parents when they have their baby in public. Not one mother in a hundred but looks proud, or one father in ten but looks self-conscious.

Now I think that most of this condition of affairs is due to the fact that boys are taught to despise dolls. Early impressions are more vivid and lasting than those received later. The responsibilities of fatherhood are almost as immense as those of motherhood. Let us teach our boys to love dolls. Believe me, it will not make him less manly. I'll risk him staying home from a good baseball match to make doll clothes. I will also guarantee that his wife, when he gets one, will bless the day she was chosen by a man who has had a little preparation for fatherhood.



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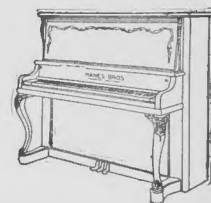
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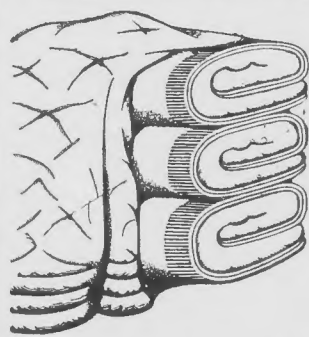
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